The National Guide to Motion Pictures

PHOTOPLAY

N.S.E

MARCH

25 CENTS

CONSTANCE BENNETT

Who Has the Best Figure in Hollywood?

Sunshine Mellows Heat Purifies

LUCKIES are always kind to your throat

The advice of your physician is: Keep out of doors, in the open air, breathe deeply; take plenty of exercise in the mellow sunshine; and have a periodic check-up on the health of your body.

Everyone knows that sunshine mellows—that's why the "TOASTING" process includes the use of the Ultra Violet Ray. LUCKY STRIKE—the finest cigarette you ever smoked, made of the finest tobaccos—the Cream of the Crop—THEN—"IT'S TOASTED." Everyone knows that heat purifies and so "TOASTING"—that extra, secret process—removes harmful irritants that cause throat irritation and coughing.

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough

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Recapture *at the Saline Springs, the loveliness of* Health . .

Follow the Saline Way to youth, to beauty and to charm

IN your pursuit of beauty and of charm be true to your routine of face creams and lotions. For they help you to meet your mirror with an unmarred beauty—to take pride in your petal-smooth complexion.

But you cannot, in fairness, expect even the finest creams and lotions to do all the work alone. For the secret of a glowing beauty is cleanliness from within.

So claim for your own the loveliness of health. Seek it with the health-giving salines—with Sal Hepatica. For in Sal Hepatica you have the sure and simple way of keeping clean internally—of sweeping the system of blemish-bringing poisons.

To drink salines for the complexion's sake has long been the practice of fashionable Europeans. To Vichy, to Wiesbaden, to Aix, they come there to drink the saline waters that renew their vitality and freshen their complexions.

Physicians here and abroad commend this practice of drinking salines for health. And Sal Hepatica is the American equivalent of the famous saline method.

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Kindly send me the free booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth," which explains the many benefits or Sal Hepatica.

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Sal Hepatica

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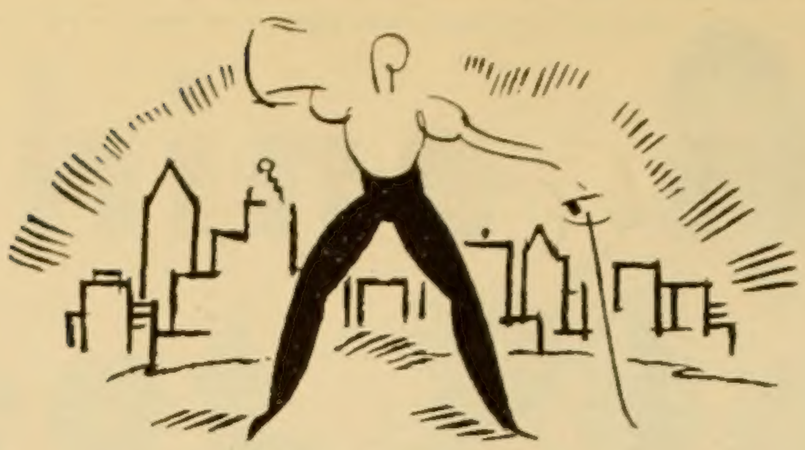

SECRETS FROM THEIR PRIVATE LIVES!

Meet the Royal Family of Broadway! Reading from left to right . . . There's Tony Cavendish, reckless, cyclonic, irresponsible, "America's Greatest Lover" . . and *you'll* love him too. Julie, scorning marriage and millions for the stage. Fanny, "empress" of the family, and still a young woman, after 70 dramatic years. Gwen, 18 . . what's a husband and children with the world's applause calling? ¶ The gorgeous, glamorous Cavendishes! Meet them in this sparkling motion picture by Paramount; it's the intimate story of their lives and loves. You'll laugh, you'll live, you'll enjoy every minute of it! It's a Paramount Picture, and of course *"the best show in town!"*

INA CLAIRE

and

FREDRIC MARCH

in

"The Royal Family

OF BROADWAY"

with

MARY BRIAN *and* HENRIETTA CROSMAN

Directed by George Cukor and Cyril Gardner. Based on "The Royal Family" by Edna Ferber and George S. Kaufman.

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORPORATION, ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., N. Y.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

Vol. XXXIX No. 4 | JAMES R. QUIRK, *Editor and Publisher* | March, 1931

Leonard Hall, *Managing Editor*

Winners of Photoplay Magazine Gold Medal for the best picture of the year

1920 "HUMORESQUE"	1923 "The COVERED WAGON"	1926 "BEAU GESTE"
1921 "TOL'ABLE DAVID"	1924 "ABRAHAM LINCOLN"	1927 "7th HEAVEN"
1922 "ROBIN HOOD"	1925 "THE BIG PARADE"	1928 "FOUR SONS"
	1929 "DISRAELI"	

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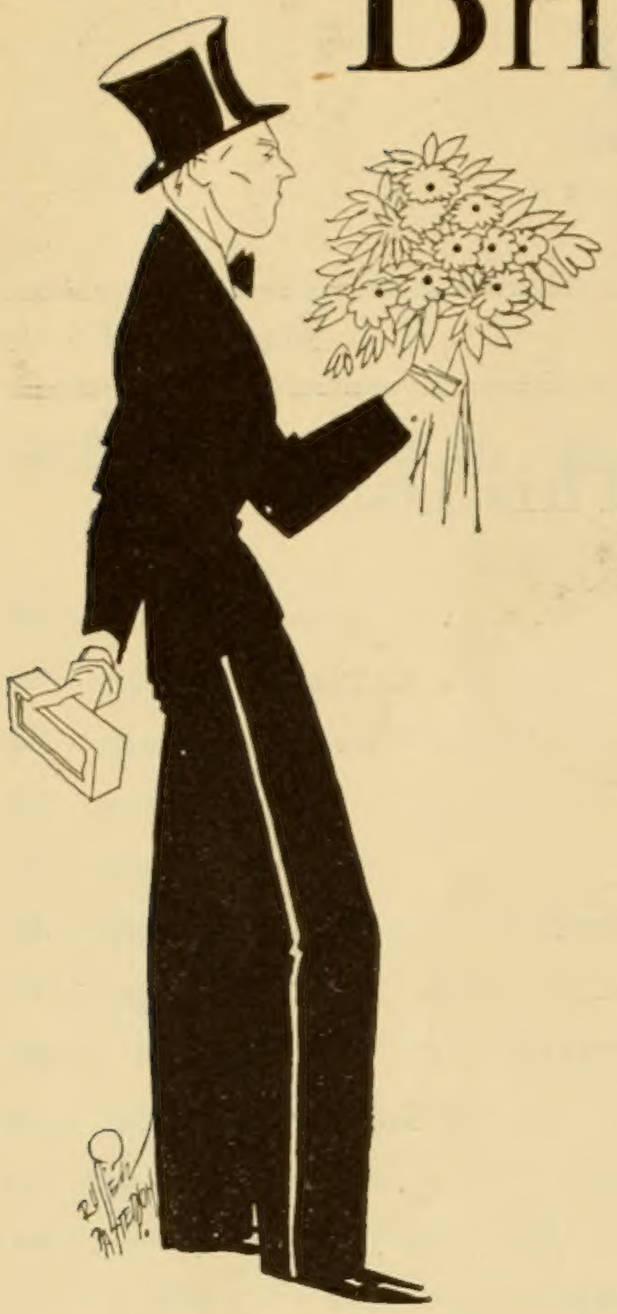
Brickbats & Bouquets



You Fans Are the Real Critics

PHOTOPLAY Gives Twenty-Five, Ten and Five Dollar Prizes for the Best Letters

Just plain spiteful letters won't be printed, for we want to be helpful when we can. Don't write more than 200 words, and if you are not willing to have your name and city of residence attached, please don't write. Address Brickbats & Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York City. We reserve the right to cut letters to suit our space limitations. Come on in and speak your mind!

The $25 Letter

Louisville, Ky.

IF there must be pictures about gangsters, stick-up men and slick society crooks, then for our moral health's sake show them up in their true light, as cowards, bullies, sneaks and thieves and don't make them such dangerously attractive and charming gentlemen as Ronald Colman in "Raffles" and Edmund Lowe in "Good Intentions."

JANE R. GREENE

The $10 Letter

San Francisco, Calif.

WON'T someone please take all the broad-A'd scenic and travelogue explainers and muzzle them?

They describe in minutest detail scenes that are transpiring before our eyes as though they were lecturing before a class for the blind.

Bad poetry is spouted, high-flown phrases are droned forth and endless moral lessons are thrown in our faces.

Something must be done about it!

MISS L. R. CHAPMAN

The $5 Letter

Hollywood, Calif.

SINCE the exodus of the stage to the screen, it threatens to pollute it with the same mire which has been its own death trap.

Common sense bids film producers to strictly eliminate this pitfall, if they wish the talking pictures to endure.

Give us good stories, romance, drama, laughter, music, song, beauty galore, but give us clean entertainment.

LOUISE ANN VESTER

Better Titles, Please

Seattle, Wash.

WHY do producers feel we fans should be baited with spicy or inane titles? We are not necessarily morons, so please give us sane, intelligent titles and notice the return for your trouble in better pleased fans.

ARDIS ADDINGTON

Likes Old Friends

Dubuque, Iowa

MOST of us would rather go and see a bedroom farce with actors we know and like than see an artistic production with a lot of actors we never even heard of.

MARY KEAS

JOAN CRAWFORD can go to the top of the class this month for her grand performance in "Paid," which picture won the popular vote. The fans are loud in praise of their "modern maiden" in dramatic parts. Next in line comes Ruth Chatterton for her work in "The Right to Love." Ruth's admirers say that she always gives a fine performance and in this she excels. No one could dream of missing a Chatterton picture.

John Boles and Lawrence Tibbett can make as many musical pictures as they like. The fans want good music and "singers who can sing."

Clara Bow, as usual, gets a large share of the mail. This month her loyal defenders are swearing to stand by Clara now and always to protect her from the onslaughts of a cruel world.

The Garbo-Dietrich discussion is still flooding the mail. Greta's fans remain loyal to their soul-stirring Garbo but they are grateful to Germany for sending Marlene and have admitted her to their charmed circle of favorites.

Bouquets are being heaped on Lew Ayres, and Buddy Rogers' supporters say he must grow up and get better stories.

Songs and Songs

Tallulah, La.

BECAUSE we do not like to hear Buddy Rogers sing, is no indication that we do not like to hear John Boles or Lawrence Tibbett.

S. S.

You Win, Ted

Tacoma, Wash.

AS a fifty per cent intelligent citizen and a one hundred per cent movie fan, I wish to protest against:

Statements that moving pictures are educational.

Advertising copy writers who base all their selling appeal on sex.

News reels with stupid staged events, such as giving an elephant a bath.

Petty, trite news concerning Hollywood celebrities.

TED MCINTIRE

They Will Do It!

Sapulpa, Okla.

LAST minute changes in the titles of pictures are terribly confusing to the fans.

I go to see Joan Crawford in "Paid" and find that I am seeing "Within the Law." It was a good picture under any name, but I hate to think how near I came to missing it.

DOROTHY MORRIS

A Hundred Per Center

Asbury Park, N. J.

THIS evening my husband and I started out for a little enjoyment and received the biggest disappointment yet in a movie called "The Blue Angel," starring Marlene Dietrich and Emil Jannings.

We understood about six words during the whole performance, and besides, who wants to see a man go crazy? This is the U. S. A. and we want United States talkies.

GENE BURK

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]

SIT TIGHT

TWO BIG STARS IN ONE!

JOE E. BROWN *and* WINNIE LIGHTNER

All the laughs that Joe E. Brown gave you in *Hold Everything* and all the fun you got from seeing Winnie Lightner in *The Life of the Party* are now doubled in this one great laugh picture of the year! Find out when *Sit Tight* is coming to town and make a date to have your funny bone tickled.

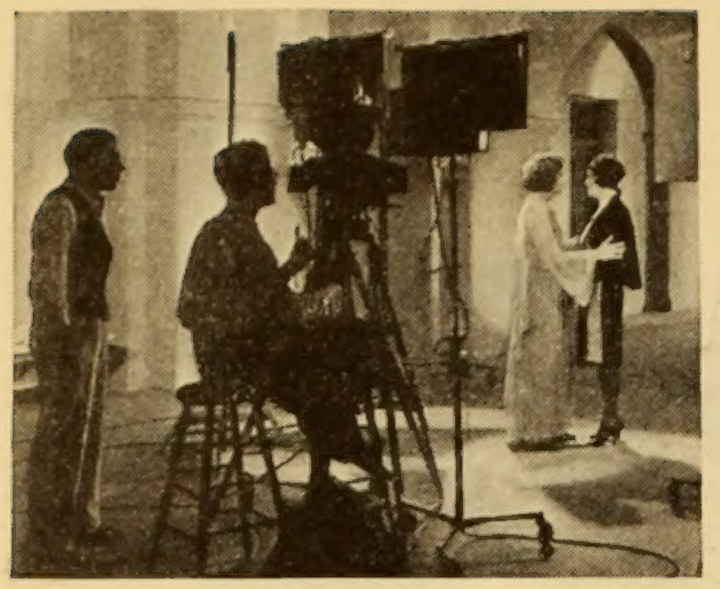
Claudia Dell, Paul Gregory, Lotti Loder, Hobart Bosworth, Frank Hagney, Snitz Edwards, Edward George

A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE TALKING PICTURE

"Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corp.

Screen story and adaptation by Rex Taylor
Screen dialogue by William K. Wells
Directed by Lloyd Bacon

A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE *Picture*



Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

Photoplays not otherwise designated are All Talkie

★*Indicates that photoplay was named as one of the best upon its month of review*

★ **ABRAHAM LINCOLN**—United Artists.—D. W. Griffith has painted the great humanity of a great man with a master touch. Walter Huston is a majestic *Lincoln.* (*Oct.*)

AFRICA SPEAKS—Columbia.—Interesting travelogue with animal thrills, considerably dramatized. But it has a kick. (*Dec.*)

ALONG CAME YOUTH—Paramount.—Just a light Charles (Ex-Buddy) Rogers picture, with laughs from Stuart Erwin. Nobody sings, anyway. And that's something. (*Dec.*)

ANIMAL CRACKERS—Paramount.—The Four Marx Brothers, who scored in "The Cocoanuts," turn another of their musical shows into a talkie comedy, and click again. (*Oct.*)

ANYBODY'S GIRL—Columbia.—A realistic story of a taxi-dancer's disillusionment. Barbara Stanwyck and Ricardo Cortez are great. (*Feb.*)

ANYBODY'S WOMAN—Paramount.—Ruth Chatterton as a hard-boiled burlesque queen. The story misses greatness, but the Chatterton-Brook team is well worth your money. (*Oct.*)

ARE YOU THERE? — Fox. — Beatrice Lillie, comedy queen of London, tries hard to be funny as a lady detective, but she never quite clicks. Bee isn't there, nor is her picture. (*Nov.*)

ATLANTIC—British International.—English dialogue may bore you, but the melodrama must have been based on the Titanic catastrophe and it affords some creditable sea thrills. (*Dec.*)

BACHELOR FATHER, THE—M-G-M.—Marion Davies at her best in a sprightly, sophisticated comedy. Good for one million laughs. (*Feb.*)

★ **BAT WHISPERS, THE**—United Artists.—Daddy of all scare movies, and it's a lulu. The cameramen and Chester Morris share first honors. (*Jan.*)

★ **BEAU IDEAL**—Radio Pictures.—(Reviewed under the title "The Devil's Battalion")—A spectacular sequel to "Beau Geste," made with many of the same actors. A great picture in which Ralph Forbes, Loretta Young and Don Alvarado do great work. (*Feb.*)

BIG BOY—Warners.—Al Jolson, mostly in blackface, sings generously and cracks funny gags. Race-track intrigue made into comedy. (*Sept.*)

BIG MONEY—Pathe.—Eddie Quillan's luck at cards drags him among the big-time gamblers. But it's all a lot of fun and Eddie's fresh wisecracks will convulse you. (*Jan.*)

★ **BIG TRAIL, THE**—Fox.—Now, here's an epic! Buffalo hunt, Indians, thrills, pictorial beauty. Raoul Walsh's supreme directorial achievement. Greater than "The Covered Wagon." John Wayne, newcomer, moves right into the star class. (*Nov.*)

★ **BILLY THE KID**—M-G-M.—Johnny Mack Brown gives the show of his life as the boy outlaw. Not history. But who wants history? The movie's a pip. (*Dec.*)

★ **BLUE ANGEL, THE**—UFA-Paramount.—Emil Jannings' first talkie in English. And it's a knockout. So is Marlene Dietrich as the woman who drives a man mad. (*Feb.*)

BOUDOIR DIPLOMAT, THE—Universal.—Sophisticated comedy, cleverly acted by Betty Compson and Ian Keith. A few dull moments but many delightful ones, subtly naughty. (*Dec.*)

BROTHERS—Columbia.—Bert Lytell acts a dual rôle in a mildly effective melodramatic thriller. (*Jan.*)

★ **CALL OF THE FLESH**—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "The Singer of Seville")—Romantic story tailored to Ramon Novarro's talents Ramon sings and acts with charm and Dorothy Jordan is delightful. (*Sept.*)

CAPTAIN APPLEJACK—Warners.—All in fun—and what fun! A blasé young man finds adventure among the pirates. Heavy loving between John Halliday and Kay Strozzi, with Mary Brian as the nice girl. (*Nov.*)

CAPTAIN THUNDER—Warners.—A romantic bandit rights some wrongs. You know the plot, but it's still a lot of fun. Victor Varconi is the dashing *Captain* and Fay Wray airs her cute Spanish accent. (*Nov.*)

CAT CREEPS, THE—Universal.—Your old friend, "The Cat and the Canary," now a talkie. Shivers and thrills! A wow scare-movie. Neil Hamilton leads a great cast. (*Dec.*)

CHARLEY'S AUNT—Columbia.—The old farce is still funny. Charles Ruggles makes it worth seeing again. (*Jan.*)

Dietrich!

Who is this woman who, with one picture, stole Garbo's supremacy as the exotic creature of the screen? What is her background? What was her education, training, and breeding? What kind of folks is she?

One of Germany's most famous writers was assigned to the task of finding these things out for you, and you'll get it all in

PHOTOPLAY

Next Month

★ **CHECK AND DOUBLE CHECK**—Radio Pictures.—Amos 'n' Andy materialize on the screen, with *Kingfish* and the Fresh Air Taxi! Dis am entertainment! (*Dec.*)

CHISELERS OF HOLLYWOOD—Willis Kent Productions.—First-rate entertainment. Hokum, humor and heart. Phyllis Barrington, a newcomer, does great work. (*Feb.*)

★ **CIMARRON**—Radio Pictures.—The thrilling story of the pioneer West, superbly transferred to the screen. Richard Dix re-establishes himself as a star, and heads a remarkable cast. (*Feb.*)

COHENS AND KELLYS IN AFRICA, THE—Universal.—Charlie Murray and George Sidney. A scream from start to finish. (*Jan.*)

COLLEGE LOVERS—First National.—The old football stuff, even if the hero doesn't make a last minute touchdown. Jack Whiting and Marian Nixon are the lovers. (*Nov.*)

COMMAND PERFORMANCE, THE—Cruze-Tiffany Productions.—A bright and spicy comedy about one of those engaging mythical kingdoms. Neil Hamilton is simply grand. (*Feb.*)

COMMON CLAY—Fox.—Interesting dramatic talkie from the old stage play, with a "Madame X" type of plot. Constance Bennett stars. (*Sept.*)

CONCENTRATIN' KID, THE—Universal.—Hoot Gibson falls in love with a radio voice. A weak-sister for Hoot. (*Jan.*)

CONSPIRACY—Radio Pictures.—Bessie Love's talents are lost in this. Reminds us of the senior class play! (*Sept.*)

COSTELLO CASE,—Sono Art—James Cruze.—The sweethearts are suspected of murder again. Tom Moore is the wise copper. Pretty obvious melodrama. (*Jan.*)

★ **CRIMINAL CODE, THE**—Columbia.—Don't miss this powerful prison drama. You'll never forget it. Walter Huston and Phillips Holmes head a brilliant cast. (*Feb.*)

DANCERS, THE—Fox.—A rambling, younger generation drama which isn't at its best on the screen. The players, including Lois Moran and Phillips Holmes, do their best. (*Feb.*)

DANGER LIGHTS—Radio Pictures.—You'll be all over the seat during the wild ride into Chicago, with Robert Armstrong at the throttle and Louis Wolheim dying in a coach behind. (*Oct.*)

DANGEROUS NAN McGREW—Paramount.—Proving that mere "cuteness" doesn't make a picture. This one needs a story. Helen Kane is *Nan.* (*Sept.*)

★ **DAWN PATROL, THE**—First National.—Nary a woman in this. Barthelmess, Doug, Jr., and Neil Hamilton in powerful war picture with thrills a-plenty! (*Sept.*)

DAWN TRAIL, THE—Columbia.—A good Buck Jones Western with a rip-roarin' fight between the sheep and cattle men. (*Feb.*)

DERELICT—Paramount.—Big Boy Bancroft and William (stage) Boyd fight a grand fight. And there are lots of storms at sea. Why sorry about the story? (*Dec.*)

★ **DEVIL TO PAY, THE**—United Artists-Samuel Goldwyn.—Ronnie Colman breezes through a tasty, spicy little comedy. Great cast, sparkling dialogue and finished production. (*Feb.*)

DEVIL WITH WOMEN, A—Fox.—(Reviewed under the title "On the Make")—A McLaglen formula picture, with Vic the usual swaggering, lovable bully. Mona Maris is lovely. (*Sept.*)

DICH HAB ICH GELIEBT (Because I Loved You)—AAFA-Tobis.—Though it's in German, you needn't understand the language to enjoy this sweet love story. (*Jan.*)

DIVORCE AMONG FRIENDS.—Warners.—Heigh ho, the husband and wife quarrel and make up! Lew Cody is the only bright spot. (*Dec.*)

DOORWAY TO HELL, THE—Warners.—Lew Ayres as a gangster with a Napoleonic complex. Lew is great. The picture's pretty good. (*Nov.*)

DOUGHBOYS—M-G-M.—An evening of laughs. Sad-faced Buster Keaton wanders through some of the funniest gags ever. (*Oct.*)

DU BARRY—WOMAN OF PASSION—United Artists.—Passion? Well, hardly. Norma Talmadge gives a hint of her old fire, but loses in the fight against long, artificial speeches. Conrad Nagel and William Farnum are excellent. (*Nov.*)

EAST IS WEST—Universal.—Lupe Velez plays *Ming Toy.* Edward G. Robinson is *Chinatown Charlie.* They should have made the old play convincing, but something went wrong. (*Dec.*)

ESCAPE—Associated Radio Pictures.—An English talkie about an escaped prisoner. Far too talkie. (*Jan.*)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]

JANET GAYNOR *and* CHARLES FARRELL

in **RAOUL WALSH'S**

THE MAN WHO CAME BACK

Together again! Janet and Charlie, the boy and the girl the whole world loves. They're together—in a play that spans the whole octave of love—in the richest roles of romance and redemption they have ever played. Wonderful as they were in *Seventh Heaven* and *Sunny Side Up*, they're more marvelous than ever in THE MAN WHO CAME BACK, from the stage success by Jules Eckert Goodman and John Fleming Wilson.

Settings by **JOSEPH URBAN**

ANOTHER GREAT FOX MOVIETONE

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

EX-FLAME—Liberty Productions.—Your old friend "East Lynne" dressed up in modern clothes and played by Norman Kerry and Marian Nixon. Old-fashioned and unconvincing. (*Jan.*)

EXTRAVAGANCE—Tiffany Productions.—Fashions and passions blended in a display that will make the audience gasp. Don't take Junior. (*Dec.*)

EYES OF THE WORLD—United Artists.—This Harold Bell Wright standby, in its talkie dress, is cumbersome movie stuff. (*Oct.*)

FAIR WARNING—Fox.—George O'Brien as the honest Western lad who slays the wicked villain and wins the girl. (*Jan.*)

FAST AND LOOSE—Paramount.—A pleasant little comedy about the rich girl who falls in love with the working man. Miriam Hopkins debuts successfully as the girl. (*Feb.*)

★ **FATHER'S SON**—First National.—A simple story, fine and human. Lewis Stone, Irene Rich, Leon Janney. Here are actors—and a notable film. (*Dec.*)

★ **FEET FIRST**—Paramount.—Harold Lloyd rings the bell again—with both feet. You'll shriek and squeal. (*Dec.*)

FIGHTING CARAVANS—Paramount.—Your old friend, "The Covered Wagon," gone talkie just a bit late. The scenes are beautiful and Ernest Torrence and Tully Marshall are on hand in their original rôles. (*Feb.*)

FLAME OF LOVE, THE—British International.—Anna May Wong as a Chinese vamp in Russia. But it really matters very little. (*Jan.*)

FLIRTING WIDOW, THE—First National.—Dorothy Mackaill scores a bull's-eye in this clever comedy, in a part that suits her to a couple of T's. (*Oct.*)

FOLLOW THE LEADER—Paramount.—Ed Wynn's a howl in this dandy transcription of his stage hit, "Manhattan Mary." A musical comedy, but it's a honey. (*Dec.*)

FOLLOW THRU—Paramount.—All-Technicolor golf musical comedy, and all good, fast entertainment. Nancy Carroll and Charles Rogers. (*Sept.*)

FOR THE DEFENSE—Paramount.—Bill Powell as a criminal lawyer who lets love interfere with business and lands in prison. Kay Francis the girl who waits for him. Good. (*Sept.*)

FOR THE LOVE O' LIL—Columbia.—Naughty in a very nice way, this story of married life manages to be reasonably entertaining. Jack Mulhall, Sally Starr, Elliott Nugent and Margaret Livingston play it. (*Feb.*)

FOUND—Ralph P. King Productions.—Australia sponsored this travel film. It's excellent, except for a goofy ending. (*Dec.*)

FREE LOVE—Universal.—Conrad Nagel and Genevieve Tobin demonstrate what to do when a woman takes up psycho-analysis. An amusing comedy. (*Feb.*)

GOING WILD — First National. — Remember Doug MacLean in "Going Up"? This is a revival, with Joe E. Brown as the funny fellow who is mistaken for an aviator. Some laughs and some dull spots. (*Nov.*)

GOLDEN DAWN—Warners.—Vivienne Segal in all-Technicolor operetta. Dull. (*Oct.*)

GORILLA, THE—First National.—A goodish enough thriller—but it's been dolefully slowed down for the screen. Frisco, Broadway funnyman, is less funny than usual. (*Nov.*)

★ **GREAT MEADOW, THE**—M-G-M.—A stirring and exciting yarn of pioneering, with Eleanor Boardman a brilliant member of the distinguished cast. (*Feb.*)

★ **HALF SHOT AT SUNRISE**—Radio Pictures.—Who said "depression"? Go A W O L with Wheeler and Woolsey in Paris. The most rollicking nonsense ever devised. (*Nov.*)

HATE SHIP, THE—British International.—A fairly gripping old-school melodrama—thrills and mystery on board a yacht. (*Feb.*)

HEADIN' NORTH—Tiffany Productions.—Bob Steele with his horse, cowboy suit and a coupla guns. A sizzling hot Western. (*Jan.*)

HEADS UP—Paramount.—Charles (Ex-Buddy) Rogers in a pleasant little musical comedy about a dashing coast guardsman. Not historic—except that Buddy smokes his first cigarette! (*Dec.*)

HELL'S ISLAND—Columbia.—The Jack Holt-Ralph Graves team turns out a slam-bang picture of love, hate and friendship in the Foreign Legion. (*Oct.*)

★ **HER MAN**—Pathe.—"He was her man, but he done her wrong"—*Frankie* and her erring *Johnnie* further immortalized on celluloid in the interesting persons of Helen Twelvetrees and Phillips Holmes. (*Nov.*)

HER WEDDING NIGHT—Paramount.—Clara, the Bow, *en negligée* in Paris. Bedrooms and boy friends. Light, but quite cute. (*Dec.*)

HOOK, LINE AND SINKER—Radio Pictures.—That's how you'll go for this latest gem of Wheeler-Woolsey nonsense. The monkey business is perpetrated in gangland. (*Feb.*)

HOT HEIRESS, THE—First National.—A millionaire's daughter on the make for a steel riveter, poor but virile. Loads of fun. Ben Lyon's the gent, and what a cutie is Ona Munson! (*Dec.*)

★ **ILLICIT**—Warners.—Another triumph for Barbara Stanwyck, who plays a modern maiden who wants love without marriage. A daring film, strong and moving. (*Jan.*)

INSIDE THE LINES—Radio Pictures.—Old style war stuff, with spies, secret service, trick Hindus, and a love in wartime theme. Betty Compson and Ralph Forbes. (*Sept.*)

INSPIRATION—M-G-M.—Garbo was never lovelier than in this very modern story of the indiscreet woman and the price she pays. Lewis Stone, Robert Montgomery and Marjorie Rambeau lend Greta strong support. (*Feb.*)

JAZZ CINDERELLA, THE—Chesterfield.—Poor girl captures rich boy. Myrna Loy and Jason Robards do as well as they can, which isn't much. (*Dec.*)

★ **JUST IMAGINE**—Fox.—Life in 1980! Mad buffoonery, funny, ironic and different. El Brendel heads the dandy cast. Top entertainment. (*Dec.*)

JUST LIKE HEAVEN—Tiffany Productions.—A simple little romance between a toe dancer and a balloon peddler. Fifteen-year-old Anita Louise is the heroine. (*Feb.*)

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN—Tiffany Productions.—Sally O'Neil is the colleen. Save your money. (*Oct.*)

★ **KISMET**—First National.—Distinguished Otis Skinner makes his talkie bow. Beautiful fantasy, but fantasy. (*Dec.*)

★ **LADY'S MORALS, A**—M-G-M.—Introducing Grace Moore, young and beautiful Metropolitan Opera prima donna. A lovely voice and a charming story, based on the life of Jenny Lind. Reginald Denny is fine opposite the star. (*Dec.*)

LADY SURRENDERS, A—Universal.—Marital woes, subtly and delightfully described by Conrad Nagel, Genevieve Tobin, Rose Hobart and Basil Rathbone. A charming picture. (*Dec.*)

LADY WHO DARED, THE—First National.—Billie Dove in an aged and faltering story about a diplomat's wife who gets in a mess with blackmailers. (*Oct.*)

LAND OF MISSING MEN, THE—Tiffany Productions.—A Bob Steele Western. Hard ridin', and that's all there is to it. (*Jan.*)

LASH, THE—First National.—(Reviewed under the title "Adios"). Richard Barthelmess as an early California Robin Hood. Colorful and charming. You'll like it. (*Dec.*)

LAST OF THE DUANES—Fox.—Even if you're not a Western fan you'll like this. George O'Brien stars. (*Sept.*)

LAST OF THE LONE WOLF—Columbia.—The perennial Lone Wolf in the person of ageless Bert Lytell. After much rushing about, Bert preserves the queen's fair name! It all happens in mythical *Saxonia*. (*Jan.*)

★ **LAUGHTER**—Paramount.—Nancy Carroll and Fredric March in love—with a millionaire husband in the background. A bewitching picture. See it. (*Dec.*)

LAWFUL LARCENY—Radio Pictures.—Bebe Daniels and Lowell Sherman in sophisticated melodrama that you'll like. (*Sept.*)

LEATHERNECKING—Radio Pictures.—Another musical romance, but you'll roll with laughter while a rare cast of funsters do their stuff. (*Oct.*)

L'ENIGMATIQUE MONSIEUR PARKES — Paramount. — The French version of "Slightly Scarlet," with M. Adolphe Menjou and Mlle. Claudette Colbert in the leads. Made for the French, but interesting to Americans, too. (*Nov.*)

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Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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LITTLE CAESAR

Featuring
WILLIAM COLLIER, Jr.
SIDNEY BLACKMER
GLENDA FARRELL
RALPH INCE, THOS. JACKSON
NOVEL BY W. R. BURNETT
SCREEN ADAPTATION BY
FRANCIS EDWARDS FARAGOH
DIRECTED BY
MERVYN LEROY

VITAPHONE PICTURE

EDWARD G. ROBINSON
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR

Little Caesar—King of the Underworld! He ruled supreme—a law unto himself, for in his racket he was court, judge, and jury. His verdict was final for he was also the executioner! He ruled supreme—but a woman broke his power. He threatened to get his best friend but his hand faltered on the trigger. He runs the gamut of power — from gutter to gang ruler — to gutter again!

"Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation

A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE

The Girl *on the* Cover

WHEN you say they can't come back you don't mean Constance Bennett. For here's a child of fortune who has done the impossible. She's played *Cinderella* from the reverse angle.

Five years ago she was the most talked of girl in pictures. That was after the release of "Sally, Irene and Mary." Edmund Goulding, who directed it, used to dash about the M-G-M lot calling her one of the great actresses of the screen. And then, without warning, she married millionaire playboy Phil Plant and disappeared from Hollywood.

When such a thing occurs it usually spells "curtains" for the actress. You heard about Connie, now and then, and the gay life she was leading on the Continent. Then she returned as suddenly as she had left.

She had been signed to a Pathe contract by the studio's foreign representative, the Marquis de la Falaise. There was interest in her, as always, for glamour surrounds all the Bennett girls and particularly the sparkling, sophisticated Connie. But the wise ones shook their heads and murmured that once having left pictures she could not again take up the threads of her success.

CONNIE has been in Hollywood now a little more than a year. She had appeared in comparatively few films, yet she is rated at the box-office so near the top that you can name the boys and girls ahead of her on the fingers of one hand.

You wouldn't think, to look at her, that she had once been captain of her school basketball team, hockey player and cheer leader for one season. But perhaps you might, for, above all else, Constance Bennett does the thing that is being done.

She is the epitome of the word "smart." In school she was always at the football games and the proms. In Europe she led the smart crowds. In Hollywood she is one of the main topics of conversation.

It is natural that a woman so positive should be discussed. And I've never heard anyone say of her, "Connie Bennett? Oh, she's all right. Very sweet girl." Like liquor, you take her or leave her alone. You like her or you don't.

OF course, she has the reputation of being temperamental—as all positive people have. She is also called snobbish and affected, yet she is sincere when she says that she hates affectation. When she speaks she uses the accents of a cultured woman because she was taught so in finishing schools.

Perhaps, knowing her sophistication, you'd think that she doesn't care much about anything. Wrong!

She's Smart—This Girl

GARBO?

What's happening to Garbo? The veil of mystery that has surrounded the lady is under analysis and may turn out to be just studio-made fog.

We have asked Katherine Albert, one of the keenest young writers in Hollywood, to delve into this "Mystery" and tell us the real facts in the light of recent developments.

We are sure her article in the

April issue of

PHOTOPLAY

will be mighty interesting reading.

Take the matter of her publicity, for instance. A story appeared stating that she spent $250,000 a year for clothes. Connie was furious, because it was a lie. She offered proof that she'd never been known to go higher than $20,000 for an annual wardrobe.

UNDERNEATH the poise her life has given her, she had been hurt by the publicity given herself and Gloria Swanson's ex-husband. She continues to be hurt by the accusing letters from fans that continue to come to her.

You may wonder why she came back to Hollywood, why she returned to pictures, why she subjected herself to the publicity that she must have. She had two reasons. She says, "I wanted to make my own money. That's the only reason I came back. I wanted to have financial independence—a thing I'd never had except when I did work on the screen."

And she's well on her way toward that independence. Instead of resting during the ten weeks' vacation she is allowed under her Pathe contract she will make two pictures for Warners and receive $300,000.

But there's another and more vital reason than that. She's a Bennett.

Try as her mother might to rob her of her heritage and give her only a social life, she could not, for there flows in her veins the indomitable blood of that sturdy old curtain-speaker, Richard Bennett. She must act.

It comes easy to her—as everything in her life has come. For all her social activities, she was a good student at school. Yet she spent very little time with her books. Quick, alert, she was aided by an excellent memory. She has always done pretty much as she wanted to do and that's a Bennett characteristic.

YOU see her always the gayest of any group. She appears at the Mayfair, at the Embassy Club and the next day everybody is asking, "What did Connie Bennett wear? What did Connie Bennett do?" She is invariably faultlessly dressed. She always conducts herself beyond reproach.

The divine madness which is her enviable heritage is tempered by her own good sense, her taste, her training as a woman of the world. In short, Connie is her father's daughter, and, so, unusual—but in, if you understand the distinction, a nice way. Connie does the right thing right.

Richard Bennett's eldest daughter, a chip off the block, a spirited, talented, chic young woman with a mind of her own and the courage to speak it—Connie Bennett.

Comrades of the Sun

Out of the North you come to ride the blue breakers . . . to bask on the sun-drenched sand . . . to seek respite, in a graceful interlude, from the rigors of the season. And Camels add to your enjoyment. . . . In their mild mellowness and refreshing fragrance is a subtle quality that only golden sunshine can bestow. . . . In the truest sense they, too, are comrades of the sun.

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IMAGINE BEING THE DAUGHTER OF A BACHELOR!

MARION DAVIES PRODUCTION

DAVID BELASCO
whose famous Broadway production is now brought to the talking screen

The Belasco Theatre, New York, where "The Bachelor Father" first scored its sensational triumph

She was his favorite child until he discovered she was not his child at all!

He, too, was a bachelor—but his feelings towards her were in no way paternal!

MARION DAVIES

With **Ralph Forbes** *and* **C. Aubrey Smith**

Based on the play by
EDWARD CHILDS CARPENTER

Directed by
ROBERT Z. LEONARD

IN THE FAMOUS BROADWAY COMEDY HIT

The BACHELOR FATHER

You won't be able to resist her any more than her bachelor father could! Here is one of the most lovable and entertaining roles ever played by America's favorite comedienne. Here is a play about a situation you have never before seen on the screen. No wonder New York applauded its wit, daring and all-around human interest!

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

LIFE OF THE PARTY, THE—Warners.—Winnie Lightner roughhouses in high class Technicolor and Havana's fast set. What laughs! (*Jan.*)

★ **LIGHTNIN'**—Fox.—Don't miss this, for It's Will Rogers at his best. A real story about the Nevada divorce mill, a fine cast, brilliant direction. And the choicest Rogers observations. What more could you ask? (*Jan.*)

★ **LILIOM**—Fox.—A fine picture marks the screen début of a striking young emotional actress, Rose Hobart. Charles Farrell is an engaging *Liliom*, but he never seems quite at home without his Janet. (*Nov.*)

LION AND THE LAMB, THE—Columbia.—A gangster story supposed to be good clean fun. It's clean, anyway. Miriam Seegar, Carmel Myers and Walter Byron are the principals. (*Jan.*)

LITTLE ACCIDENT, THE—Universal.—The stage play was funny and a hit, and so is the talkie. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., has a grand part. Anita Page plays feminine lead. (*Sept.*)

LITTLE CAESAR—First National.—Don't decide you're fed up on underworld movies before you've seen this one. It's worth it, thanks to brilliant work by Edward G. Robinson and Doug, Jr. (*Dec.*)

LONE RIDER, THE—Columbia.—Slow-moving. Western. Best work done by Buck Jones' horse, Silver. (*Sept.*)

LONESOME TRAIL, THE—Syndicate Pictures.—Plenty of action in this Western. Charles Delaney is the hero and Virginia Brown Faire, the rancher's daughter. Kids will love it. (*Nov.*)

LOOSE ENDS—British International.—The British have a go at a problem drama. Weak and wordy. (*Jan.*)

LOTTERY BRIDE, THE—United Artists.—The thrill of this one is Jeanette MacDonald, who goes in for histrionics in a big way. And the music is grand. (*Oct.*)

LOVE AMONG THE MILLIONAIRES—Paramount.—Clara Bow gets much too cute in this lukewarm musical comedy. (*Sept.*)

LOVE IN THE RING—Terra Productions.—Max Schmeling's made-in-Germany movie, before he won the title. As an actor, he's a good fighter. (*Oct.*)

LOVE IN THE ROUGH—M-G-M.—Golf, romance, slap-stick and music. You'll like it if you don't take it too seriously. (*Oct.*)

LOVE RACKET, THE—First National.—The depressing spectacle of pretty Dorothy Mackaill buried alive under a heavy dramatic rôle. (*Oct.*)

LOVE TRADER, THE—Tiffany Productions.—Leatrice Joy, blonde and beautiful, in a seductive Hawaiian locale. See it for Leatrice. (*Dec.*)

★ **MADAM SATAN**—M-G-M.—Another lavish DeMille spectacle. A dull wife acquires a French accent and *risqué* clothes to win back her husband. You'll enjoy Kay Johnson and Reginald Denny. (*Oct.*)

MADONNA OF THE STREETS—Columbia.—Evelyn Brent triumphs over the old yarn about the regeneration of a lady crook. (*Feb.*)

★ **MANSLAUGHTER**—Paramount.—The silent version was great in its day, but the talkie is a boost for vocalized films. Fine emotional drama played by Fredric March and Claudette Colbert. (*Sept.*)

MAN TO MAN—Warners.—(Reviewed under the title "Barber John's Boy.") A father returns to face his son after eighteen years in prison. Grant Mitchell and Phillips Holmes are good, but the picture isn't always convincing. (*Dec.*)

MAN TROUBLE—Fox.—Underworld stuff, but not too depressing. Milton Sills sensational as a gangster and Dorothy Mackaill plays appealingly. (*Sept.*)

MAYBE IT'S LOVE—Warners.—Maybe it's love, but it isn't college. Gridiron scenes are good. Joan Bennett and James Hall provide the love. (*Oct.*)

MEDICINE MAN, THE—Tiffany Productions.—Pretty good hokum, but you *could* afford to miss it. (*Sept.*)

MEN OF THE NORTH—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "Monsieur Le Fox.") Just another story of the Northwest. (*Oct.*)

MEN WITHOUT LAW—Columbia.—Buck Jones performs his Western heroics in an interesting Spanish *locale* and wins the beautiful Carmelita Geraghty. (*Feb.*)

MIN AND BILL—M-G-M.—A tragic story stupidly gagged up with slapstick. However, Marie Dressler and Marjorie Rambeau are grand actresses. (*Dec.*)

MISBEHAVING LADIES—First National.—The gags have whiskers, but you'll laugh at them, and Louise Fazenda is the reason. (*Nov.*)

★ **MOBY DICK** — Warners. —*Captain Ahab's* vengeful search for the white whale, *Moby Dick*, is full of thrills. John Barrymore plays the same rôle as in the silent "Sea Beast." Don't miss this. (*Oct.*)

★ **MONTE CARLO** — Paramount. — Witty, piquant operetta in the best Lubitsch manner. Jeanette MacDonald sings gloriously. (*Oct.*)

★ **MOROCCO**—Paramount.—The new German enchantress, Marlene Dietrich, will stir up a storm. And Gary Cooper is a gorgeous Foreign Legionnaire. Hot stuff, this. (*Dec.*)

MOTHERS CRY—First National.—A best seller turned into a good picture, chiefly by the superb acting of Dorothy Peterson as the mother. (*Dec.*)

Producer Announcements of New Pictures and Stars

While all good advertising is news, we consider producer advertising of particular interest to our readers. With this directory you easily can locate each announcement:

First National Pictures . . Page 11
Fox Film . . . . . Page 9
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer . . Page 14
Paramount Pictures . . . Page 4
Radio Pictures . . . . . Page 109
Warner Bros. . . . . Page 7

MURDER—British International.—Smart and entertaining mystery drama with a travelling stock company as the background and a first-rate amateur detective. (*Jan.*)

MY PAST—Warners.—(Reviewed under the title "Ex-Mistress.") Mr. and Mrs. Bebe Daniels—pardon! The Ben Lyonses in an ultra-modern love story which is highly entertaining. (*Feb.*)

NAUGHTY FLIRT, THE—First National.—Alice White as an heiress pursued by fortune-hunters. Speedy action, peppy dialogue, gorgeous clothes. First-rate entertainment. (*Oct.*)

★ **NEW MOON**—M-G-M.—Music drama of the first rate, with the greatest singing combination on the screen, Metropolitan Opera's Lawrence Tibbett and Grace Moore. Color, drama, beauty, melody combine in a real musical smash. (*Jan.*)

★ **OFFICE WIFE, THE** — Warners. — Dorothy Mackaill is the girl who starts out to vamp her employer, played by Lewis Stone, and ends by falling in love with him. A sophisticated, but human and convincing story. (*Oct.*)

OH, FOR A MAN!—Fox.—A bright and merry farce about a grand opera star who loves a burglar. Reginald Denny's the burglar, and Jeanette MacDonald is the song-bird who falls for him. (*Jan.*)

OH SAILOR BEHAVE—Warners.—Lowell Sherman is a swell comedy prince. Otherwise it's not so good, dramatically or musically. (*Sept.*)

★ **OLD ENGLISH**—Warners.—Don't miss it. George Arliss is perfect. If you liked "Disraeli" you'll rave about this one. (*Sept.*)

★ **ONE HEAVENLY NIGHT**—United Artists.—(Reviewed under the title "The Queen of Scandal.") A musical, but a hit. England's Evelyn Laye is charming and Texas' John Boles in grand voice. (*Dec.*)

ONE MAD KISS—Fox.—Don Jose Mojica, young operatic tenor, and Mona Maris afford entertainment for a satisfactory evening. (*Oct.*)

ONE NIGHT AT SUSIE'S—First National.—One night at Susie's is enough of this sort of thing. Billie Dove plays a chorine. (*Sept.*)

ONLY SAPS WORK—Paramount.—Mr. Leon Errol and his trick legs stagger away with this comedy about lovers and thieves. (*Feb.*)

★ **ON YOUR BACK**—Fox.—Irene Rich in gorgeous clothes, as a fashionable New York modiste, is splendid in an interesting picture. (*Sept.*)

OTHER MEN'S WOMEN—Warners.—(Reviewed under the title "The Steel Highway".) Grant Withers and Mary Astor against a railroad background. Fairly entertaining. (*Dec.*)

★ **OUR BLUSHING BRIDES**—M-G-M.—You must see Joan Crawford in those lace step-ins! Swell box-office picture, with Anita Page, Robert Montgomery and some more popular youngsters. (*Sept.*)

OUTSIDE THE LAW—Universal.—Too much dialogue and too little action. (*Oct.*)

★ **OUTWARD BOUND**—Warners.—A ship sets sail. Eight characters are on board. All are dead—bound for the Hereafter. A daring picture, finely produced and acted by Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Helen Chandler, Leslie Howard. For adults. (*Nov.*)

★ **PAID**—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "Within the Law.")—Just wait until you see Joan Crawford in this powerful dramatic rôle! The story is absorbing and Joan is simply grand. (*Jan.*)

PARADISE ISLAND—Tiffany Productions.—This struggles along in a South Sea Island setting. (*Sept.*)

PARDON MY GUN—Pathe.—A Western comedy with not a dull moment. Two champion juvenile trick riders and ropers outdo Will Rogers. (*Sept.*)

PART TIME WIFE—Fox.—Hokum, but entertaining. Eddie Lowe makes grand work of a funny rôle and little Tommy "Song o' My Heart" Clifford is a natural. (*Jan.*)

PASSION FLOWER—M-G-M.—Charles Bickford, Kay Johnson and Kay Francis form the good old eternal triangle. Interesting people in a good film. (*Jan.*)

PAY OFF, THE—Radio Pictures.—Lowell Sherman as a dress-suit crook in a smart, sophisticated crook drama. It's a pip. (*Nov.*)

PHANTOM OF THE DESERT, THE—Syndicate.—Jack Perrin in a true-to-type Western. Plenty of hard ridin' and fast shootin'. (*Feb.*)

PINCHOT'S SOUTH SEA CRUISE—Travel-Epics.—The ex-governor of Pennsylvania took some interesting pictures of a South Seas cruise. No studio faking in this one. (*Jan.*)

PLAYBOY OF PARIS—Paramount.—Chevalier deserves better than this light farce, which is amusing only in spots. And only two songs from Maurice! (*Nov.*)

PRINCESS AND THE PLUMBER, THE—Fox.—A young American millionaire (Charles Farrell) and a beautiful princess (Maureen O'Sullivan). You know what happens—a harmless little light comedy. (*Feb.*)

★ **RAFFLES**—United Artists.—Ronald Colman, as an English gentleman-thief, charms even while he cops the jools. A talkie that moves, and entertainingly! (*Sept.*)

RAIN OR SHINE—Columbia.—Joe Cook's talkie début. A circus story with a punch finish. (*Oct.*)

RANGO—Paramount.—A stirring jungle picture with a real story. Magnificent. Different. Don't mistake it for "just another wild animal picture." (*Feb.*)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 16]

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]

REACHING FOR THE MOON—United Artists.—Doug Fairbanks bounds through a dizzy comedy as a go-getting stock broker. Different for Doug and very merry. Bebe Daniels is the big romance. (*Feb.*)

REDUCING—M-G-M.—Marie Dressler and Polly Moran cut up in a beauty parlor. Need we add you'll die laughing? (*Feb.*)

REMOTE CONTROL—M-G-M.—Billy Haines as a radio announcer. A great chance for laughs and they haven't been overlooked. (*Dec.*)

RENEGADES—Fox.—Warner Baxter in an exciting story of the Foreign Legion, with Myrna Loy as the feminine spy. (*Jan.*)

RENO—Sono Art—World Wide.—Ruth Roland's screen comeback. She looks beautiful but her acting is hopelessly old-fashioned. If there was a story, it got lost in the making. (*Sept.*)

RIGHT TO LOVE, THE—Paramount.—Ruth Chatterton in a real dramatic gem. Ruth and the technicians collaborate in putting over the most convincing dual rôle ever filmed. (*Feb.*)

RIVER'S END—Warners.—A lusty Curwood hestory, with Charles Bickford in a dual rôle. (*Dec.*)

ROAD TO PARADISE—First National.—Twin sisters are at it again, complicating movie plots. Loretta Young plays both girls, one a crook, the other a wealthy and noble young lady. (*Oct.*)

ROUGH WATERS—Warners.—Another personal success for Rin-Tin-Tin. The children will love it. (*Oct.*)

ROYAL BED, THE—Radio Pictures.—Lowell Sherman directs himself in a smart, amusing comedy about modern royalty. Mary Astor is a gorgeous princess and the veteran Nance O'Neil, a grand queen. (*Feb.*)

★ **ROYAL FAMILY OF BROADWAY, THE**—Paramount.—A brilliantly done comedy of actors at home. Fredric March does the work of his life. Ina Claire is marvelous. Don't miss this one. (*Feb.*)

SANTA FE TRAIL, THE—Paramount.—Richard Arlen in his cowboy suit. Indians. And Mitzi Green! If you like Westerns, all right. (*Nov.*)

SAP FROM SYRACUSE, THE—Paramount.—Jack Oakie's bubbling personality puts this across. Jack plays a good-natured boob who masquerades as a famous engineer. No panic, but good. (*Oct.*)

SCANDAL SHEET—Paramount.—A great newspaper drama with George Bancroft as the managing editor and Kay Francis as his wife. A meaty movie with a knockout kick. (*Feb.*)

SCARLET PAGES—First National.—Elsie Ferguson's talkie début, from her stage play. Elsie is interesting as a woman attorney. (*Sept.*)

SCOTLAND YARD—Fox.—A rattling good crime story with that rattling good actor, Edmund Lowe, playing a dual rôle. This film packs a wallop. (*Jan.*)

SEA GOD, THE—Paramount.—Wild adventure, pearl diving, cannibals—a real movie. Richard Arlen and Fay Wray provide the love interest. (*Nov.*)

SEA LEGS—Paramount.—In spite of Jack Oakie, Harry Green and Eugene Pallette, this comedy isn't very comical. (*Jan.*)

★ **SEA WOLF, THE**—Fox.—Again Jack London's famous *Wolf Larsen* takes the screen—with sound. Milton Sills played *Wolf* beautifully. His last picture, and a noble thriller. (*Nov.*)

SEE AMERICA THIRST—Universal.—A two-reel plot stretched over a full-length film induces sleepiness. Langdon and Summerville do their best to make it funny. (*Jan.*)

SHADOW RANCH—Columbia.—Buck Jones' new Western is a crackerjack. (*Dec.*)

SHE GOT WHAT SHE WANTED—Cruze-Tiffany.—An hourful of guffaws over old man *Boris* and his philandering wife. Betty Compson's the wife and darn good's the picture. (*Dec.*)

SHOOTING STRAIGHT—Radio Pictures.—A deft mingling of under-world drama and comedy gives Richard Dix his best part in a long time. (*Sept.*)

SILVER HORDE, THE—Radio Pictures.—Rex Beach's salmon-fishing thriller makes a tingling photoplay and Evelyn Brent makes a brand new hit. (*Dec.*)

SINNERS' HOLIDAY — Warners. — (Reviewed under the title "Women in Love.") Just as a change of scenery the gangsters move out of the honky-tonks to an amusement pier. Grant Withers is the hero. (*Oct.*)

SIN SHIP, THE—Radio Pictures.—Louis Wolheim, as actor and director, attempts a romantic rôle. Disappointing. (*Jan.*)

★ **SIN TAKES A HOLIDAY**—Pathe.—Don't miss this. Constance Bennett, beautiful clothes, smart dialogue and a working-girl-boss romance that has a real kick. A honey. (*Jan.*)

SISTERS—Columbia.—Sally O'Neil and Molly O'Day as sisters, one rich, the other poor. Fair. (*Sept.*)

SIT TIGHT—Warners.—Joe E. Brown and Winnie Lightner repeat many of their monkey-shines. But they're still funny. (*Dec.*)

—Seymour

He represents the very acme of knowledge and authority on style and fashion.

It is unnecessary to praise him. Meet him on Pages 61 to 64 of this issue. He writes only for

PHOTOPLAY

SLUMS OF TOKYO—Schochiko Film Co.—Silent Japanese-made film, supposed to be "art." Drab story. (*Sept.*)

SOLDIER'S PLAYTHING, A—Warners.—If you like romance seasoned with plenty of laughs, some slap-stick and hot thrills, catch this. (*Oct.*)

SON OF THE SADDLE—Universal.—A Ken Maynard Western with plenty of hard riding, gun play and action. (*Oct.*)

SOUP TO NUTS—Fox.—Rube Goldberg's grandly goofy cartoons, his fantastic inventions and freak statues, are all in this hilarious film. You'll like it. (*Oct.*)

SOUS LES TOITS DE PARIS (Under the Roofs of Paris)—Tobis.—Skilful pantomine makes this enjoyable French dialogue picture comprehensible without knowledge of that language. Two of the songs are hummers. (*Feb.*)

★ **SPOILERS, THE**—Paramount.—Gary Cooper and William Boyd stage a battle wilder than the memorable fight between William Farnum and Tom Santschi, which made screen history. Red meat melodrama, packed with action, suspense and thrills. (*Nov.*)

SPURS — Universal. — Here's hard-ridin' Hoot Gibson in a Western that's a Western. It's fast, from the first shot to the last. (*Nov.*)

SQUEALER, THE—Columbia.—If you can stand another gangster picture, this one has some new ideas. Well acted by Jack Holt, Dorothy Revier and Davey Lee. (*Nov.*)

STORM, THE—Universal.—This storm is no tornado. A very tame melodrama. Even Lupe Velez is tame as the little girl of the Great Northwest. (*Nov.*)

STORM OVER ASIA—Amkino.—Another of the powerful Revolutionary pictures from Soviet Russia dramatizing the Communist revolt against the White Army in 1918. A smash ending. *Silent.* (*Nov.*)

★ **SUNNY**—First National.—Singie or not, it's a gem. Radiant Marilyn Miller smashes it across. (*Dec.*)

SUSPENSE—British International.—A war story and a pretty slow one. Vic McLaglen's brother Cyril is in it. (*Jan.*)

SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES—First National.—Billie Dove's best talkie. Mystery farce, with Clive Brook being very farcical. (*Sept.*)

SWEETHEARTS ON PARADE—Columbia.—Just another pure little country girl among the bad, big-town millionaires. Alice White is the sweet young thing. (*Nov.*)

★ **SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS**—Warners.—A dainty operetta, beautifully photographed in Technicolor. Claudia Dell, charming new star, is *Kitty;* Walter Pidgeon, the baritone hero. (*Nov.*)

SWEET MAMA—First National.—If you're an Alice White fan this won't seem so weak. (*Sept.*)

TEMPTATION—Columbia.—Unpretentious and pleasant love story. Lois Wilson and Lawrence Gray. (*Sept.*)

TEN NIGHTS IN A BARROOM—Willis Kent Production. — Old-fashioned maudlin melodrama, elaborately overacted. The villain is Demon Rum. (*Nov.*)

THIRD ALARM, THE—Tiffany Productions.—Out come the old fire engines to make a big noise. But no matter how hard Jimmy Hall and Hobart Bosworth try, it's just one of those things. (*Jan.*)

THOROUGHBRED, THE—Tiffany Productions.—Wesley "Freckles" Barry is the nice little jockey hero of a nice little horse story for the family trade. (*Nov.*)

THOSE THREE FRENCH GIRLS—M-G-M.—Not even Reginald Denny and Ukelele Ike make this unfunny hodge-podge worth while. Fifi Dorsay, Yola D'Avril and Sandra Ravel are the girls. (*Nov.*)

THOSE WHO DANCE—Warners.—Monte Blue, in another underworld story that doesn't ring true. (*Sept.*)

TODAY—Majestic.—One of those sensationals—all hell, sex and box-office. Hokum, but there's Conrad Nagel to hold you. (*Dec.*)

★ **TOL'ABLE DAVID**—Columbia.—A pretty grand film, excellently directed, and beautifully acted by the newcomer, Richard Cromwell. (*Jan.*)

★ **TOM SAWYER**—Paramount.—Jackie Coogan, Mitzi Green, Junior Durkin—real kids in the great kid classic. A corking picture. Don't miss it. And by all means, don't let the kids. (*Dec.*)

TOO YOUNG TO MARRY—First National.—(Reviewed under the title "Broken Dishes.") Grand satire on family life. O. P. Heggie the henpecked father, Loretta Young and Grant Withers the young lovers. Full of fun. (*Sept.*)

TRUTH ABOUT YOUTH—First National.—Starts out to be a tenderly wistful story of youth and turns into a stereotyped April and November romance. (*Oct.*)

TWO WORLDS—British International.—An honest, dramatic story of inter-racial clashes—probably the best of the recent English films. (*Feb.*)

UNDER MONTANA SKIES—Tiffany Productions.—Slim Summerville saves a pretty weak picture about a stranded showgirl. (*Feb.*)

UNDER SUSPICION—Fox.—You may not care what happens to Lois Moran and her Northwest Mountie, but you'll get your money's worth of gorgeous scenery. (*Jan.*)

UP THE RIVER—Fox.—The lighter side of prison life, and very amusing. Spencer Tracy is grand. (*Dec.*)

VIENNESE NIGHTS — Warners. — The best operetta in recent months—with oh, what waltzes! Vivienne Segal and Alexander Gray sing the love songs. (*Nov.*)

VIRTUOUS SIN, THE—Paramount.—Torrid love in frigid Russia. Kay Francis and Walter Huston are simply grand. (*Dec.*)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 137]

To *low* . . . . . .
salaried women

To *wives* . . . . . .
keeping a budget

To *men* . . . . . .
just getting a start

-this delightful Tooth Paste saves you $3 a year . .

WHY don't you save $3 a year or more by using Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ instead of high-priced dentifrices that accomplish no better results?

Listerine Tooth Paste is used by more than three million people. To a great many of them, price is no object. Results are their sole basis of judgment. And the results of Listerine Tooth Paste are so quickly apparent, once you try it, that you will wonder why you didn't use it long ago.

This dentifrice is made by the makers of Listerine, the safe antiseptic. This alone guarantees its quality. That it can be sold at 25¢ is due to sharp economies effected by mass production and modern methods of manufacture.

If you have not already used Listerine Tooth Paste, get a tube today. Give it a thorough trial. Compare it with any tooth paste you have ever used regardless of price, and judge by results alone. They will win you to this new thrift dentifrice as they won three million people before you.

We ask you to note how little brushing is necessary to impart to your teeth a charming, flashing brilliance. Note, too, how swiftly but how gently this tooth paste removes the stains, discolorations, and stubborn tartar.

After you have used it six months or a year, look at your teeth and see how free they are from cracks and fissures. That is

because the cleansing and polishing agents in Listerine Tooth Paste are among the gentlest known. They are harder than tartar and hence remove it. But they are softer than enamel and consequently are harmless to it.

Look, too, for that delightful feeling of freshness and exhilaration that follows its use—the sensation you associate with Listerine itself.

And last but not least, reflect that these benefits are yours for about half of what you would ordinarily pay. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Buy Silk Hose With That $3 It Saves

Compared to dentifrices in the 50¢ class, Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ saves approximately $3 a year per person, on the basis of a tube per month being used. With that $3 you can buy many things, stockings, gloves, and razor blades are merely suggestions.

The makers of Listerine Tooth Paste recommend Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes

Listerine Tooth Paste..25¢

Friendly Advice from Carolyn Van Wyck *on* Girls' Problems

"IF your eyes are blue, use a smudge of blue eye shadow on the upper lid to bring out their color, especially under artificial light. If they are green, use green eye-shadow." That's the advice of Tom Cameron, make-up expert at Paramount's New York Studio.

Mr. Cameron says it's an old stage trick to match eye-shadow to the iris of the eye. That's so those in the topmost galleries, who can't really see the actor's eyes, feel that they can look right at them and identify the color. And, it's a trick that enhances the beauty of all feminine eyes, he believes.

When he was nineteen years old he played the part of a sixty-five-year-old man in a stage play. Right then he began developing the art of make-up. Other actors asked his advice, and now he is one of the recognized authorities in his profession. For more than six years he has been on the Paramount staff.

Mr. Cameron says that all make-up, even for the street, should begin with a smooth foundation. Either one must have a naturally smooth skin, or a foundation cream or liquid should be used before applying powder and other cosmetics.

A line of dark pencil right at the edge of the upper lid will give the eyes depth. Eyebrows are groomed with a small brush, and light ones are skilfully penciled.

I have always thought, and so do many beauty experts, that a thin-lipped mouth looks better if rouged only in the center, to give it fullness. But Mr. Cameron disagrees with me. He says that lip rouge should always be drawn back to the corners of the mouth. That the way the mouth recedes into the corners gives it its greatest beauty, and this should be emphasized if the lips are rouged at all. You'll have to test it out, yourselves, girls, and decide which of us is right in your own case.

He believes that lipstick and rouge should simply intensify one's natural color, not change it, and that they should be chosen with that idea. Of course, for the panchromatic film now used in talkies, a brownish-red lipstick is the best choice in most cases.

AND he points out one serious fault in mouth make-up. He says: "That little depression between the base of the nose and the center of the upper lip can be changed from a mark of beauty to a distortion by rouging the upper lip in a sharp V instead of the softer U shape it takes naturally."

I watched him make up the mouth of a girl who was to play a "bit" that day and was unfamiliar with screen make-up. He used a small, flat red sable brush such as any artist employs for portrait painting. As he applied the lip paste at one corner of the girl's mouth, his hand slipped a trifle, making a tiny, downward line.

That almost imperceptible line gave the player a lugubrious expression that hadn't been there a moment before. Which proves how careful one must be in applying make-up. No smearing on of lipstick in dark theaters, before the lights go on. Better to apply it in full view of the audience, which isn't in particularly good taste but at least prevents disfiguring effects!

Mr. Cameron has discovered one little trick that adds a lot to the shapeliness of the mouth. He takes an ordinary pipe cleaner—one of those short, chenille-covered wires—and with it he wipes carefully around the mouth. He uses it, too, in the corners of the eyes and at the nostrils, after applying powder.

Tom Cameron, make-up specialist at Paramount's New York Studio, instructs a player in the art of screen make-up

He thinks that the girl with clear skin and dark hair looks better without rouged cheeks, or with just a touch of color. That it makes a more interesting contrast between complexion, hair and lips if only lip rouge is used. That blondes can use cheek rouge to much better advantage, and the fairer they are the more rouge they can stand. Of course, this applies only to street make-up, as no rouge is used on the cheeks in making up for the screen, except for color films.

But he has no cut-and-dried rules for all types. Like all those who make a study of make-up, he believes that it should be adapted to the individual.

Liquid or paste rouge should be applied before powder, of course, and dry rouge afterwards, with a final pat of the puff to blend the edges.

Skilful blending is one of the most important points in make-up, according to Dick Willis, the make-up expert at Warner's Vitaphone Studios, in New York, where several hundred one- and two-reel pictures and screen tests are completed every year. Mr. Willis calculates that he has made up about fifteen hundred faces since he joined the Vitaphone staff two years ago.

WHEN Otis Skinner, veteran stage star and star of the First National picture, "Kismet," took a screen test at the Vitaphone studios, Mr. Willis was diffident about offering his services as make-up man. After all, Mr. Skinner had been making up for the difficult character rôle of *Hajj*, the beggar, for many years on the stage, and his experience covered almost as many years as Mr. Willis' whole life. But, even the clever Mr. Skinner bowed before Dick Willis' knowledge of screen make-up.

So, when Mr. Willis says that to leave sharp edges where there should be soft ones and to leave "fuzzy" outlines where they should be well-defined can spoil the most painstaking make-up, those are words we can all heed.

Right now, there is a vogue in movie circles for cheeks that "hollow," to go with the "romantic" trend in clothes and figures. Round, plump faces do not, Hollywood thinks, express the new mood. Girls have discovered that a little dark grease paint, patted into the regular make-up on both cheeks makes them look properly romantic and seductive.

But, be careful. You may duplicate Nancy Carroll's experience. Nancy, you know, has healthily rounded cheeks. And she says that no amount of make-up can make her look properly wan, and that she only succeeds in looking dirty-faced!

DOLORES A.:

You can wear almost any color, Dolores, but the vivid and intense shades are especially becoming to you. An exception to this is pink, which will be most becoming in pale hues. Red and deep rose should be becoming; clear yellow, rich blues, deep orchid, black with color touches, all white, gray and green combinations are in keeping with your coloring. The right shades of green will bring out the green in your eyes and should make you very attractive.

Simply cut, but jaunty clothes will help to carry out your type and make you look slimmer. Be careful in choosing evening and party frocks. Remember that flowing lines and beauty of color will have to take the place of frills and trimming for a girl who is plump. The new season's lines for evening wear are all in favor of your type, so that's a big help!

ANNE PEG:

Get yourself a small hairbrush with firm, blunt bristles that will not scratch your scalp. Its use, night and morning, will quickly restore some of the natural oil to your hair. Then, with warm water or one [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]

ARE you overweight? Send for my booklet of normalizing exercises and non-fattening menus. Are you troubled with blackheads or acne? My complexion leaflet will help you. A stamped, self-addressed envelope will bring you either, or both, or any other advice on personal problems. *There is no charge* and your letters will be held in strict confidence.

Address me at PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

BEAUTY that Holds You Spellbound IS YOURS

With the Magic of Hollywood's Make-Up Secret

FAY WRAY, Paramount, says, "Color harmony in make-up is as essential as the fashions of today."

Almost breathless ...with your eyes fastened on the screen ...you, and millions of "yous" have felt that indescribable thrill envelop you when the ravishing beauty of a Nancy Carroll, a Mary Brian, a Jean Arthur is flashed on the motion picture screen. And perhaps you've remarked ..."How could any girl be so alluringly beautiful?"

And now...how would you like to gaze entranced into your very own mirror... and get that self same thrill from a vision of loveliness, a new beauty, alluring and fascinating...and realize that the charming reflection is actually you, yourself.

Almost too good to be true...yet you can experience this thrill almost for the asking.

The secret is a new kind of make-up created by Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of make-up. It is based on his famous discovery of cosmetic color harmony, which revolutionized make-up among the stars and in the studios.

LILLIAN ROTH, Paramount, and Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up Genius, approving the correct color harmony shade in face powder.

Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up Genius, will reveal the secret to you . . . free

"In twenty odd years in motion pictures, we have discovered the miracles of make-up which every woman should know," says Max Factor. "Individuality and personality are just as important as beauty, and to achieve them I discovered a new idea in make-up. Cosmetics must be in color harmony to blend not only with individual colorings, but also to harmonize in the make-up ensemble. I created colors in powder, rouge, lipstick, eyeshadow and other make-up requisites to living types of matchless beauty . . . like Laura LaPlante, Lupe Velez, Dorothy Mackaill . . . blonde, brunette, redhead . . . and their variations! Brownette, too, and their changes in complexion hue . . . a perfect color harmony in make-up for each."

No other cosmetics in the world are created in this amazing way . . . and none other will bring you such amazing beauty. For . . . remember that all the famous stars of Hollywood in all the big motion picture studios, including Technicolor, use Max Factor's.

Discover Hollywood's Make-Up secret Now. Send to Max Factor for your complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart. Permit Hollywood's make-up genius to chart your own individual color harmony in Society Make-Up just for you . . . your powder, rouge, lipstick, eyeshadow and other essentials to blend magically together to emphasize every bit of beauty, of charm, of allure. Then look in your mirror and see a new beauty that holds you spellbound . . . experience this thrill of a lifetime.

MARY BRIAN and RICHARD ARLEN in a scene from
"ONLY SAPS WORK"
Paramount's All-Talking Comedy Feature
Make-Up by Max Factor.

MARY BRIAN writes: "The naturalness of lovely beauty is the reward of Make-Up in Color Harmony for the individual type."

. . . FREE

This amazing book in which 60 famous stars write about Make-Up.

MAX FACTOR'S *Society* MAKE-UP

"Cosmetics of the Stars" . . . HOLLYWOOD

96% of all make-up including Technicolor used by Hollywood Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's.
(Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics) *©1930 Max Factor*

MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS

Mr Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif. 1-3-31

Dear Sir: Send me a complimentary copy of your 48-page book, *"The New Art of Society Make Up"*, personal complexion analysis and make up color harmony chart. I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of postage and handling

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

COMPLEXION		COLOR EYES		LIPS	
Light				Matte	
Fair		COLOR LASHES		Dry	
Medium				Satin	
Ruddy		COLOR HAIR		Oily	
Dark				Dry	
Sallow		AGE		Normal	
Olive		Answer with Check Mark			

Newly discovered! Pepsodent Mouth Wash kills germs 5 to 11* times faster!! checks bad breath 1 to 2 hours longer than other leading antiseptics!!!

"A REVOLUTIONARY antiseptic mouth wash that destroys germs *5 times faster than the most effective on the market — 11* times faster than many ordinary kinds.*"

That is the impressive statement of two well-known bacteriological laboratories after exhaustive tests on Pepsodent Antiseptic Mouth Wash.

From Pepsodent laboratories

This remarkable discovery is a new and powerful weapon in fighting germ infections and diseases. It combats, immediately, the social evil of bad breath.

The formula comes from the Pepsodent tooth paste laboratories, whose contribution to dental hygiene has won high recognition. Under the label of Pepsodent Antiseptic Mouth Wash it is being widely distributed in the public interest.

Cleanses—purifies the mouth

The active agent used in Pepsodent Mouth Wash as determined by standard tests, is 220 times more potent than pure carbolic acid, for all time the standard germicide. Pepsodent Mouth Wash is non-poisonous, *safe* and *soothing*.

Immediately after using, *95% of the germs in the mouth are destroyed*. Their number is still reduced *70% at the end of two hours' time*—that is far longer acting than many other leading mouth washes.

"We find," states one laboratory, "Pepsodent Mouth Wash kills the stubborn pus-producing germs (*M. Aureus*) *in 10 seconds*—faster than is even claimed for other leading mouth washes. Tests prove that it kills in 10 seconds germs that cause *pneumonia, diphtheria, typhoid fever,* and many others."

Checks bad breath

With this revolutionary discovery comes a social safeguard: remarkable protection against offensive breath. A laboratory director states: "Tests prove conclusively that Pepsodent Mouth Wash overcomes bad breath *1 to 2 hours longer than many other antiseptic mouth washes.*"

At your druggist's—today

Your druggist has just received this new discovery. Go today and get a bottle.

Consult Your Dentist, Physician

In the opinion of some authorities, most breath odors come from minor causes. If after using Pepsodent Mouth Wash bad breath persists in returning, seek medical and dental advice to remove the cause.

*Most people add water before using a mouth wash. Hence these comparisons are based on tests using one part of mouth wash tested to four parts of water. Pepsodent Mouth Wash is highly germicidal mixed with four parts of water. It goes many times as far as many other mouth washes.

Costs much less

Pepsodent Antiseptic Mouth Wash

A revolutionary mouth wash just discovered by the Pepsodent tooth paste laboratories

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

GOOD luck, John Gilbert! You deserve it. When things look black, and your talkies die off, you keep on plugging like a good trouper. Here's hoping you get stories that will put you 'way up in the running again. So up and at 'em, Jack—may "Gentleman's Fate," your latest, be what the doctor ordered!

John Gilbert was born in Logan, Utah, July 10, 1897. He is 5 feet, 11; weighs 170. First wife, Leatrice Joy. Now married to Ina Claire

Come Along *and Dance* With *the* Stars

PHOTOPLAY'S photographer finds three famous couples holding the center of the floor at Hollywood's Mayfair party, where the picture players go most social. From left to right we have Joan Crawford and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Grant Withers and the little wife, Loretta Young. Also Douglas Fairbanks and Lilyan Tashman. Note Joan's gorgeous lace gown, with the orchids at the shoulder. With his producing worries over, Doug, Sr., is a jolly good fellow now

Hollywood *at Play* At Mayfair

TWO ladies of the screen's blood royal meet for a chat just outside the ballroom at the Biltmore Hotel where Hollywood's Mayfair party is booming along. In short, Mary Pickford and Gloria Swanson take time out from dancing to talk things over. They're telling each other the ball's a success. Our Mary's white frock is heavy with beads—and she wore the cape all evening. Gloria's gown is brown chiffon, and the jewelry's jade. The cigarette is nonchalant

Lest you think Mayfair parties are populated entirely by the younger motion picture set, reputed to be flighty, here is a picture of a literary notable. Rupert Hughes, novelist and writer for the films, and that nice Mrs. Hughes, hosted a gay party

One of the loveliest girls at Mayfair (or anywhere else!) was June Collyer, dimples and all. She's wearing a gown of silver metal cloth, with drop shoulders and a long train. Note the interesting way she wears the corsage. Just try to count the gardenias!

Big-hearted Connie Bennett let sister Joan dance with the Marquis de la Falaise—whose ear you see. Joan's gown is of black net. The ruffle at the hips is trimmed with silver beads and sequins. In the picture at the left, Constance herself is giving her famous smile

A smart party of six alights at the Biltmore Hotel, where Hollywood's Mayfair is beginning to sparkle away. They are Raoul Walsh, Jack and Mrs. Mulhall, Mrs. Walsh, and Mr. and Mrs. Adolphe Menjou. The camera was unkind to Mrs. Mulhall—she's one of Hollywood's real beauties. Walsh wears the patch over his eye. And if that chinchilla jacket of Mrs. Menjou's cost a penny, it cost $30,000!

There are all kinds of princes at Mayfair. At the left Edmund Lowe, prince of good fellows and actors. At right, Prince Ganeshi Lal of India. Turban or topper—all same Mayfair

The biggest, smartest party at Mayfair. Joan Crawford honors Doug Fairbanks, Jr's., birthday. Doug, Sr., tells a funny story to Marshall Duffield, football star, and Junior listens

Barbara Stanwyck (Ruby Stevens) was born in Brooklyn in 1905. She is 5 feet, 5, weighs 120; has red hair, blue eyes. Married to Frank Fay

"THANKS so much," says beauteous Barbara Stanwyck. "I'm glad you like 'Illicit!' I hope you enjoy my next picture, 'Night Nurse,' just as much." We know we shall, Babs, not only because you're such a grand actress, but because you're so soothing to the eye. Our best regards to the husband!

Undergarments that really fit

Beauty must be more than dress deep. If the undergarments are bunglesome the outerdress can't be right.

The rapid and tremendous increase in the sales of Kickernick garments has been due to the fact that these garments fit the body snugly no matter what its position may be—and yet an easeful tuck allows ample room for utmost freedom.

It's the tuck that tells.

A short front, with a long and almost accordion-like back, has taken the ugly bagginess out of women's underdress.

It fits in all positions.

Kickernicks are made in all the modish colors, fabrics, styles—and remarkably well made.

If your best dealer hasn't them, send for booklet to Winget Kickernick Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Kickernick

PATENTED UNDERDRESS

"Broken Illusions can never be mended"

says **DOROTHY DIX**

"Such things shatter a man's illusions," writes Dorothy Dix

"DON'T let the 'little' things—careless, *unfeminine* details—spoil your lovely effect!

"Such a 'small' offense against daintiness as a faded shoulder ribbon peeping out . . . frayed lace edging visible when you lift up your arm . . . a silk slip not so color-fresh as it might be . . . *such things rob you of all illusion in a man's eyes.*

"And broken illusions can *never, never* be mended.

"I beg you to do two things:

1. Buy the loveliest lingerie you can.

2. Keep it always color-fresh, beautiful.

Perhaps you don't realize how often this happens—

"Just *knowing* your underthings are lovely does something to *you!* It makes you FEEL feminine and charming. And when you feel charming, you seem so to others!

"'*But how can we keep delicate lingerie fresh and colorful?*' girls often say to me. 'Frequent washing leaves it so faded and worn looking.'

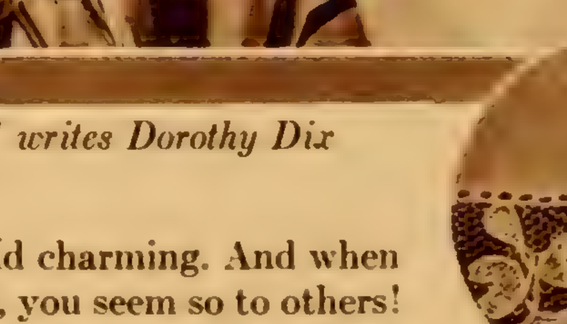
"It is true that ordinary 'good' soaps take away the COLOR and the charming new look of a garment, but this is never the case if you use Lux.

"These wonderful flakes are *especially made to preserve* COLOR *and* NEWNESS. A dainty garment bathed often in Lux suds is *always* color-fresh, sweet as your feminine self!

"AND AT HOME: Not only can dainty, colorful lingerie give you confidence of charm—but your very *surroundings* can help! Pretty curtains, cushions, colorful table linens, all form part of the magic spell if kept ever lovely with Lux."

Dorothy Dix

And this! Such glimpses tell so quickly whether you're exquisite!



A SECRET OF FEMININITY

Lingerie washed in Lux 15 times—color perfect as new, silk and lace fibres intact. The garment is utterly charming!

Duplicate lingerie washed 15 times in ordinary "good" soap—silk pulled, lace damaged, color faded. Disappointing!

***If it's safe in water alone, all its original loveliness is safe with* LUX!**

March, 1931

The National Guide to Motion Pictures
[TRADE MARK]

PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By
JAMES R. QUIRK

I WILL take it all back, every mean crack I've made at Hollywood; every joke I've told on what has seemed to me the strange mental processes of producers and supervisors.

In all the years that I have been prying about and commenting on studio life and letters, never have I seen anything to compare with the Wickersham report and Mr. Hoover's quaint note concerning it.

As Thornton Delehanty, motion picture critic of the *New York Evening Post*, said about Douglas Fairbanks' latest picture, "Reaching for the Moon":

"What a lot of talent it takes to make a bad picture."

Compared to the Wickersham report, the result of a Hollywood conference is the brainchild of a group of intellectual giants.

PERHAPS this story is apropos. It's the latest supervisor story, and what's more, it is true.

This supervisor sent for a writer who had just submitted his preliminary "treatment" of a story. When the writer had seated himself at the little god's desk, he said:

"I hear you want to change that story. Why?"

"Wait a minute, stop right there," cried the supervisor, jumping out of his chair. "I don't want any argument on this. I don't want to change my mind."

WHAT'S going to happen to Clara Bow? Is she through in pictures? Is the public fed up on her? Will the Paramount company exercise its right to give her the air on the morality clause of her contract?

You cannot keep the Brooklyn Bonfire in focus from one month to another, and we may be proved wrong before these pages reach the newsstands. But it is our bet that Madcap Clara will go right along making pictures.

THE public forgets and the public forgives. The Paramount company pulled Clara off a picture and substituted a new girl, Sylvia Sidney, whom they believe is a coming favorite. They want the public to forget Clara and her peccadillos for a few weeks.

What if some other company wanted Clara? Warner Bros. seem intent on gathering in big names for their posters. Paramount would take the chance that in her first picture under new management Clara might make a great box-office film and come back strong in public favor.

Poor Clara—with nothing in the world but five thousand dollars a week.

Somehow or other, the tears won't come to my eyes.

WITH the April issue of PHOTOPLAY you will see some interesting changes and improvements in the magazine. Almost every department and new idea introduced by PHOTOPLAY has been speedily copied by others. The Shadow Stage, our reviews of pictures, has been imitated in form and appearance almost shamelessly. It has come to a point where, until you get into the text, you can hardly tell one magazine from another.

In the trade it is called "the PHOTOPLAY formula."

A WRITER or artist appears as a PHOTOPLAY contributor, and immediately he is solicited to work for other publications in this field. There will be no more of that because PHOTOPLAY has now engaged the exclusive services of its writers and illustrators.

PICTURES, automobiles, radios, magazines, must improve from year to year if they are to sell. Nothing can stand still and prosper. The public is becom-

ing more and more discriminating, wiser in the expenditure of the quarter and the dollar. It is learning to pick and choose its entertainment with the same care that it selects an automobile or a suit of clothes.

Last year's car is a second-rate car.

Last year's picture standards are not box-office today.

Last year's magazines are as old-fashioned as last year's hat.

BY the way, there's a story which can be written from life, and one or two of our leading Hollywood executives are now living the facts on which the story will be based. It will be called "Ex-Producer."

I HAVE a surprise for you. We've got Seymour to write for PHOTOPLAY each month!

Seymour knows more about fashions than anybody else in America—and my friends abroad say that goes for Europe, too.

And, since Seymour knows more about fashions than anybody else, we'll get him to interpret what stars wear—to be of as much help as he can be to PHOTOPLAY readers in their choice of that all-important subject, what to wear.

Seymour performs on pages 61-64. You'll like him —and you'll like the clothes he says you should.

"THE Man Who Came Back," which brought Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell together again as a co-starring team, broke all records at Roxy's cathedral in New York.

The story wasn't suitable to the players and the players weren't suitable to the story, and yet the crowds poured in.

I sincerely believe that ninety per cent of the audience went there to see "7th Heaven" again, and that even while they were watching the pair emote in their new characters they were dreaming of *Chico* and *Diane*, the rôles they played in the picture that made them stars.

HERE'S an example of bad taste in picture advertising. An Albany, N. Y., theater manager thought he was being clever, when, to exploit the picture "Abraham Lincoln," he used the legend; "She taught Lincoln how to love—and like it." Credit goes to the *Albany Evening News*, which went after the manager so hard he tore down the posters and went into hiding.

ALMA RUBENS is gone. Poor, fragile child-woman, always afraid of life, and forced to battle the world since she was fourteen years old. Broken by drugs which she used in a pitiful attempt to escape the stark realities of existence. Who is to judge her?

But, how I would like to pass judgment on the human skunks who profited by her misery. Why cannot those thin-blooded, professional prohibitionists turn the fire of their fanaticism on the dope traffic?

"ALL Quiet on the Western Front" was not an accident. Lewis Milestone directed it. Here is another proof of the mental caliber of this talented young Russian immigrant.

Immediately upon the initial success of "All Quiet," every producing organization in the business tried to put him under contract for a period of years, speaking in terms of large gobs of money.

"Have you any stories?" asked the simple fellow, looking blankly at the five thousand a week (—every Saturday) they set before him.

"No, but take some of this until our scenario department finds one," was the stereotyped answer.

"I'm sorry, but I've got an appointment with a tuna off Catalina Island," said the foolish young man. "You see, I'm really of no use to you unless you've got something I can direct. I am not a gag man. I cannot write popular songs. I cannot take your money just because I made a good picture out of a great story. So long."

He waited and paid for his own board and room until one day Howard Hughes called him and said, "How would you like to make 'The Front Page'?"

"I'll be right over," said the simple Russian lad. The conversation about money lasted exactly eight seconds.

What an odd young man to be in Hollywood.

THERE'S a little war on in Hollywood. Warner Bros. raided the Paramount studios and came away with William Powell, Ruth Chatterton and Kay Francis.

"Okay with us," says Paramount. "You pay money for stars we have developed. We will try to beat you to the box-office with better stories and new names."

So everybody's happy.

HOW often have you heard folks walking out of a motion picture theater, say: "I could write a better story myself"? Maybe you have said it yourself!

Whether you have or not, here's a chance to turn your idea for a screen story into $2,000. A few weeks ago, one of our leading motion picture producers confided to me that he thought readers of PHOTOPLAY ought to have some good screen stories stored away in their minds. I opined that they probably had. And, the first thing we knew, we had set about to get them.

THIS producer wants one story or ten. Readers of PHOTOPLAY may get from $2,000 to $20,000. Most folks are afraid to put their story ideas on paper because they know they haven't the writing ability of a professional author and that it is very difficult for a story to get a chance with the producers.

Well, you don't have to be a professional writer, and every story submitted will receive the same consideration that George Bernard Shaw or Booth Tarkington would get. Now, watch the April issue for details.

An intimate portrait of Maloney, as ugly a black vulture as Mother Nature can provide — and John Barrymore's especial pet. Barrymore has trained Mr. Maloney to kiss him!

One of the few pictures of the right side of John Barrymore's face. Jack considers this his "bad side," and turns his left to the lens. This is a scene with Mrs. Barrymore

This *Odd Chap* Barrymore

A complete and fascinating close-up of the Great Profile—roaring terror of the studios, and doting husband and father

By Harry Lang

JOHN BARRYMORE isn't the *most* profane man in Hollywood. Some folks say Wolheim is. But Barrymore *is* Hollywood's outstanding genius at expletive. He can give tongue to some of the most staggering compound oaths that ingenuity has ever devised. And he doesn't care who hears him.

There was the day on the set when executives sent word they'd like him to work on Sunday to catch up with schedules. It's Barrymore's inviolable rule that he won't work on Sundays, and when he got this message, he said so loudly and thunderously and ultra-profanely. Two innocent mule-drivers, within earshot, fled for the sake of their purity of mind.

He usually tries to shock she-interviewers out of his presence. If they flee, horrified, he's delighted, because he hates interviewers. If they don't flee, they usually get a good interview.

His profanity is preserved to posterity on a disc the sound recorders treasure at the studio. It happened during the filming of "Moby Dick." The scene was where Barrymore, as *Captain Ahab*, leans over a rail, surveys his crew, and says something to the effect: "Gentlemen, a fine bunch of cutthroats you are . . ."

Well, the cameras and sound machines started and Barrymore began his line. Just then, a rooster crowed somewhere within recording distance. It spoiled the shot, and Barrymore realized it. So while cameras and sound-recording machines ground on, he spoke. And what the record reveals is not for young girls.

And yet, here's the other side of the picture. See this Rabelaisian-tongued Barrymore at the cradleside of his new baby, the puzzy-scalped Dolores Ethel Mae Barrymore and you see a metamorphosis. You see a honey-tongued papa, cuddling his baby under the chin, wrinkling his classic Barrymore nose, and saying, at the very hottest, such things as:

"Squeegy, squeegy, squeegy . . ."

Barrymore is recognized as being, next to Charlie Chaplin, Hollywood's oddest citizen. Some intimates insist that his oddities are assumed; others that they are real. Young Doug Fairbanks, his friend, is positive that Barrymore's Gargantuan profanity and other manners are merely the outward manifestations of a deep and powerful inferiority complex. Others hold just as strongly that Barrymore's contemptuous attitude toward others, his right-and-left insulting of strangers and friends alike, is a true reflection of a vast self-satisfaction and conceit.

He's got a reputation for fearing bath-

tubs. Legend has it that he doesn't take baths. To which one of his intimates, deprecatingly, replies:

"Oh, well, he does like to look sloppy, and doesn't care whose shirt he borrows, or whether he doesn't shave for five or six days—but he really likes his shower bath."

It must be pointed out, in proof of this, that his new yacht, the *Infanta*, has more baths per square inch than any other ship afloat. There are tub and shower baths everywhere, for salt water and fresh water and hot water and cold. And it's quite believable that John uses them. They can't *all* be for Dolores and little Dolores and the crew.

Yachting, incidentally, is his chief delight. He's mad about the sea—boating and fishing. Between pictures he's almost always at sea. He owns two boats—the *Infanta*, a grand yacht with a special nursery aboard for the baby, and the *Mariner*, a sailing vessel which twice won the transpacific race from the Pacific Coast to Honolulu.

Yet he gets seasick! In rough weather, he plays the rail as inexperienced landlubbers usually do.

When he's not at work, or at sea, he's at home with Dolores and the baby. And what a home! In it, he's got collections of all manner of things—from hunting and fishing trophies, all the way through a gamut of things—old ivory, antique glass, early prints, first editions, antique church vestments, guns. . . . He has probably the biggest gun collection in America, outside of museums.

Odds and ends, from whale's vertebrae to old Mexican cantina doors, incunabula, ecclesiastical statuettes, cats (the last census at the Barrymore home revealed eleven cats of both sexes and there are probably many more by now) and birds.

He has more than three hundred rare birds, from all parts of the world in a specially-built aviary in charge of a birdkeeper. They know Barrymore and many of them eat out of his hand. The pet of them all, though, is "Maloney."

"Maloney" is a big, black vulture—probably the ugliest bird in nature. Barrymore has it trained to kiss him!

He has three dogs that run size's gamut—a Saint Bernard he calls "Peter," a Scotty he calls "Scotty," and a Pekinese he calls anything he can think of. It belongs, really, to Dolores.

He used to have a monkey, but when he got married he gave it away.

He has a tremendous collection of books, but has the craziest way of reading them!—he opens four or five at a time, and lays them on the floor in a semicircle. Then he flops down on his stomach and begins reading one. After a while, he lays it aside, and turns to another. And so on. Now and then, he turns back to one he's been reading and resumes where he leaves off. In other words, he's reading four or five books at a time—a few pages here, a few there, but all of them eventually from cover to cover.

HE'S quite gaga about astrology. He even goes to the extremes of setting starting dates for his pictures by the stars, and choosing his friends and co-workers by their horoscopes.

He cares not a whit for his personal appearance or what people think of him. During his wife's confinement, he took a suite of rooms at a Los Angeles hospital. One for his wife and one for himself, and there he lived instead of at home.

He was making "Moby Dick" at the time. He'd arrive at the hospital after work was over, clad in the wild, dirty habiliments of *Captain Ahab*. Still partly in character, the man swaggered through the hospital [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 119]

ONE of the best of the recent stories about motion pictures is this one we cribbed from "The New Yorker." A mother had promised to take her little boy to the movies and was trying to sell him on the idea of seeing a nice, clean "Our Gang" comedy. The little fellow insisted on "War Nurse" and wouldn't see anything else.

"Why," insisted his mother, "there are some nice animals in the comedy." "Yeh," said the lad, "but there are animals in 'War Nurse,' too. Look at this advertisement in the newspaper. It says, 'War Nurse—See men change to beasts.' "

The Big Four of 1920—the Original United Artists who broke away from the old-line companies ten years ago and began the producing association that endures today under the same name but in a different form. Need we relate that they are, from left to right, Doug Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin and David Wark Griffith? Doug with a little more youth and hair, Mary more girlish, Chaplin not yet gray, and Griffith less cadaverous. Now, Doug and Mary are on Joseph Schenck's payroll and Griffith works for him, too. Only Chaplin remains his own boss in the United Artists group!

Did Brown *and* Garbo *Fight?*

By Katherine Albert

Battle-ground? The famous team at work on "Inspiration." Clarence Brown is here directing Greta Garbo and Robert Montgomery

The first true story of what happened to the greatest star-director team in pictures on the "Inspiration" set

YOU can't keep a secret in Hollywood. And, before the picture was half finished, you knew that all was not well on the Garbo set. You heard it from the other members of the cast, the electricians, the extras, the prop boys. You felt it when you came to the studio. There was something electric in the air.

"Brown and Garbo have disagreed!"

"He'll never direct another picture with her!"

"Garbo will go back to Sweden. She'll break her contract."

"Garbo is temperamental. She won't learn her lines."

"Garbo says . . ." "Brown says. . . ."

You knew that all was far from quiet on the carefully guarded, walled-in stage where Greta Garbo was starring in "Inspiration," which was being directed by Clarence Brown.

Like all batches of rumors some of these were true, some were false. To begin with, there was no actual verbal battle between Garbo and Brown. For two reasons. Firstly, Garbo has never been outwardly angry in her life. She has never flown into a rage. Quite a lot of heavy Swedish sulking she has done and she has often refused to do what she was told—but there have been no wild fits.

Secondly, Clarence Brown won't fight. He is too calm a man, too sure of his admitted artistic powers, too diplomatic. "Inspiration" is the fifth picture he has directed for Garbo. The other four—"Flesh and the Devil," "A Woman of Affairs," "Anna Christie," and "Romance" have been Garbo's best and most successful efforts. Certainly Brown has been able to bring out of the white flame from Sweden the best she has to give. Then, what happened on "Inspiration"?

Garbo has broken every rule of star living. It is not surprising, therefore, that she should break rules on the set. She works, as she does everything else, in a strange way. Even in the new medium, the talkies, she still adheres to the silent technique. Like most of the great silent picture stars she does not like to rehearse, feeling, as she does, that her first flash of emotion for the camera is the right one.

Perhaps prolonged rehearsals weaken her performance, but that is the way things are done successfully in talkies. The skilled actresses—the Shearers, the Chattertons, the Swansons—know this. No hours are too long, no repetition too often.

But not so Garbo. She works out her effects alone—as she does everything else.

In "Anna Christie" this manner of approach was all right. It was a fool-proof play, a fool-proof script. Garbo was sold on the characterization. The lines had already been proved to her, so she studied hours at home, working out each scene before her mirror. But in "Inspiration" a different situation arose.

THE piece is an adaptation of "Sappho." The book is now old-fashioned. So is the play. A new script had to be written and neither Garbo nor Brown was entirely satisfied with it, but there was nothing to do but experiment on the set and see how it read. In order to get anything out of it they must rehearse and rehearse and change and change. There's where the trouble began.

Garbo would not rehearse [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 130]

WHO Has *The Best*

Dolores Del Rio, whom the jury of experts says leads them all in physical pulchritude. This article, which tells why, changes some of our ideas of what constitutes a perfect figure. Dolores has been ill for months, but she's all well now and ready to give us another look at the figure

PHOTOPLAY'S jury of a famous producer of "girl" shows, an artist, an eminent physician, and a celebrated designer of clothes chooses Dolores Del Rio. That's one good way to start an argument!

By Adele Whitely Fletcher

A WOMAN in her middle thirties visited a sculptor's studio with her sixteen-year-old daughter. The sculptor, an old and privileged friend, complimented the mother on her figure. Much to the daughter's surprise.

Flabbergasted enough to drop her usual *savoir-faire*, the daughter fairly gasped:

"You think *my mother* has a good figure? *My mother!* You don't think she's too fat?"

You could tell the sculptor was an understanding man by the quizzical light that came into his eyes.

"You think you have a better figure than your mother?" It was a question, but he spared her replying. "You have a figure that artists might choose for exaggerated drawings. That's true enough. And you probably would be considered excellent for fashions. But don't you make any mistake about it, young lady, your mother has a splendid figure. And she most decidedly is not too fat!"

THE general notion of what is a good figure no longer seems to be what is was a year or more ago when, influenced by the unsound fad which glorified boyish forms, Mrs. and Miss America survived on lamb chops and pineapple, oranges and lettuce.

It isn't anything remotely resembling a boyish form that has been selected as the best figure in Hollywood. It is, on the contrary, a figure warmly curved. And if the most perfect figure in that mecca of beauty isn't a good figure where, I ask you, are you going to find one? For, even those few stars, including Gloria Swanson and Ruth Chatterton, who evidently feel they look better than they sound and, therefore, preferred not to have their measurements published, possess a lovely basic symmetry.

It is probably well known to readers of PHOTOPLAY—it has been told in these columns many times—that an actress photographs ten pounds heavier than she actually weighs. That's just one of those nasty little tricks of the camera, which sometimes also fails to recognize the beauty of a face that is ravishing to the eye, and sometimes makes a beautiful girl out of some homely little thing.

It became almost axiomatic among the actresses in Hollywood that they had to keep their weight below the

Figure in Hollywood? And WHY

health line. That, in more cases than one, has led to starvation diets, rapid decline, tuberculosis and other forms of ill-health.

In the elimination process one lovely lady after another lost her place in the pulchritudinous line-up because she was too slim, because there wasn't sufficient sweep to her hips and calves and arms.

A hundred and one fads may come and go, but the standards of true beauty are unchanging.

Earl Carroll, producer of "Vanities," and without any doubt one of the greatest authorities on beauty in the whole world, granted Alice White and Bessie Love an almost perfect symmetry but, according to his standards, he found them too small. Bessie has been taking on too much weight recently, however.

HE also eliminated (it is as difficult for me to record this as it will be for you to read it, so we may as well have it over with) Greta Garbo. He feels Greta should weigh more than she does, be closer to the weight she was in Sweden before she reduced in order to comply with our American picture ideals.

"There is," Mr. Carroll insisted, "a certain weight at which every woman is her loveliest, just as there undeniably is a point in the unfolding of a flower at which it attains its greatest beauty.

"Like many Scandinavians, Miss Garbo has a large frame. Undoubtedly, her bones weigh heavily. Already, as a matter of fact, her measurements exceed what generally is considered perfect for her height. Nevertheless, I am satisfied that Greta Garbo is an exception and that she would be far more beautiful, beautiful to a point of being glorious, if she were heavier. I see her as a goddess, a golden Juno."

Constance Bennett, Mr. Carroll believes to have perfect proportions.

"However," he said "her undeniable symmetry would be emphasized by lovelier, fuller sweeps if she were heavier. Weighing more, it is extremely likely that Constance Bennett would be a serious contender for Hollywood's most beautiful figure."

June Collyer he also found too slim.

It was Marion Davies, Dolores Del Rio, Clara Bow and Bebe Daniels from whom Mr. Carroll made his final choice. They are, you will notice, the four girls who weigh the most for their height. There is no sense of frailty about them. They are roundly turned. They are, in every instance, a far hail from any boyish form, and they are not the undeveloped, adolescent type.

However, after long and serious consideration, Mr. Carroll asked to be allowed two first choices and two second choices. The dusky Dolores and the fair Marion. And Bebe and Clara. It was, as a matter of fact, quite impossible to choose beyond this, for the girls' measurements agreed equally well with the measurements of the Earl Carroll chart and it was, naturally enough, by this that he judged them.

Here are Their Ages, Weights and Measurements

Name	Age	Height	Weight	Bust	Waist	Hips	Glove	Shoe
Joan Crawford	23 yrs.	5′ 4″	110 lbs.	37	24½	37	6½	4D
Ann Harding	29 yrs.	5′ 5½″	112 lbs.	34½	26½	38	6¼	6½AAA
Greta Garbo	25 yrs.	5′ 6″	125 lbs.	36	28½	38	6¼	6AA
Carole Lombard	23 yrs.	5′ 6″	109 lbs.	34½	28	38	6¼	4C
Bessie Love	32 yrs.	5′	100 lbs.	33½	26	36	5¾	2½B
Norma Shearer	26 yrs.	5′ 3″	112 lbs.	34	25½	37	5¾	5½A
Alice White	23 yrs.	5′	98 lbs.	32	23½	33	6	3½C
Betty Compson	33 yrs.	5′ 3″	110 lbs.	34	26	34	6	4C
Irene Rich	36 yrs.	5′ 5″	134 lbs.	36	27	36	6¼	5B
Nancy Carroll	24 yrs.	5′ 4″	116 lbs.	34½	25½	37	6¼	6B
Janet Gaynor	24 yrs.	5′	98 lbs.	31½	23	33	5½	3½AAA
Marion Davies	30 yrs.	5′ 4″	118 lbs.	35	27	35½	6¼	6B
June Collyer	23 yrs.	5′ 5″	114 lbs.	33	24	36	6¼	4½D
Clara Bow	25 yrs.	5′ 4″	112 lbs.	33	24	36½	6½	5B
Joan Bennett	20 yrs.	5′ 5″	108 lbs.	33	25	34	5¼	5AA
Mary Brian	22 yrs.	5′ 3½″	115 lbs.	32	26	36	6½	4½D
Mary Duncan	25 yrs.	5′ 5″	115 lbs.	34	23	32	6	4½B
Kay Francis	25 yrs.	5′ 7″	118 lbs.	33	25½	35	6¾	4C
Bebe Daniels	29 yrs.	5′ 4″	120 lbs.	36	27	37	6	4½B
Constance Bennett	25 yrs.	5′ 4″	100 lbs.	33¼	25¾	35½	6	6A
Dolores Del Rio	26 yrs.	5′ 4½″	120 lbs.	33	25	36½	5½	4½B

See Hospital Chart for Your Guidance on Page 86

Among the runners-up, Marion Davies interested the judges because of her well-developed figure

Joan Crawford's figure was rated high by one judge. She is marvelous for the dress artist!

Bebe Daniels came very near being elected as the possessor of Hollywood's best figure

This chart of Mr. Carroll's, printed below, is the result of his many years of experience in staging girl shows and judging beauty contests in practically every state in the Union. It is applicable to girls between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two. Get out the tape-measure. If your dimensions coincide with these, you are the stuff of which the "Vanities" are made! You were not, in other words, born to blush unseen.

HOWEVER, let me make one point as important as Mr. Carroll took pains to make it to me. A girl whose measurements agree with the chart at every point save one, and show a wide divergence here, is not to be considered as having as good a figure as a girl whose dimensions vary slightly at *all* points.

Mr. Carroll stresses symmetry as being of vital importance. It was, you know, Constance Bennett's proportions that interested him in spite of her too slight weight.

With Mr. Carroll's chart are the measurements of Marion, Dolores, Clara and Bebe, so that you may see for yourself how this impresario judged them.

Earl Carroll's Ideal Measurements		Marion Davies	Dolores Del Rio	Bebe Daniels	Clara Bow
Height	5′ 5″	5′ 4″	5′ 4″	5′ 4″	5′ 4″
Weight	120	118	120	120	112
Bust	33¾″	35″	33″	36″	33″
Hips	36″	35½″	36½″	37″	36½″
Waist	26½″	27″	25″	27″	24″
Neck	12¾″	13″	13½″	14″	13″
Wrist	6″	5¾″	6¼″	7″	6¼″
Lower Arm	9″	9″	—	9″	—

There is nothing extreme about the Earl Carroll figures. They do not allow for any bizarre effects. They are, as a matter of fact, in what might be considered surprising agreement with those measurements that doctors accept as compatible with health and fitness.

According to hospital charts a girl from eighteen to twenty is average height at 5′ 5″. (Incidentally seventy-five per cent of the American women are this height or under.) Her healthy weight is listed at one hundred and twenty-six pounds, with ten per cent latitude allowable either way to account for a difference in skeleton weight. Thirty-three inches or thirty-four inches is considered the normal bust measure.

Broadway, interested primarily in effect, has for its ideal measurements figures that might be taken from a doctor's chart!

As Earl Christy, the famous artist responsible for the beauty of PHOTOPLAY covers, pointed out:

"Before a thing can be beautiful it must be fundamentally right. A woman's body, in order to be fundamentally correct, must have certain things . . . a greater breadth at the hips than a man would have . . . and a sweep up from her waistline.

"I DO not mean to hold any brief for 'Venuses lost in fat.' But neither do I mean to hold any brief for women who have dieted until their bodies are caricatures of what they should be.

"Backbones," said Mr. Christy, eliminating two girls at one swoop, "should not be social, protruding like clipped wings when low cut evening gowns are worn. They rob a woman of that lovely, rounded look. They are reminders of the mechanism of the body, of joint fitting into joint. Joints, of course, are very important, but they function quite as efficiently unseen."

Three other girls failed to measure up because when they stood with their feet together, daylight was visible between their knees. Light showing at this point means the hip line is wrong, too.

Finally, Mr. Christy's choice narrowed down to Dolores Del Rio, Alice White, Kay Francis, Joan Crawford and Bebe Daniels.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]

From the life of
"Little Alabam"—
Dorothy Sebastian

The Untold CHAPTER

By Janet French

AFTER her marriage to Bill Boyd the reporters asked Dorothy Sebastian if she had ever been married before. She replied, "Yes."

The answer startled a good many people, and when she added a touch of mystery to it by refusing to identify her ex-husband with a name, the Hollywood tongues began wagging like pleased pups' tails.

A few of us, however, know the story—a story that made a woman of a child. It was the turning point in Dorothy's life, and an experience without which she would never have gone to New York or subsequently to Hollywood.

She never spoke of it because it left a wound she didn't care to reopen; and, also, because she wanted to begin her career without personal entanglements.

But now it can be told.

It begins back in Birmingham, Alabama, with Dorothy a fresh, buoyant high school kid of sixteen. He was Al Stafford, handsome, tall, romantic—and eighteen!

To them the world was a garden and life a never-ending holiday, whose problems could be blown away with a kiss. It was Love's young dream.

One night they started to a dance, but they wound up in the rectory of a little church on the outskirts of Birmingham. They were married.

Full of secrecy Dorothy and Al went home, determined not to mention their marriage, but Mrs. Sebastian looked at Dorothy with a mother's eyes and said:

"You kids have been married!" It was a secret no longer and they knew they had to tell Al's mother.

This wasn't easy. She loved her boy and felt he was too young to be married. She was an invalid, too, depending on him for affection and comfort, and was profoundly hurt that he had taken the most important step of his life without confiding in her.

But in spite of this Young Love went to New Orleans for a blissful honeymoon and returned to take a small apartment in Birmingham. According to their youthful dream they should have lived happily ever after, but it didn't work out that way.

They gave up their own apartment and went to live with Al's mother. It brought nothing but sadness, for it was the old story of the two women who loved the same man, one as wife and the other as mother, and lived under the same roof.

The situation came to its inevitable climax, and Dorothy put it up to Al. He had to choose, and he said "Dorothy."

But Dorothy knew it was "Mother" and the young dream that began that night in the little rectory on the outskirts of Birmingham ended in a tearful awakening. There was more to life than a kiss in the dark.

So, with a high school romance behind her and a woman's career ahead Dorothy began the important business of growing up to it. She turned her head to New York and a career on the stage—and from there on you know the story, the brave tale of the hardships she went through to get a foothold on the ladder of theatrical fame.

She made a real go of it, matured by an unhappy romantic experience.

Hollywood knows her as one of the most likeable girls who ever brought a beautiful face and Southern charm to the film capital. She has made a name for herself and a place in the industry.

Since that unhappy venture she naturally steered away from marriage.

She wanted to be dead certain the next time she took the step, and now she is sure—sure of Bill Boyd.

THEY were married quite suddenly in Las Vegas. Once they decided on it Dorothy wanted it done immediately. They didn't stop long enough to buy a wedding ring, and when the vows were made Bill used a sapphire ring Dorothy had given him last Christmas.

"It was sweet, wasn't it?" asked Dorothy. "Somehow it seemed lovelier than using any other sort of ring. And Bill is everything to me—everything that lover and husband should be."

And that's the untold chapter in the life of Dorothy Sebastian, and printed here for the first time anywhere.

"Little Alabam" has had other romances in Hollywood. She was engaged to Director Clarence Brown for quite a long time, and sported a mighty sparkler on her ring finger.

But it didn't really take, and the engagement was broken off.

Bill Boyd's first marriage—to Elinor Fair—ended in the divorce court some time ago.

Now the young folks are trying again—and this time it's going to *last!* They're very happy, and very much in love, and all signs point to a successful life together for the little Southern girl and the blond gentleman who does his heroing under the famous sign of the Pathe rooster.

And if good wishes can make it so, Dot and Bill are going to get on just fine!

The young folks—Bill Boyd and Dorothy Sebastian—as they looked right after their surprise marriage at Las Vegas, New Mexico, not long ago

Spotlighting Dorothy

AND Dorothy Jordan should be in the spotlight these bracing days! She has climaxed her delightful work opposite Ramon Novarro in three pictures with her great success in "Min and Bill." M-G-M is very fond of this little girl!

The famous shoes that have skidded Charles Chaplin around a thousand comic corners. Here they submit to their first interview

Still Kicking Around

Charlie Chaplin's famous shoes speak out on "The Foundations of Success"

HERE'S the first interview with Charlie Chaplin's famous shoes that has ever been printed.

They know the great comedian from the ground up. They have just finished years of work in "City Lights." Now they squeak for themselves!

I found them in the living room of Chaplin's studio bungalow at Sunset and LaBrea Boulevards, Hollywood.

Their tongues were literally hanging to the floor in their eagerness to get to business.

On a chair nearby were the cane, derby hat, green with age; baggy trousers, plaid vest and short coat, fellow workers of the shoes.

"There's one thing we want you to get straight before we go any further," they burst forth. "We're not just a pair of old shoes. We never were—"

"Of course, I realize that," I interrupted. "I know you're just about the most famous pair of old—"

"You don't get the idea," they retorted. "Most people probably have the idea that Charlie just picked us out of a scrap heap and wore us because we were dilapidated.

"That's not true. We like to think," and here one toe crossed another, somewhat embarrassed-like, "that we are dream children.

"You see, the boss gave a lot of thought to his appearance before he decided definitely on the costume which has made him so famous. Notice that we say 'made *him* famous' because, after all," with a chuckle, "aren't we the foundation of his success?"

They were pleased with this little pun and expanded until their uppers, freed of the laces, almost doubled over to the floor.

Seeing that I responded with full appreciation, they continued.

"Charlie tells us that he experimented with several other shoes before we came into existence. Perhaps some of our good points were taken from them. After several nights of deliberations and dreams, Charlie went to a shoemaker with very definite plans and we were born there on his awl as the boss looked on. Although our arches appear to be broken and our soles are flat, we were given the souls of real artists and as much character as is put into the finest custom-built apparel.

"That isn't bragging too much, is it?"

I assured them it could not possibly be misconstrued and they continued.

"That was back in 1915—"

"Oh, you're not so hot," came a swishing interruption from the bamboo cane. "If you're so good, why doesn't Charlie let you go out to grace the galleries of collectors like he has so many of my predecessors?"

"Because we improve with age, and—" the shoes began.

"Why, right now," said the cane, ignoring their attempted reply, "there are two requests for me from famous collectors, and I never heard of anyone wanting you. There is one of us in the collection of a New York bank president, King Albert of Belgium has one and another—"

"CAN that chatter," came a loud chorus from other members of the costume. "Neither of you would amount to anything without us. We're the body and backbone of—"

"Whose interview is this, anyway?" the shoes angrily demanded to know above the threatened uproar. "Will you keep still for a while and let us tell this man what he came to hear and forget your petty jealousies for a while? Keep quiet, or we'll give you one of our well-known boots in the pants."

This quieted the others and they sulked, as the shoes explained the other duds were extremely jealous of them.

"We're the oldest," they continued, "with the possible exception of the vest. Nobody seems to know how old it is or where it came from. It's just a minor item, however, and doesn't count.

"We don't suppose Charlie will ever let us go. He might give away [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]

By Keeton Arnett

Hey, Doug! Just Look

"Mr. Lester Vail, meet Miss Joan Crawford!"—and then they hug for the cameraman!

It looks like quite a whoopee affair, this scene from "Dance Fools, Dance." Lester Vail and Joan Crawford are the two young folks so sketchily dressed. Above, young Mr. Vail himself

ONE morning on the set of "Dance Fools, Dance" Director Harry Beaumont approached Joan Crawford with a nice looking, dark-haired young man she had never seen before and said, "Joan, I want to present your leading man, Mr. Vail. This is Miss Crawford, Mr. Vail."

"How do you do," said Miss Crawford.

"How do you do," said Mr. Vail.

"And now," continued Beaumont, "we'll do the first scene. You're sitting here, Joan. Vail enters and immediately takes you in his arms. You put your hands on his face and kiss him. He buries his face in your hair and says, 'Oh, my darling. I love you so much!' "

"Er—yes sir," said Vail.

"Er—yes sir," said Joan.

They did the scene. His voice trembled with passion. Joan's eyes shone with love light. And unless you had known your Hollywood you'd never have believed just two minutes before these ardent lovers had never set eyes upon each other. Yet, even in Hollywood, it was a little embarrassing. The cameras stopped and they parted. Vail ran a nervous finger around his collar. Joan turned away to powder her nose.

"It's a bit warm, isn't it?" said Vail.

"The lights," said Joan. "They're using more than usual today."

There was an awkward silence, finally broken by Vail. "You know, I believe that after—er—the scene you might be good enough to call me by my first name. It's Lester."

And the tension was dispelled.

But, still Lester was nervous. It was, as a matter of fact, an awkward situation. Several months before it was announced that Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., was to play one of the principal rôles in "Beau Ideal." By mutual agreement between director and actor, Doug did not play the part. He was replaced by Lester Vail. Such things, as a rule, do not tend to breed good feeling in Hollywood. And now, Vail found himself making desperate love to the wife of Doug, Jr.

HOLLYWOOD, mused Vail, was certainly a confusing town. But then, so was life. Lester Vail's life, anyhow. Take his sailing for the Orient a few years ago.

Here's how it happened. Lester was one of the important men in his class at Stanford University.

During his senior year he met a wealthy man who offered him a big job in a financial concern the following September.

That summer Lester was a member of the Bohemian Club, and at the Pacific Grove meeting he played the leading rôle in the play that is produced for the members. A manager who takes companies to the Orient offered him the chance to go to the East as juvenile lead. It was an orderly existence against hardships. But madness won and, instead of entering a well appointed office on September first, Lester sailed for India with a group of troupers September second.

A remarkable year followed, a year of excellent apprenticeship for the theatrical career that he found waiting for him in New York. On Broadway he was always convincing enough support to various stars. He never appeared in flops but he never managed to hit the long runs.

Then he came to Hollywood. He had had a test made and been signed by M-G-M. One afternoon he received a frantic call from Herbert Brenon at Radio Pictures and the next morning he found himself at work in "Beau Ideal." It was the chance of a lifetime.

He's a thoroughly nice kid, Lester Vail. Young, enthusiastic, brimming over with joy in his good fortune. You'll like Lester. You'll like his nice, earnest, handsome face.

You'll like his enthusiasm, which can't help but register on the screen. And you'll be glad he turned down that big job for the chance to be an actor.

By Elaine

What's Going On Here!

Kent Douglass joins the Joan Crawford Leading Man Brigade in her picture, "Paid"

A GROUP of what we laughingly call "ladies of the press" had just seen Joan Crawford's picture, "Paid." All agreed Joan's acting was great.

"And what do you think of the new leading man, young Kent Douglass?" asked one.

"Oh, he's grand. He's got everything—that boy. A great actor! What did you think of him?"

"I didn't think that at all. Why, he isn't even good looking."

And the fight was on.

But it's been like that all Kent Douglass' life. You either like him—a lot. Or else you don't like him—a lot. Both personally and professionally. When he was on the stage (his name was Douglass Montgomery, then) the critics felt the same way.

He is not, as one of the sisterhood remarked, "even good looking," in the strictest sense of the word. But he makes up for this in intensity.

He is a strangely vital person.

KENT is the type who *would* starve in an attic for his art, for never once did the thought of following any career save acting enter his mind. And he began by being the youngest juvenile in Los Angeles. When he was still in high school he was playing juvenile leads, and in New York there was an interesting career awaiting him. He became, after he had done many other things, a member of the Theater Guild Acting Company.

He is one of the few stage actors who definitely had not turned his attention toward pictures. He came to California to visit his family in Pasadena. He had seen but two talking pictures—"The Terror," one of those first atrocious screamers, and "Anna Christie." Nothing in between. When he made his first test at M-G-M he was so green that he thought it would be a good idea for the camera to pick him up at a telephone—probably the oldest test formula.

He has heard the stories that disgruntled stage actors brought back about Hollywood. So far, he is amazed at the kindliness and good taste he finds at the studios.

"Everything would be all right," he said, "if only I could get over my nervousness. For no reason, my knees tremble every time I do a scene. I can't understand how Joan Crawford remains so perfectly poised all day long. Lord, but she was grand to me!"

To catch the elusive spirit of the boy is a difficult task. Outwardly he is like this: His hair is very light. His eyes are very blue. His nose is large. His chin is firm. He is of medium height. But there is within him a quality that you'll notice in "Paid." It is a certain spark, a certain vivid eagerness. The boy is all youth and excitement.

When he first returned to his home on the Coast from New York, pictures did not interest him. It was only the stage. Now he is only keen on pictures. He says: "Oh, there is a greater thrill in working on the stage. More reality for the actor.

"The talkies are new and exciting. The stage is musty and surrounded by sentimentality. It's an old lover dyeing his gray locks.

"But the talkies—they're vital, they're alive and if I'll ever learn to keep from being so confoundedly nervous when that microphone swings over my head and that camera is wheeled up before my face, I'll love every second at the studio."

You may not like Kent Douglass at all. But you'll go to see him and you won't be just lukewarm in your opinions about him.

You may like him more than any of the new screen actors you've yet watched. And you won't feel just lukewarm about that, either.

For Kent is a personality. You either take him or you leave him alone!

Ogden

Kent Douglass and Joan Crawford in a scene from "Paid," the talkie version of the famous play, "Within the Law." Kent's work was so good he was signed to a long-term contract

Ina Claire *Laughs*

SHE had ruled the field of high comedy in the American theater for years—and she took a licking in Hollywood such as few ladies and gents have survived. But the indomitable Ina Claire not only lived through it, but marshaled her spiritual and material forces and scored a triumph in the medium that had rejected her—the talking picture

Last – and Loudest!

The dramatic tale of how Mrs. John Gilbert, ignored in Hollywood, fought back once more to the queendom she had ruled for years

HARK! Hear that silvery peal of girlish laughter rising above the clamor of the hardened artery called Broadway?

That, friends, is Ina Claire laughing last—and laughing loudest!

Ina has waited two long years for that burst of merriment—two years of failure and personal discouragement—of playing second, third and fourth fiddle to a movie actor husband in the eye of the motion picture public.

Now, strolling down the Broadway that made her a star, she can see her name in bright lights above a great theater—"Ina Claire and Fredric March in 'The Royal Family of Broadway.'" She can, if she chooses, go in and find the playhouse crammed to the fire-exits with human sardines who howl with laughter and are swayed to gentle tears.

It's a triumph for the indefatigable Ina—the magnificent lady of the stage upon whom self-sufficient, smug Hollywood sat with all the dead weight at its command, and that's plenty. And if there's a faint trace of conquering superiority in Ina's gale of mirth, I, for one, and you, for many, can forgive her. For the glory of her performance, and the warmth of its reception, in "The Royal Family of Broadway," climax as gallant and dramatic a return to power and acclaim as the stage and screen have ever witnessed!

Let's snatch a quick look over the shoulder at the little Fagan girl of Washington who became Ina Claire, First Comedienne of Broadway, took one of the grandest lickings in the history of Hollywood and then stood up to knock Hollywood, blear-eyed, clear through the ropes.

Mary Brian and Ina Claire as daughter and mother in "The Royal Family of Broadway," that excellent talkie portrait of an American stage family that put Ina on the heights again. The line of hopeful producers will now please form on the right

THE little Fagan girl of the capital city, like so many of our players, was a child mimic. She rose through musical comedy to revue, to stardom under Belasco's wand, and went on from triumph to triumph in high comedy—oh, very high indeed! Comedies full of tea-carts, spats, monocles and broad A's.

Ina Claire was one to command. She ruled her field by what might be called semi-divine right. Exquisitely dressed, magnificently poised, she moved among the smartest—society sparklers, New York's town wits, writers of all sorts, backgammon players, people who trade epigrams for invitations. In this sort of throng, Ina Claire was head man.

Came the talkies—and the theater's march on Hollywood. Queen Ina the First was mobilized early in 1929, and glittered upon the Pathe lot under a three-picture contract.

I saw her then—sat at luncheon with her in her dressing room. She was miserable as only a great stage star can be in an atmosphere where she is just another actress, and a handful at that, according to studio people.

Ina was making her first—and last—Pathe picture, "The Awful Truth." She didn't know about its truth, but she felt awful enough.

The First Lady of the Theater was literally an unknown in Hollywood! She fretted and stormed at the picayune studio delays, the shooting of fragments of scenes that were over before ever the star had worked up a good head of histrionic steam.

"I can't stand it!" she told me. "Just as I begin to get the feel and spirit of a scene, CUT—it's over, and there I am!"

Then, with no warning, she scuttled over the Nevada line and married Jack Gilbert. Married him because he laughed like a happy boy and not like a Park Avenue luncher—because he was gay and good-looking and naive.

"Where has this been all my life?" asked Claire. I know she asked, because she told me so.

WITH her marriage, Ina Claire found out just where she stood, out there on the Pacific shore.

"John Gilbert Weds Actress" screamed the headlines. Her pride burned to a crisp. She was sporty about it, but there was bitterness in the way she tried to laugh it off.

John Gilbert, the great lover, conducting the marital orchestra—Ina Claire, just "actress," playing a bull fiddle somewhere in the rear rank! Ten thousand thunders! What queen could bear THAT ignominy? Not Queen Claire, let me tell you!

"Never mind," I told her. "When you and Jack come East, he'll be just another actor carrying your luggage!"

But I could see she wasn't quite consoled.

Came the day when "The Awful Truth" was released.

And did it burst, bomb-like, upon the Broadway [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 132]

By Leonard Hall

Shooting The Peaks

THE cameraman tackles Nature 10,000 feet above the sea! Clyde De Vinna, winner of the Academy's photographic award in 1929, perches his camera precariously on a peak and shoots scenes for "The Great Meadow," with Eleanor Boardman and John Mack Brown. An easy life, eh?

The Star's Secret

What Was This Strange Power That Held Audiences Enslaved for Hours?

Moonlight, the sea, and that other unfathomable mystery, Stella Solvig!

By

Dana Burnet

Illustrated by Everett Shinn

I HAPPENED to be dining at the club the night John Benson got home from the Coast. He came out on the dining porch, looking for a table.

"Hello, John," I said. "Back from Hollywood?"

"Just got in. How are you?" We shook hands. "Anybody using this chair?"

"No. I'm alone. Sit down."

John sat opposite me. I waited till he'd ordered. Then I said:

"Well! What about it? How'd you get along out there?"

"I got along all right. Did the dialogue for a couple of pictures. Tricky work, till you learn the technique. But I rather enjoyed it."

"What's Hollywood like?"

He looked at me and shook his head.

"Can't answer that in one evening. Matter of fact, I'm not sure I know. I'm not sure anybody knows. It's on too big a scale. It's absurd, of course, but even its absurdity is so tremendous that you have trouble laughing at it. You get set to laugh, and then you feel foolish yourself, because you know how futile your laugh is going to be."

"It's all pretty pointless, I suppose?"

"About as pointless," said John, "as a glacier. You might not see much sense to a glacier, but you'd have to be somewhere near the seat of the Almighty to be able to kid it, or to figure out its importance in the general scheme of things."

"Hollywood moves faster than a glacier, doesn't it?"

"Yes," he admitted. "It's more like an avalanche. You stand by and watch it, but you're so busy trying to keep out from under that you never quite discover what makes it move."

"Isn't the propelling force," I asked, "simply the desire to exploit the sentimentality of the public for profit?"

"The desire for profit," he said, "explains the production of pictures, just as the desire for entertainment explains the public's eagerness to see them. But there's another element I've never been able to fathom."

"What's that?"

"The curious and almost violent passion that the public has for certain personalities of the screen. It can't be explained on aesthetic grounds, for frequently these personalities are indifferent actors. Usually, to be sure, they possess some quality of physical attractiveness; but so do most of the extras who surround and support them.

"Yet these chosen ones have a hold on the public that results in sheer fanaticism. That's well known. But how account for it? To me it's a mystery, and always will be."

He paused for a moment, and then said, smiling a little: "I met Stella Solvig out there."

"You met the great Solvig?"

He nodded.

"Tell me about her. Is she interesting? Is she intelligent? Is she as beautiful as she is on the screen?"

"More beautiful, if anything," said John.

"Lucky dog!"

"YES, I was lucky to meet her," he said. "I wanted to, more than I've wanted almost any other experience in my life, not only because she was beautiful and famous, but because she possessed, I thought, the pure secret of this power over people. This strange attraction that not only draws incredible audiences into the picture houses, but dominates them, like a hypnotic influence, when they've returned to the routine of their daily lives.

"Stella Solvig's fan mail amounts to twenty-five thousand letters a week. Sometimes more. And that represents only a small proportion of the millions who worship her, most of whom, no doubt, would be happy to do murder for her."

"Where did you meet her?" I asked John.

"At Malibu beach. That's a place about thirty miles from Hollywood, where a lot of the successful movie stars have bungalows. Most of these bungalows are unpretentious—little frame shacks built close to each other on the sand—and the life there is casual and informal. You bathe, you play a little

tennis, you lie out in the sun and get a burn; and when a party happens, it's usually more by accident than by intention. There's some splurge, but not much. Stella Solvig had a small cottage at the upper end of the beach. I was visiting a friend of mine, the director of the picture I had to write, and I used to see her walking the sand in her bathing suit.

"SHE was very beautiful. Tall, slender, with long straight legs, lovely arms and shoulders, and hair that the sun turned to a kind of yellow mist around her head. She walked with long, lazy strides, her face turned always a little toward the sea, and seemed completely indifferent to any life going on about her.

"This indifference wasn't a pose. I learned that she seldom went to parties; that she had few friends; that her isolation was as essential to her as publicity is to the average star. She lived and walked alone, turning her eyes toward the horizon, toward the wilderness of space and water. Her eyes were blue; but not the blue of the Pacific she looked on. They were a paler, colder blue—the color of the North Atlantic in October.

"Then, one Sunday night, I went to a buffet supper given by some charming people who owned a tennis court. I stepped up on the porch of their bungalow and there was Stella Solvig, in a white sports dress, sitting alone in a hammock, looking at the ocean. She'd been playing tennis there that afternoon.

"I decided to make the most of my opportunity. I went into the house and got two plates of food and brought them back to the porch. I gave her one, and asked if I might sit down beside her. She looked up at me with an absent-minded smile, and said yes. I introduced myself. I said I knew her, of course, and that, frankly, I had a question I was eager to ask her. 'A question?' she said; and then, in her calm, low voice—'But I can guess what it is, and you may as well not ask it, because I don't know the answer.'

"She looked straight into my eyes. Her own were curiously sad, but serene. There was a deep well of honesty in them. Her lashes were very long. 'I don't think about it any more,' she said. And I said: 'All right, I won't ask you now. Not, at least, till you've finished your salad.'

"She smiled at that, and I thought of the crowds who had felt their pulses quicken to see that smile flicker across a screen. Yes, I admit I thought of all the millions who would passionately envy me sitting beside her on that porch, in the hazy California twilight.

"After a while, she got up abruptly and said she was going home. I asked if I might walk up the beach with her, and again, simply, she said yes. If there was no flattery in her acquiescence, neither was there any self-consciousness in it. She accepted me as a child would accept a chance companion. I had an idea she was lonely because she could not assume artificial attitudes toward people. There was a profound naturalness in everything she said or did; and the sum total of it was utter mystery.

"So we walked up the beach, and there was a moon. Yes, there was a moon. The sea, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118]

Well, you probably wouldn't believe it, but here's proof. Marlene Dietrich is an artist on the musical saw! Beautiful music can come out of a saw in expert hands, and Marlene is said to be a grand saw-player. Her father gave her the instrument when she was a girl. Here she's playing a tune for Victor McLaglen between scenes of "Dishonored"

Folks, meet *Rango*, if you haven't already. He's the star of the great jungle picture named after him, and if you have any kind of a heart at all, this little orang-outang will win it. In this close-up he is thinking over his career

That object you see hanging from *Rango's* neck isn't a lavaliere—it's a chain that holds him right where he is. A couple of mere humans thought they'd keep him in their hut, but *Rango* fixed that. In no time he was back in the woods again

Poor Li'l Rango

By Harry Lang

Dear PHOTOPLAY Reader:

Maybe it'd be nicer all around, if you'd not read this until after you've seen "Rango" the grandest true-jungle, non-fake animal picture ever filmed. It'd make Mister Schoedsack, who made it, happy if you'd see the show first.

He's one awfully fine fellow, but in Hollywood he's been bitten by the Mygawdit'llspoiltheillusion Bug. And that's terrible!

It has made Mister Schoedsack believe that if you read this before you see his picture, it'll spoil the kick in "Rango." So if you want to please Mister Schoedsack, just turn over to the next article.

But use your own judgment.

THE EDITOR

"RANGO" is easily the finest non-studio motion picture that you'll see for a long time. But, for a few minutes, it'll just about break your heart.

It was made in far-off Sumatra, by a tall, gangling genius of the camera named Ernest Schoedsack. It employs only two human actors—and they're just a couple of jungle natives. Neither of them is the star. The star is a baby orang-outang which, in the progress of the story, is called *Rango*. His daddy, an aged but active orang, is in the film, too. He's named *Tua*.

Rango's mama never appears. She must have run off with a supervisor or something. But that's not important.

Well, Schoedsack develops a heart-touchingly simple little story. How *Tua* and Baby *Rango* survive the jungle's menaces. How they make friends with the two natives. He takes you so intimately into *Rango's* life that, by the time the film is half over, you're head over heels in love with the little ape! Honestly. *Rango* is the funniest, sweetest, naughtiest, lovablest, interestingest, and lots-of-other-things-est creature that's hit the screen in a long time.

And then, out of the midst of this delightful affection you're developing for the baby, there comes heart-stopping tragedy. In a twinkling, you see the most ruthless beast of the jungle—the tiger—snarl out of his ambush and strike little *Rango* dead with one sweep of his paw!

You're stunned at first. Then you're hurt deeply. Then you begin to get mad. And a hot, red rage surges within you at the man who'd kill a tiny, lovable thing like that just for the sake of a movie thrill. Man, how you burn! And it doesn't take the raw edge off, either, when you gloat at the film's finish over nature's vengeance for *Rango's* death. It comes when the tiger is killed in a death-battle with an ungainly water-buffalo—gored to death before your eyes for another of the greatest thrill-scenes that's ever been filmed. You still hate Schoedsack for killing *Rango*.

And if you'd have the fortune to meet Schoedsack, the first thing you'd probably say would be:

"Say, you big stiff! What's the idea of killing *Rango?*"

Schoedsack takes his pipe out of his mouth at that, glances down at you from his six feet-four height, and smiles indulgently.

"Why'd you kill *Rango?*" you bellow again.

So Schoedsack drawls:

"*Rango* isn't dead. *Rango's* [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 117]

Cal York

The Monthly Hollywood

International

Who's the little girl in the opaque cheaters? Nobody but our best girl friend, Clara Bow, as she looked on the witness-stand in the trial of her former secretary, Daisy De Voe!

Time cannot wither, nor custom stale, the infinite variety of their trouping. Two of the elder stars are together in one picture, "Kept Husbands." Clara Kimball Young makes her talkie début, and Bryant Washburn has a good rôle. But the leads are played by youngsters, Dorothy Mackaill and Joel McCrea

IT really doesn't look as though Clara Bow is ever going to get sense enough to keep out of trouble. The latest mess, this lawsuit that the papers have been full of, was positively disgusting. Her amatory adventures, even with Harry Richman and Rex Bell, promote no great admiration for her.

But, now, Clara has proved herself a sucker. The position of a sucker, in real life or on the screen, was clearly given by W. C. Fields, the great comedian—or, maybe, it was Texas Guinan:

"Never give a sucker an even break!"

YOU have read all the details in the newspapers. There is no need to recount them here. It has all been a sordid mess. Personally we don't care if we ever see Clara Bow on the screen again. When we do, it will be with a feeling that every half dollar we throw to her picture means star sapphires for a lot of bozos.

THE story is pretty well authenticated in Los Angeles that the engagement—or whatever you call it—between Harry Richman and Clara Bow was a clever press agent idea on the part of Richman's producers. We are inclined to believe it, and give them credit for a very smart idea of its kind.

You are probably fed up with Clara, and so are we.

DURING the last month more than a hundred letters have come in to PHOTOPLAY, asking what is happening to Doug and Mary. Are they going to separate? Are they going to be divorced?

Personally, we think it's all poppycock. Mary and Doug have just decided to give up their act of being the perfect married couple and be normal about it.

Doug is rich, full of life, and wants to travel and play. Mary is rich, full of life, and wants to keep on being an actress. She won't give up the spotlight. Doug says, "To heck with it!" And, after all, there are millions of couples who have more real differences than that.

DOUG devotes at least six hours a day to physical exercise—walking, golf and tennis. Mary devotes at least six hours a day to worrying about her motion picture future.

Doug wants to travel. He feels he has earned the right to enjoy travel. So Doug decided he would go to the Orient. And, why shouldn't he? At this writing, Mary is in New York looking over plays for prospective picture material. She says she will join Doug in Germany in the spring.

YOU have probably heard that story about Norma Talmadge going on the stage. She started out to play in a road company of that snappy New York show, "The Greeks Had a Word for It." But, the plans went all askew, and Norma recently returned to Hollywood. She was eager to do a screen version of the play, and she wanted to work in a road company as preparation.

It's too bad that we don't see more of Norma in the things that fit her. For goodness' sake, won't somebody give her something worthy of her? No, producers, not this "DuBarry, Woman of Passion" junk. We got enough of that from Pola.

IT'S religion that is holding up the wedding of Jeanette Loff, one of the really beautiful blondes of Hollywood, and Walter O'Keefe, the song writer and cabaret master of ceremonies. O'Keefe is a fine lad. He met and fell in love with Miss Loff while writing songs and scripts in Hollywood. Recently, she came East to see him, and nightly sat at a back table in Barney Gallant's pleasant Greenwich Village spot while Walter sang his songs and managed his show.

Announcing—

Broadcast of

Goings-On!

What? Can this be our elegant, monocled star, George Arliss? It not only can be, but is! Arliss is playing a hard-boiled American working man in his next, "The Ruling Passion"

P. and A.

First picture of Marlene Dietrich with her husband, Rudi Sieber. This photograph was snapped as Marlene alighted from the train at Berlin, happy to be home in Germany for the Christmas holidays. For there, in the German capital, was the four-year-old daughter Marlene had missed so in Hollywood!

Jeanette is a divorcee and Walter belongs to a very devout Catholic family. There's the rub—that divorce. But, who knows?

WELL, the Mdivani boys are prospering. They call themselves Princes of Georgia (Asia Minor). PHOTOPLAY once said that according to Webster's dictionary they were not princes, and Pola started to sue PHOTOPLAY on that account, but changed her mind. She has also changed her prince now.

The Mdivani boys are really very nice chaps—handsome, cultured gentlemen. They do not need the prince tag. But no money went with the titles, although in this country a prince is supposed to be a pretty high-class guy.

Mae Murray's Prince David has just struck oil in California, and we understand is now amassing a fortune. The third brother has married into real society and money in the East.

YES, it happened. Kay Francis and Kenneth MacKenna are married.

And they drove up to the license bureau in an ambulance! Kay was on her way home from a hospital where she had been treated for a jaw ailment.

Both the young folks have come fast and far in the talkies, after careers on the stage. Kay has made a great success at Paramount, and Kenneth is both acting and directing at Fox. They played together in "The Virtuous Sin."

The bride-elect gave her name as Katherine Gibbs, and admitted to twenty-five years, while the blushing groom said his name was Leo Mielziner, Jr., aged thirty-one.

Of course, I'm a little blighted, having been Kay's devoted admirer since "Gentlemen of the Press," her first talkie. But put her there, Ken, old fellah! I suppose the best man won! We can't all have the one Kay.

JUST as the great rotary presses started to grind out copies of PHOTOPLAY at the rate of a thousand a minute, our telephone tinkled and an excited voice at the other end shouted, "It's a boy!" The other end of the telephone connection was the Harold Lloyd palace in Beverly Hills. It has never been any secret that Harold has always been crazy to have a little fellow raising mischief around the house and tearing up the flowers in the garden. The lad came before he was expected, weighing four and one-half pounds and the doctor is going to keep him in an incubator for a while until he gets strong enough to come out and face this tough world. His name?—Harold Lloyd, Jr., of course.

INA CLAIRE packs a sting in her repartee. Walter Winchell retails this yarn.

Not long ago she saw "Once in a Lifetime," the screaming satire on the picture business, its people and its ways.

"Did you ever see anything funnier?" gushed a pal.

"Yes," cracked Ina—"Hollywood!"

MAURICE CHEVALIER, fresh from a long holiday in Paris and London, has reported for work at Paramount's New York studio.

He goes to work at once on "The Smiling Lieutenant," a gay comedy with some songs. And no less than two pretty girls get a break in the film—Claudette Colbert, whom we all know and admire, and Miriam Hopkins, the little "Gawgia" blonde who debutted in Paramount's "Fast and Loose." Okay, Maurice—do zose things! The screen needs you!

AT the same hour the same studio got another recruit — Tallulah Bankhead, daughter of Senator Bankhead of Alabama, suh! Tallulah went to London in 1923, and for

Tune in, folks, on Cal York's

Here's a new gadget for you, girls! Instead of using the old-style monogrammed seal, Dorothy Jordan has one with her silhouette on it. And if you don't know it's her profile—it's just too bad, so it is!

seven years has been one of the stage pets of the British capital. Not only her ability as an actress, but her bizarre personality and quaint carryings-on have made her the most discussed figure on the English stage.

You'll hear a lot about this young person.

Her first American talkie is to be "New York Lady," and Clive Brook has come on from the Coast to play opposite. She should be sensational on the screen, this Tallulah.

OF all the picture people who pop into New York on business or pleasure bent, none kicks up more dust than Joan Crawford.

Joan fascinates the young girls. They go mad for her. She's the dashing, vivid, American type the little ladies would like to be. Whenever she appears the riot squad is called.

When Joan appeared at the great Capitol Theater, where her "Paid" was showing, the young folks practically tore the house apart. It was bedlam. There's something about this Crawford lass that gets 'em.

Grand young couple, Doug and Joan. While they were in New York, "Little Caesar" opened on Broadway, and the place was mobbed. Two triumphs for the kids, and while they were in town.

Joan's a serious-minded actress, getting better every picture. Doug's work improves and matures steadily. He's just signed with First National for five years—as actor, writer, director. "I'm going to learn this business some day," the boy says. And he will. What a pair—young, handsome, prosperous. Long may they wave!

THOUSANDS of us who were movie-hungry youngsters ten years ago have had twinges of sad memory at the news of the death of Art Acord.

For, a decade ago, Art was one of the noble film cowboys who rode the Western ranges, fighting for virtue. A hard-riding picture cowpuncher of the type that grows rare.

He served through the war as a private, first in the Thirty-Ninth Infantry and later with the 144th Field Artillery. Wounded in action, the French gave him the *Croix de Guerre*.

WHEN cowboys fell upon evil times, Art's money departed. A few months ago he went to Mexico, hoping to recoup his fortunes—and he failed. At last, in a cheap hotel room in Chihuahua City, Art Acord took poison. He told the doctors at the hospital that he wanted to die. The fight had gone out of him, and die he did. Only the efforts of American Legionnaires in Southern California kept his body from being buried in the potter's field of the Mexican town.

Well, perhaps Art Acord is riding a greener, happier range now. Let's hope so.

THE New York *World* reports that newsreel cameramen are offering heavy odds that Junior Lindbergh will talk before his daddy does.

ONA MUNSON denied right along that she was going to get a divorce from Eddie Buzzell, comedian and director.

Then one day she turned up in Nogales, Ariz., and filed suit, charging extreme cruelty. They were married in 1926.

While Ona was in New York she was seen a lot in the company of Ernst Lubitsch, recently divorced from his wife, Helen. There is a report that Ona and Lubitsch are romancing seriously.

LEAVE it to Lupe Velez to stand up for her Ga-reeeee!

Ever since there has been a feeling that "Morocco" was handed to Marlene Dietrich at Gary Cooper's expense, Loyal Lupe has added another impersonation to her party repertory.

She is now said to go heavily for an impression of the German leading woman who is headed full tilt for stardom.

And I'll bet it isn't too sweet, either. That Lupe has a gift!

GEORGE ARLISS had a black eye when he returned to Hollywood to make another story for Warner Bros.

No, no, no, no!—he fell out of a Pullman berth.

MARLENE DIETRICH had a grand time at home in Germany.

Her reunion with her husband and little daughter was wonderful, and her American success in Paramount talkies, beginning with "Morocco," sent German managers scuttling after her with offers of work.

Many famous Berlin impresarios besieged Marlene with offers for stage appearances. As this is written, she has smiled them all off. It's vacation time for the girl, and she doesn't propose to spoil it with toil. She'll be back any day now, ready to make some more pictures in Hollywood. And her husband and child may come with her, this time.

THERE'S a story going the rounds that a certain new star, whose hair is the color of platinum, and a certain favorite, who has been called one of the most beautiful girls in pictures, had a few unpleasant words over the affections of a certain millionaire boy producer. Now guess!

KENNETH HARLAN just doesn't seem to be able to stay married!

First it was Flo Hart. Then it was Marie

A little confab on the set. Louis Wolheim seems to be telling Director Mervyn Le Roy how to film a scene for "Gentleman's Fate," while John Gilbert, the star, just laughs it off. Anita Page appears to be acting as referee. Le Roy, you know, is the lad who rang the bell with his direction of "Little Caesar"

Hollywood Station—N-E-W-S

Prevost. Now Ken and No. 3, who was Doris Hilda Booth, a society girl of Somerville, Mass., are on the way out.

"We just couldn't get along," Harlan says. "We separated on the best of terms, and I wish her all the luck in the world. We haven't discussed divorce. Time will decide."

They were married in May, 1930. There just seems to be a jinx on Harlan's marital tries.

THE papers are full of the annual lists of "ten best pictures" of the preceding year—in this case the late, unlamented 1930.

Here's a European list, just to crack the monotony. *Der Deutsche*, a German movie trade paper, took a vote in thirty-nine countries and here's its list of "ten best pictures" from all over the world.

"Under the Roofs of Paris" (French); "All Quiet on the Western Front" (American); "Blue Angel" (Made in Germany by an American director); "Anna Christie" (American); "West Front, 1918" (European); "Two Hearts in Waltz Time" (German); "With Byrd at the South Pole" (American); "Fire in Opera" (European); "The Big House" (American) and "Mickey Mouse," our own American ace.

And of all pictures, "Mickey Mouse" is probably the most truly international. He's the world's pet!

HOW they love that Marie Dressler! She is the pet of the M-G-M lot.

Marion Davies saw her walking from her dressing room to one of the far stages the other day and immediately gave her a perfectly appointed portable dressing room.

WELL, so what about Virginia Valli and Charlie Farrell? The wedding bells have not yet jingled and plans were all made for the nuptials a few months ago. Virginia, herself, announced the plans and said that they'd be married as soon as Charlie's picture, "The Man Who Came Back," was finished. If you can't believe the prospective bride, who are you to believe?

But "The Man Who Came Back" was finished and Charlie began work on "Body and Soul" with the fascinating Elissa Landi as his leading lady. And no trips to the altar were made.

Grief stepped into Charlie's life. His mother, whom he adored, died the day before Christmas.

He was also worried over Janet Gaynor's serious operation when she was in Honolulu, for Janet is still his dearest friend, and don't let anybody tell you anything else.

In spite of all this he is doing his most enthusiastic work in "Body and Soul" and, after the manner of actors, seems very much interested—on the set at least—in Miss Landi.

ONE of the Hollywood wits says he knows a bathing gal whose contract was "re-nude."

ABOUT Love and Its Aftermaths:

. . . for years, Marceline Day and Arthur J. Klein, a furrier, went places together but never talked of matrimony . . . and now Marceline admits she's going to marry him . . . this is winter, anyway, and times are hard, and furs are costly. . . .

. . . Leni Stengel, a vampish beauty from Germany, celebrated Christmas by taking a husband . . . he's Boris Ingster, a Russian director . . .

. . . everybody wondered when Marjorie Crawford, aviatrix, refused all alimony when she divorced a hubby early in December . . . but they didn't wonder a few days later . . . she's going to be the bride of William Wellman, director, who handled the megaphone on "Wings" . . . he'll have good technical advice right at home for his next flying film. . . .

Well, here it is, the first and last picture of Charles Ex-Buddy Rogers' moustache. He grew it in the hospital where he was recovering from his appendicitis operation, but he shaved it off for his next picture

NATALIE MOORHEAD and Alan Crosland, expecting to have been married 'way back last October, had their Christmas cards engraved "Mr. and Mrs. Alan Crosland" . . . it was a race! . . . they didn't get married until the 23rd of December . . .

. . . picture and sports circles got 'excited when they heard that Orv Mohler, U. S. C. football star, and Rosita Moreno, black-haired beauty at Paramount, were betrothed . . . but it turned out to be only a joke on Orv on the part of one of his friends, for he's really engaged to a non-professional . . . it wasn't so funny for Rosita . . .

. . . the "Easiest Way" company goes to Yosemite Valley on location . . . so does the Marquis de la Falaise ex-Swanson, who is not working for that studio at all . . . oh, yes, Connie Bennett's in the cast . . . and at the same time comes news that Phil Plant, Constance's ex-husband, has hatched up a plot to win her back . . . he's having a radio tenor sing a song he's written, called "My Yesterday's with You" . . . well, radio tenors are radio tenors and . . .

. . . ho, ho, hum . . . The Lloyd Hamiltons have settled their alimony thing at last . . . she settled for $15,000 in lieu of the $27,000 back payments she claimed . . .

Two girls who seem to have found legal trouble under tropic skies. Edwina Booth, left, was sued for alienation by Mrs. Duncan Renaldo after the "Trader Horn" trip to Africa, and Dorothy Janis and Cameraman Sidney Lund are said to have become involved while making "The Pagan" in the South Seas

MAYBE Ivan Lebedeff, the Russian, thinks he's knocking 'em cold when he bows and scrapes and kisses ladies' hands, but he didn't make any impression at all on a Mid-Western visitor to the studio the other day.

It was the wife of Captain Billy Fawcett, the publisher.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]

J$ It Ea$y Money?

For every Hollywood star who pockets her $2,500 a week, there are thousands of boys and girls who struggle for $35 per - some weeks!

By Reginald Taviner

WILL ROGERS gets $35,000 a week—when he works—for his movies alone. What he gets for writing his pieces in the papers, chewing his gum, brushing his teeth and rolling his own, only himself and the income-tax man know.

John McCormack and Al Jolson got $500,000 apiece for their pictures. Divide that by an average of ten weeks, and it runs to $50,000 a week.

When it comes to Amos 'n' Andy with their $1,000,000 contract—well, it's time to adjourn to the adding machines.

Easy money! Or is it?

Dozens of people in the motion picture industry make umpty-umph thousands of dollars a week. At least three directors get $150,000 a picture each, several scenario writers are paid $25,000 a script, even when they're not used, stars and executives draw salaries that make a royal potentate's look like a telephone girl's after the wrong numbers have been deducted.

Easy money!

In the magic land of the movies money grows like leaves on the trees—for those who can reach that high.

For the rest, it's the most elusive money in the world, the hardest money on earth to get.

The pay checks of the fortunate few seem enormous, but what about the others? For every star there are a thousand stenographers, for every director a thousand drudges. In Hollywood, as elsewhere, everybody is reaching for the moon, but the majority can't seem to get their noses any farther than the grindstone.

What about them? While Doug Fairbanks drew his $5,000 *a day*—his salary from Joseph Schenck—how do the unknowns fare? How easy is their money?

Well, as a star, Alice White nicked the Warners' treasury for $2,000 a week. As a script girl, behind the camera instead of in front of it, she got $35. That, in brief, is the story; and even as a script girl, Alice was fortunate. Lots of them get less than she did—and they don't get even that much all the time. Between pictures the star gets paid, but most often the script girl doesn't.

FIGURES—the kind that go on paper instead of into step-ins—are frequently dull. But they are always illuminating. Consider, then, the fact that the average salary of everybody in the motion picture business is less than $55 a week.

These are official figures, from the California State Bureau of Labor.

Consider, too, that it takes a lot of small salaries to bring one big one down to such an average—that there must be thousands 'way below that figure for every one so far above it.

Yet, all over the world, people seem to think that getting into the movies is like getting into the mint.

Doug Fairbanks wearied of producing his own pictures and made "Reaching for the Moon" on Joseph Schenck's payroll. He got $5,000 a day. Some salary! But for how many days?

When Alice White hit stardom for First National she had battled her way to a salary of $2,000 a week. As a script girl she had collected $35 per—and many of them get less

Here's a Hollywood payroll—from star to prop-boy!

In this one picture is the story of Hollywood's "easy" money. Richard Wallace, Gary Cooper and Co. are shooting "The Man from Wyoming." Wallace and Cooper get the big money, rain or shine. The boss cameraman gets a nice wage. The grip, left, and the script girl get plenty less—when they work!

It is, when Paul Whiteman, or Rudy Vallée, or Moran and Mack do it. Making pictures as Mary Pickford, Harold Lloyd, or Charlie Chaplin make them is better than turning out your own hundred-dollar bills. But there's another side to that, too.

Pickford, Lloyd, Chaplin and a few others have been for years the recognized top-notchers in the movie racket. Yet they have made incomparably less than the top-notchers in almost any other racket. The motion picture business is the fourth largest in the world, yet the individual earnings of its leading figures are mere chicken-feed among the incomes of other industries.

Charlie Schwab's "bonuses" alone would make any movie idol's salary look like a button in a collection plate.

CONSIDERED from that standpoint, the salaries of even the biggest names on the billboards aren't so princely for the pinnacle they have reached. Especially is this true when it is remembered that such figures as Banker Baker, the Fisher brothers, and other leaders in the business world are mere nonentities in the eyes of the general public when compared with Ronald Colman or Greta Garbo, who don't for instance, make one-tenth the money they do.

But it is away from the charmed circle of the big shots that the real figures lie.

For every Clara Bow at $3,500 a week on the altar of "It," there are hundreds of redheads, natural and otherwise, teasing typewriters or cranking comptometers at from $16 to $27.50. For every Lubitsch at $15,000 there are dozens of directors making serials, shorts and whatnots for $75. Many, many assistant directors, who have as much to do as a drummer in a jazz band, do it for from $35 to $50, and by the picture, at that.

Eliminating altogether the pathetic army of "extras" as not truly representative at all, there are plenty of others in the industry who find that the only thing well-greased about their jobs is the skids.

On a tour of any studio lot, you will first approach the reception clerk That job requires a lot of tact and diplomacy—usually conspicuous by its absence—for from $20 to $35 a week, and any downtown dentist has to pay that much for a girl to sit in his office. Then, the policeman who passes you in may get $30 a week or he may not, but he usually has to furnish his own (admiral's) uniform

However, an ordinary "flatfoot" on the Hollywood force—they get that way from chasing bandits around the dance halls—is paid $185 a month to start, so the studios don't seem so "easy" there.

Going through the Front Office towards the stages, you will probably pass the mailing room, the scenario department, and any number of attractive young secretaries, each attached professionally, of course, to an executive. In the mailing room, youths predominate at around $15 a week, while the secretaries' checks read anywhere from $35 to $50.

The personal secretary of a big producer frequently is paid as much as $100 a week, but the same ability in the business world would make her a vice-president at least and her boss a billionaire.

THE scenario department of every studio is a law unto itself, the salaries ranging all the way from $25 to $40 a week for a reader to from $75 to any amount you happen to think of for a writer.

Here, though, enters the "mortality" phase of motion picture work. Frequently, executive heads fall faster than did those of the aristocrats during the French Revolution. General managers, at $500 to $1,500 a week; supervisors, at $250 to $750; musical directors, at $150 to $500; production managers, at $200 to $350, and similar [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 123]

☆ *RESURRECTION—Universal*

THIS talkie version of an old tale shapes up into a triumph for Lupe Velez. How that girl from Mexico can act! Hers is one of the best performances of this or any other month, and she's all fire, beauty and sincerity, first as the simple country girl and then as the woman of the streets. It's what's known as running the gamut of emotions.

You remember the silent version. You remember the story—Tolstoy's. Perhaps you're tired of it, for the problem (it concerns a man's sin and a woman's payment) is pretty old-fashioned and even a little ridiculous now, but this film is so well directed and played that you'll forgive the hackneyed plot.

John Boles sings so nicely you want more. Snow stuff is magnificent.

☆ *GENTLEMAN'S FATE—M-G-M*

MY, but we are happy again. This picture proves, to the nth degree, that Jack Gilbert needs only the right story and direction to have all his old appeal.

Honors are shared with Louis Wolheim, who gives a flawless performance as the tough brother, whose naïve tenderness cannot be hidden. Jack is supported by two beautiful blondes—Anita Page and Leila Hyams, both of whom do their work appealingly, while Marie Prevost and George Cooper do well with the comedy rôles.

The story is tense drama, dealing with the fate of a wealthy man who suddenly discovers he is the son of a racketeer. Mervyn LeRoy deserves much credit for the sustained suspense of this picture, and for the beautiful manner in which he gives us back the old Jack Gilbert.

The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures

☆ *CITY LIGHTS—Chaplin-United Artists*

AT last!—Chaplin's long-awaited silent picture, the first big silent since talkies. It proves his contention—should he utter one word, the inimitable magic of this arch-pantomimist would go pft! As a silent epic of pantomime, "City Lights" is a ninety-minute delight; as a talkie, it would have been just another talkie.

Like his every other film, it is a grand compound of broad and subtle humor, burlesque, irony, hilarious vulgarity, and the master touch of pathos that distinguishes his comedies.

Its story is sweet, but unimportant beside the heights of comedy and pathos it attains. Not in years has there been a scene as funny as Charlie's hiccoughs with a penny whistle stuck in his windpipe, or as pathetic as the closing shot.

Of sound, there's a gorgeous symphonic accompaniment composed by Chaplin, with an infrequent dubbing-in of some essential sounds—but *never* voice. Voice is, however, crazily burlesqued by wind instruments—and if Charlie isn't kidding talkies there, we're crazy.

Virginia Cherrill makes her screen début, as Chaplin's new leading lady. She brings a fragile, blonde loveliness and a keen understanding of the requirements of voiceless acting.

You can't get away from the fact that "City Lights" is another Chaplin masterpicture. *Sound.*

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Best Pictures of the Month

CITY LIGHTS — TRADER HORN
RESURRECTION — GENTLEMAN'S FATE
THE SOUTHERNER — THE GANG BUSTER
SEAS BENEATH

The Best Performances of the Month

Charles Chaplin in "City Lights"
Harry Carey in "Trader Horn"
Edwina Booth in "Trader Horn"
Lupe Velez in "Resurrection"
John Gilbert in "Gentleman's Fate"
Louis Wolheim in "Gentleman's Fate"
George O'Brien in "Seas Beneath"
Jack Oakie in "The Gang Buster"
Constance Bennett in "The Easiest Way"
Joan Crawford in "Dance Fools, Dance"
Helen Twelvetrees in "Millie"
Lawrence Tibbett in "The Southerner"
Esther Ralston in "The Southerner"
Richard Dix in "Cimarron" (omitted from last month's list)

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 134

☆ *TRADER HORN—M-G-M*

HERE it is—the picture that was more than two years in the making, which demanded that an entire company butt its way through the African jungle with ineffectual recording apparatus.

Months on the Black Continent, doing the visual stuff—months at the studio, working with sound; this film cost M-G-M hundreds of thousands of dollars; Edwina Booth, her health; and Mrs. Duncan Renaldo, her husband.

But it was worth all that and more, for it is one of the most tremendous pictures ever made. Primarily, this excellence is due to the drama of the story, wrung out to the last drop of suspense by Director Van Dyke. But Harry Carey, as *Trader Horn* (not the bearded story-teller but the active hero of his own yarns) places himself with the greatest actors in Hollywood. Edwina Booth gives as strange and passionate a performance as you'll see in many a movie moon. Mutia, the black boy, almost steals the show. Duncan Renaldo could have been better. Besides all this, there are the animals, here used more effectively than in any travel picture, and utter photographic perfection.

"Trader Horn" is a two-fold achievement, combining as it does the spectacle and epic qualities of this type of picture with drama and breathless personal interest.

☆ *THE SOUTHERNER—M-G-M*

THIS gay picture has charm, excellent comedy—and Lawrence Tibbett. It's mighty entertaining.

"The Southerner" also brings back Esther Ralston to the screen, and she proves her right to an important place in talking pictures by her work here. And she seems more beautiful than ever, if that's possible.

Tibbett plays the singing black sheep of a wealthy Southern family, who tramps for five years and then comes home to Esther. And the picture is aided tremendously by the sterling comedy of Roland Young, Cliff Edwards and Stepin Fetchit.

You'll see Tibbett out of uniform for the first time. But, even in the rags of a tramp, the man has glamour. And how he sings!

☆ *THE GANG BUSTER—Paramount*

WELL, they finally dug up a good, funny story for Jack Oakie, and in it he does his best work in a long, long time. "The Gang Buster" is elegant comic entertainment, with Oakie as a sap insurance salesman from Arkansas who breezes into the big town and gets involved, head over spats, in a lot of gang monkey-business.

The picture's a furiously fast mixture of comedy and melodrama. Oakie is menaced by William (stage) Boyd as the gang leader. The girl interest is furnished very prettily by Jean Arthur, who only needs a few real parts to click in a big way. William Morris, Chester's father, plays Jean's dad.

This is the sort of thing we need and want from Oakie. Give the boy and the picture a few big hands.

Here's Your Monthly Shopping List!

☆

SEAS BENEATH—Fox

GEORGE O'BRIEN trades his cowboy suit for a navy cap and does a grand job of starring in this dashing adventure story of submarines during the war. One of America's biggest subs was lent by the government for this film. John Loder and Mona Maris give fine performances, and Marion Lessing is the pretty love interest. Good fast melodrama that everyone in the family will like.

THE EASIEST WAY—M-G-M

THIS one is modern, sophisticated, beautifully directed, superbly acted by Constance Bennett, Adolphe Menjou, Bob Montgomery, Anita Page and the rest, and stunningly costumed. It isn't important enough to be a great picture, but it's certainly worth its celluloid weight in entertainment. In it, Connie Bennett is a luxurious lady who falls in love with a poor man. Menjou is the wealthy lover, of course.

NO LIMIT—Paramount

THIS picture was titled "No Limit" after Clara Bow's little escapade in a gambling house in Nevada. Clever—these picture lads. In this she's a flapper, an usherette and a gangster's moll. She wears some amazing clothes. Her hair is light and she's thinner than her lingerie. Stuart Erwin and Harry Green are funny. Norman Foster is romantic. It may amuse you and it may not.

THE MAN WHO CAME BACK—Fox

THE first picture to bring Gaynor and Farrell back together, this leads them through much sin to the Shanghai waterfront. Here love reforms them and they climb painfully back to New York and Charlie's billions. Raoul Walsh, directing, tried for a lyric effect and missed. Sophisticates will give it one big horse laugh. At moments it touches "7th Heaven's" romance, but only at moments.

DANCE FOOLS, DANCE—M-G-M

AGAIN Joan Crawford proves herself a great dramatic actress. Again Billy Bakewell turns in a fine performance as her weak younger brother. The story, which concerns a one time wealthy girl, who must work for her living, and a brother who falls in with gangsters, is hokum—but it's good hokum and Joan breathes life into her characterization. It's fast and thrilling entertainment.

MILLIE—Radio Pictures

A WASHED-UP version of the book with just enough of the risqué retained to make spice, tense drama which brings tears; light humor which brings chuckles. Helen Twelvetrees proves definitely her right to stardom, while Lilyan Tashman, Joan Blondell, Anita Louise and Robert Ames give her just the correct run for honors. Worth seeing. Only careless direction keeps it from the top of our list.

The First and Best Talkie Reviews!

THE PAINTED DESERT—Pathe

YOU'LL like this Western, which makes no pretenses other than entertainment. It's far above the average, with Bill Boyd (uh-huh, the movie actor), as just the sort of virile guy he does best, and J. Farrell MacDonald and William Farnum, swell as the two old Westerners who quarrel but almost kiss and certainly make up. Helen Twelvetrees is the girl. You'll find it a nice show.

FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN—Warners

THIS *is* a comedy. It moves so fast you're weak when you leave the theater. No songs, no dances—just one gag right after the other and good gags, too. It's all in Technicolor. Olsen and Johnson walk away with honors. There's everything in it but the kitchen sink and you wouldn't be surprised to see that. It concerns American tourists in Paris. Be sure to see it.

DRACULA—Universal

RECOMMENDED for the mystery-minded. It's creepy and thrilly but it could have been better, and before it's over you're pretty confused about this vampire (a bat-like demon, not a lady in black negligée) business. Bela Lugosi fixes his victims with hypnotic eyes and everybody in the audience says, "OOH." Helen Chandler does grand work as the terrified heroine and you'll get your spinal chill.

MEN ON CALL—Fox

THIS one is as trite as a star's ideas on life, but not half so amusing. The railroad engineer falls in love with a show girl and then, to make amends, saves her from drowning. It's just too darn bad that Edmund Lowe, fine actor that he is, should be called upon to waste his talents in stuff like this, and Mae Clarke too, is obliterated by a bad story. Nothing to regret if you miss it.

MANY A SLIP—Universal

CASTING Joan Bennett and Lew Ayres as the leads in this was *not* the brightest piece of work of the year! It's a wise-cracking dialogue comedy with its lines revolving entirely about the humorous (?) question of whether or not the heroine is to become a mama. Of course, some audiences will guffaw at this, while others will just wonder why it was ever made.

JAWS OF HELL—Sono Art-World Wide

OUR British friends go spectacular, with this talkie version of "The Charge of the Light Brigade," that poem dear to the hearts of patriotic Englishmen. The charge itself is thrilling and well handled in this, but the romantic story on which it is hung is weak. Cyril McLaglen, one of Victor's many brothers, plays the lead.

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 116]

Sliding Home!

WHEN you see Olsen and Johnson, the nut comics, sliding through the streets of Paris in "Fifty Million Frenchmen," you'll know it was done this way. All these contraptions—lights, camera, microphone—together with crew, were on a rolling platform

A Real Sheik Sees *Hollywood*

By *Tom Ellis*

Abdeslam of Tunis leaves his five wives at home and has a look at our movie maids. "Too thin!" says Abdeslam

A SHEIK!—a real sheik!—has been in Hollywood. And oh!

He is back home in Tangier now, is Abdeslam Ben Mohammed Khoubarik. Back home in Tangier with his five wives, and a sheiks-headful of ideas about Hollywood and its women and its habits.

Abdeslam admitted he was tired, very tired, when he left Hollywood to go back to Africa. But in Tangier, where his religion requires him to be faithful to his five wives and to drink no spirituous concoctions, Abdeslam feels that, in five or six months, he will have recovered from Hollywood and be himself again.

And then, he invited the boys with whom he worked in Hollywood to come over and visit him sometime.

"I weel do my best," he said in his perfect but accented English, "to repay your hospeetalitee as you extended it to me in Holleewood. My house, my all, my wives weel be at your deesposal!"

Abdeslam—they got to calling him "Ab'sl'm" for short, finally—was brought to Hollywood by Radio Pictures, to act as technical adviser during the African sequences of "The Devil's Battalion," so everything would be true to life. Back in his Tunis, Ab'sl'm is a big shot. He is a well educated gentleman; speaks five languages, and has traveled much. But never before to Hollywood.

AND so, when he was approached by French authorities in Tangier, on behalf of Radio Pictures, he considered his five wives, sighed ecstatically at thoughts of visiting this so-much-talked-about Hollywood, and said "*Oui!*"

He landed in New York with great anticipations and a complete wardrobe of sheik's clothes, and no other attire. He never wore European clothes once in Hollywood, and it wasn't a gag, either. He thinks our sort of attire is silly.

Especially women's.

"Your weem'n," he complained, "wear too leetle clothes for one t'ing, and too motch for anodder!"

Abdeslam, the genuine article in sheiks, who has been in Hollywood acting as technical adviser on "The Devil's Battalion." As you see, Ab'sl'm has faith in the modern wrist watch

Where he comes from, he explained, women wear plenty of clothes when they appear in public. If clothes are to cover the body, then why not cover the body? But in their homes—ah, there is where women dress for—well, comfort.

"Bot in Holleewood, on de street, dey wear too leetle! Een de house, dey wear too motch, too motch!"

But what of it? Hollywood women are no beauties, says Ab'sl'm. They are "too theen."

AB'SL'M'S own five wives, he sets forth, are well upholstered. It took him a long while, in Hollywood, to get used to the thinness of American beauties.

And his peak moment on American soil was on location near the Mexican border.

A bunch of the boys took Ab'sl'm to a trans-border resort for a little whoopee, Hollywood style. And there, Allah be praised! Ab'sl'm found a lovely Mexican lady. She weighed about 300. He said, the next day, that it had made him homesick.

"When in Hollywood, do as the Hollywoodsmen do," was Ab'sl'm's motto. Through the inner circles of filmland, there circulate marvelous one thousand and one Arabian-nights tales of Ab'sl'm's prowess at the bowl and with the damsels. Ab'sl'm, when twitted thereabout, merely grinned with those perfect flashing teeth, and said that sheiks were strong men, after all.

"But what of your religion?" they asked him. "Is it not said that you shall abstain from liquors and shall be true to your wives?"

"Ah, eet ees so," replied Ab'sl'm. "But w'en I get back to Tunis, I shall feex it op weeth Allah!"

The day they showed Ab'sl'm a Hollywood "sheik" was awful. One of the boys from the studio was driving Ab'sl'm to his hotel, when they passed a corner drugstore. There stood a youth with patent leather hair and abortive moustache

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 133]

Gloria's "*Hank*" Rebels!

No longer "married to a business man," the Marquis trudges off to work. And Connie Bennett? Ah!

By Katherine Albert

HENRI DE BAILLY DE LA FALAISE, Marquis de la Coudray, known to his friends as "Hank" and to his secretary as "Mr. Falaise," has gone to work with a vengeance. He has become a personality. He has an office on the Radio Pictures lot, where he is the supervisor of French versions of that studio's product. He is no longer "Gloria Swanson's husband." The prince consort of one of the queens of the Hollywoods has revolted.

And behind this simple gesture is a story so parallel to Ernst Lubitsch's film, "The Love Parade," that as the real yarn becomes apparent one can see the Marquis and Gloria acting the scenes instead of Maurice Chevalier, another Frenchman, and Jeanette MacDonald.

Once Hank said, laughingly, and without the slightest malice, "I'm not married to a woman, but a business man."

And the idea behind that gay remark is, I believe, the crux of all the trouble between Gloria Swanson and her Marquis.

Gloria is a business man, with that strange absorption in her work all big business men know.

They were married January 28, 1925. To Henri, his wife was simply the most lovely woman he had ever known. He did not realize until he came with her to Hollywood and saw banners of welcome hung skywards, throngs of people to pay her homage, tired eyes looking at her adoringly, that she was at that time the most important star of the films. And he discovered himself merely an appendage. He was simply "that count or marquis or prince or something" that "our Gloria" had married.

It must have been a shock.

At the time of their marriage a friend of Gloria's said, "Hank is the perfect mate for Gloria. He is amusing, charming, whimsical, a thoroughly delightful companion. And that's just what Gloria needs."

That's what Gloria needs! Gloria, coming home after a hard day's work. Gloria, filled with the flame of a new screen characterization. Gloria, weary from reading new scripts, trying on new costumes. Gloria needed an amusing, charming, whimsical, delightful companion.

Do you remember those almost identical scenes from "The Love Parade"? The only difference is that "The Love Parade" ended happily. Perhaps this real story has ended happily, too. Once Gloria said, "There is no reason why I should feel humble at having married a Marquis. In America there are no titles except those of achievement. I think I've earned such a title."

IN France, where they were married, Hank took Gloria to meet his friends. But West of the Mississippi is Gloria's yard. The Marquis was presented to *her* friends.

Gloria has an amazing habit of doing anything that comes her way skilfully and well. Once Hank taught her a game, the name of which escapes me, rather like chess, but more difficult. It is the sort of game that bearded Frenchmen ponder over for hours at a time. Hank played it well, had done so for years. He showed it to Gloria. In a few weeks she was playing it almost as expertly as he and delighting in her achievement, as she always does.

In their home—*her* home—Gloria's wishes, Gloria's accomplishments came first. She was surrounded by a coterie of adoring satellites who worshipped at her shrine. Gloria's home. Gloria's success. Gloria's friends, and Hank was the amusing, charming person whom Gloria had married.

No wonder, when the divorce was filed, that the Marquis said, "Hollywood is no place to be married. Had I kept my bride in France the present situation would never have arisen."

And here are some of the statements that Gloria has made to the press. "My husband occupies a position of importance in his own country. In France I am his wife. In America, I am a motion picture star with business and artistic problems to work on each day. He comes to this country. He has very little to do. I am at the studio all day, engrossed in my business.

He has yet to find what he wishes to do [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]

"Hank"—the Marquis de la Falaise to you—as a hard-bitten business man, at his desk on the Radio Pictures lot. His French version of "The Royal Bed" has proved a real success

Good Girl, Anita!

And I'll give you Seven Points on your Summer Outfit

— Seymour

This summer outfit of Anita Page's has these seven features everybody will be wearing by summer, just as sure as sunshine:

1. Your sports dress is *double-breasted*—a slick fashion.

2. Your gay and pleasantly-peasant *knitted* jacket goes fashion-fine with your white silk dress.

3. Your jacket's sleeves are *short.* That makes them new.

4. Your gloves are *longish* and do a good fashion wrinkling job around your pretty wrists.

5. Your hat's as *thin* as paper. Its brim is cut away from your face. It's white—matching your dress. And banded in a color to match your jacket.

6. Your shoes—*opera pumps*—right in fashion.

7. And I notice with this *highish* neckline you wear no necklace—another fashion point.

And this fashion outfit isn't just for Anita alone. All of you, who know your fashions, can get it—or will be able to get it or its sisters—any place. It's slick, I tell you.

Two Fashion Thrillers

Which I gaily Pick for their Frivolous Frills

— Seymour

I see no less than four fashion points in this gang of sparklers worn by Myrna (Vamp) Loy.

1. Not one, but four sapphire bracelets. That's the way fashion likes her bracelets.

2. Your earrings are swellelegant. A big cluster of luscious fashion grapes—outburbanking Burbank—turquoise and *gold* leaves.

3. Your necklace—two strands—linked together with sparkling circles.

4. And I don't pass up your hair. You've pushed it back to show your ears. It's long enough in the back to cover the nape of your pretty neck—and ringleted so it can peak out from under any hat you might wear.

I'll give Bebe Daniels three fashion counts here in her glorified negligée.

1. Black velvet—soft and boudoirish! That's good!

2. It's made like an evening wrap, going clear around to the side. But it's draped with lace, which makes it stay indoors.

3. It's called an *intime*. Which means nothing at all to me. But it's one of those things millions would like to wear. Few ever get a chance to wear as costly a version as this vision.

But cheer up—many can afford its inexpensive cousins—that can be just as glorious—if not quite as grand.

You can't expect to keep up with the amount these Hollywood girls spend on their clothes, but once you get an idea you like it simplifies your shopping.

I Like Fashion Stars

to Shine this Way at Night—Don't You?

—Seymour

For formal times I like this gown of Irene Dunne's.

Flowered pussy-willow satin with a good, zippy color contrast that you find in many new dresses. Brown and tomato-juice red. Doesn't sound so good, but it is.

Notice the way the gipsy sash is twisted?

Like it? Good! You've got good fashion judgment—We will call that a point for you, too!

Okay for Kay Johnson with this "Sunday night" frock.

Sunday? Yes, or any other night when the party is informal and you want your dress ankle length.

See the skirt—especially the full flounce tucked in to make a yoke. It's a dandy modern adaptation of Empress Eugenie's dress but without Eugenie's hoops.

The ruffle around the shoulders is another fine fashion point.

Do you like the Spanish of Mary Brian?

Let's give her one point for black lace. And another fashion point for the peplum on her skirt.

And a third for the bertha that covers her shoulders. And, for a fourth, notice that her dress comes to the floor, where it should be. A fifth—notice her pearls belong with this black gown.

We don't give the fan much.

I Cheer These 5 Hats For Easter . . . Like 'Em ?

— Seymour

To Dorothy Mackaill's hat—she wears it in "Their Mad Moment"—I'll give four fashion checks:

First, it's little.

Second, it's a wrapped turban.

Third, it's made of her coat material.

Fourth, it has a good feminine twist over her ear.

And please notice, too, the fashion points of Warner Baxter. We boys have our fashions, too.

First, his hat's a beret—which more of the gay boys are wearing.

Second, his double-breasted suit coat is good for such husky, squeezing shoulders.

Third, his scarf, however, is a little that way. And his haircut! Hot, perhaps. But not so hot in fashion.

This lovely Greta Garbo's skull cap covers one of the loveliest skulls in the world.

Not so new—but good. And certainly good for Garbo—and for thousands of other perfect profiles.

Hard to wear—but if you can wear it—fine. Greta wears it in "Inspiration."

I'm for this little hat of Virginia Cherrill's. First, because it's a bicorne—meaning it has two corners. You'll see thousands of these.

Another fashion point—it's a twisted turban that will be good all Spring. And you're wearing it right, Virginia—way back on your head—where it belongs.

I'm certainly for this good straw of Ona Munson's. For no less than five fashion reasons:

Its shallow crown is low and flat—

Its brim is cut off in the front so it can set back on her head away from her face—

Its straw-and-wool braid is easy on her head—and

White—worn with a dark-colored dress.

I like this new Chinese mandarin hat with its brim turned up like a cuff.

Notice how high up it sits on Claudette Colbert's head.

A certain someone I know—in fact, a lot of someones who are sure they're Claudette's twins — would, like Claudette, look fine in this hat.

It isn't the jolly "Fatty" Arbuckle of his great Paramount starring days of a decade ago. There's somberness in that big moon face that made millions laugh in the good old days

Under another name, Roscoe Arbuckle directs short comedies for a Hollywood producer. And still he cherishes a faint hope that some day he can stage a come-back before his own camera

"Just Let Me Work"

Illusions lost and hope fading, Roscoe Arbuckle just jogs along directing other people's comedies

THIS is a story about "Fatty" Arbuckle. And it's *not* a "sob story."

It's not a sob story for the simple reason that Arbuckle isn't sobbing. There's nothing to sob about!

But neither is it the "head-high-facing-life-courageously" sort of thing. For Roscoe Arbuckle wouldn't fit into that classification any more than the whiner category. "Fatty's" not fighting very hard any more. A decade of battle has knocked most of the fight out of him. But he isn't bawling, either.

This story, in short, is merely a presentation of the case of "Fatty" as he stands today.

It was nearly ten years ago, now, that headline ink was smeared thick and ugly across the gay-hued Arbuckle shield. The jovial clown that had rolled 'em in the aisles with his elephantine antics became overnight a sinister figure whose name might not even be mentioned in polite company.

Journalistic sensationalism had its customary Roman holiday—and the fact that a jury acquitted Roscoe Arbuckle of the charges against him made no difference in the fact that he was a ruined man.

Well, all that's an old story by this time. You've read it time and again, and you've read interminable arguments for and against Arbuckle. You know, too, that with his friends in movieland solidly behind him, "Fatty" tried to fight back to the place he had lost.

He fought strenuously. He made speeches. He toured the country, in personal appearances and in vaudeville. He sought backers to put him again on the screen. He fought, courageously, against the organized campaign to keep him off the screen—the campaign that has ever been waged by the extremists to prevent him from coming back.

For years, his name and the news of his fight were good copy. But then, inevitably, came the indifference that is worse, in "Fatty's" profession, than the most rabid condemnation. "Fatty" was left to be forgotten.

And that was the break that did for him. "Fatty" stopped fighting, then—and whatever he has done since, to tell the truth, has been half-hearted at best.

And that brings us to today—when "Fatty" Arbuckle isn't even a name any more! Literally, that is. Because Arbuckle, smashed at last by the futility of ever trying to live down the shadow of that name in headline ink, has changed it. Today he works in Hollywood, but not under the name of Roscoe Arbuckle. He has adopted an entirely different name.

That new name has been printed, here and there. We won't print it, because to do so would mean merely another hardship for the man. Under that new name, he has achieved a certain measure of success—certainly not great, but enough to earn a living—at directing talking comedies. To divulge the name of the company that is making his pictures would mean only the probability of unfair prejudice against his work. And that would be tragic—for some of the two-reelers Arbuckle is turning out are superior to many feature pictures! He knows his stuff!

TODAY then, "Fatty" Arbuckle, the hilarious comedian, is gone. Instead, there is a big fat fellow behind a director's desk in a Hollywood office, the door of which bears a name that doesn't even remotely resemble Roscoe Arbuckle.

There's no grin on his face. It's almost always serious. There are lines there that weren't on that cherubically asinine countenance that beamed from the screen in the old "Fatty" comedies.

He works hard. When he's casting his comedies, he makes a point of picking the names of old-timers he used to know. He's particularly happy when he can give a few days' work to some fellow who's had the breaks against him.

He doesn't court publicity. Now and then, a writer or an editor will say: "What can we do for you to help you, Roscoe?" [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 127]

By Tom Ellis

Lew Stares *at*

Not content with the rewards of film fame, the Ayres boy scans the skies and seeks the lost chord on the organ key-board

By Potter Brayton

A FEW days ago Lew (All Quiet on the Western Front) Ayres came into the log-cabin dining room on the Universal lot carrying a mysterious brass cylinder under his arm. If the strange object had been a crooning baby, he couldn't have treated it with more care. He placed it gently on the table during the meal, but had picked it up and placed it carefully under his arm before he had half finished with his dessert, as if he were afraid he might walk out and forget it.

As he was leaving the dining room, a friend reached out and playfully yanked the cylinder from under Lew's arm. A condemned man, looking for the first time upon his scaffold, couldn't have shown more anxiety than Lew did as he wheeled about to see what had happened to his precious possession.

But the friend had not dropped it, so Lew said a cheerless, "Oh, hello there," secured the brass piece under his arm again, and stalked out of the dining room.

Curiosity got the better of me. I caught up with him and asked what in the world he was toting about with so much ceremony.

"Telescope," he replied, stretching its segments out to their full length. "It's a 70-power one, like they use on board ships!"

No further questioning necessary—I had touched upon the one subject which has interested him ever since he was old enough to know that stars are more than just holes in a big blue blanket.

He talked to me, thrillingly, for a half hour, about strange and wonderful phenomena of which he had read or had seen with his own eyes in the firmament, and would not have stopped then if he hadn't been called back to the stage to begin his afternoon's work before the cameras.

Lew could match, and perhaps put to shame, the most well-read layman's knowledge of astronomy. Through book and lens he has studied every heavenly body and constellation until they have become his personal friends. He dreams of some day perfecting a liquid lens powerful enough to eliminate the use of the present day bulky telescope. "Just for the fun of it" he is making a detailed perspective map of the moon.

Subsequent to that afternoon on the Universal lot, Captain W. M. Blagden of the British Royal Engineers, who was sent to Siam by the British government to photograph the recent eclipse of the sun, was introduced to Lew Ayres while visiting the studios.

Before he left the Universal lot, Captain Blagden remarked to officials that he couldn't remember having ever held such a learned and interesting discussion of astronomy with a layman as he had enjoyed that day with Lew.

EVERY growing boy sets his heart and mind on one day possessing his own car, or gun, or movie camera, or some such costly but useful "grown-up toy." Lew has always wanted his own telescope. He found this one in a junk shop. It afforded him so much pleasure that only the day before this was written he invested in a new telescope—one that is more powerful, and has all sorts of filters and fancy doo-dads, which Lew says facilitate clear vision in spite of haze, water glare, and the like.

Director Vin Moore, working with Lew in "Many a Slip," could never find him when he wished to film a sequence at night. Lew had a date with the moon, and Vin knew nothing short of dynamite could remove the young astronomer from his post at the telescope. But he would say to Ayres the next day:

"That's quite a racket you have, Lew! The boys tell me they saw you down at the Plaza again last night, hauling in the dough from passersby in exchange for squints at the moon!"

The other day, at Universal, I thought I'd drop in on Lew and see what new aids to the astronomer he had purchased. "He's over on stage ten, playing the pipe organ," they told me in the office.

Having once, myself, been a movie organist, here was my meat! If I could ever get silent Lew to open up, it would be over the common ground of music! I tip-toed onto the sound-proof stage.

I had heard that Lew could play about every musical instrument, that he used to play guitar and banjo in dance [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 128]

Lew Ayres and his faithful telescope study the Hollywood heavens. Lew says that, contrary to current report, the constellations over Filmtown do not actually spell "Greta Garbo." This is a surprise

You Know This Husband,
This Wife, the Other Man

There were teas, and quiet dinners for two. Then the more public Cocoanut Grove. And all Hollywood whispered and wondered

SILENT DRAMA

By

Alfred D. Wilkie

THE powerful gray roadster purred through the velvety blackness of the California night.

The man at the wheel glanced at his watch. One o'clock. His eyes strayed to the speedometer. More speed, if he hoped to reach Hollywood in time. He had allowed himself two hours from the gun club to his home. The big car gained momentum.

Carol Thornley's thoughts kept time with the racing motor. It was not the first time he had spent silent, ruminative hours on the road. But tonight was *the* night. If things worked out—well, there would be no more lonely rides with his troubled thoughts for company.

Was he still in love with Madge? Was it just habit? Or was it the knowledge that scandal never helped the salary check of a motion picture director? Perhaps a little of all three. And there was pride, too, the pride of the possessive male.

His mind wandered back over the years—back to the long-ago days when he had gaily thrown down the gauntlet to the youthful motion picture ogre. The thrill of directing his first two-reeler . . .

And then Madge . . .

How he had loved her! Worshipped her, rather. For Madge Updyke was a star when Thornley, a young nobody, fell under the spell of her loveliness. And one bows to the stars. Miraculously, his star had condescended to his love. They had been happy as only two young lovers can be with the world at their feet.

Success had come to him—success won single-handed. It was not as Madge Updyke's husband that he had earned his place in the forefront of screen directors; it was as Carol Thornley, graduate of the hard school of experience and maker of successful celluloid dramas.

He had been wise to persuade Madge to retire from the screen at the height of her glory. Failing stars flicker out so quickly. And they loved the non-professional society in which her charm had won her a coveted niche. Pleasant years they had been—until Diego Salerno came to Hollywood to have a try at the throne left vacant when Death summoned Valentino.

He had noticed it from the beginning, Thornley remembered, although he had given no sign. Teas, quiet dinners along the California Riviera when he was busy at the studio. Then the more public Cocoanut Grove and the limelighted first nights that Hollywood loves. Always the sleek Salerno hovering, smiling and debonair.

There had been whispers—the Gargantuan undertones that reverberate with the force of muffled cannon. To all of them Thornley had turned a deaf ear and a smiling face. Even to his intimates who had dared to venture a word of warning he had maintained his pose of bland indifference.

The Boulevard, Hollywood's life artery, was unanimous in its guess that Thornley didn't care—might even have another interest of his own!

The gray roadster swung into the curving avenues of filmdom's smartest residence section. A block from his home, Thornley brought the car to a halt in the dense shadow of an overhanging palm.

His rubber-soled golf brogues made no sound as he turned into his own drive and circled the house.

There it was—Salerno's many-hued motor, as colorful as its owner, parked in the safe obscurity of the Thornley shrubbery.

Involuntarily, the silent man glanced at the shaded light in his wife's sitting room.

Within him something ached with the numb pain of an old wound. He shrugged in an effort to silence it.

Drama was all very well for a livelihood but it should have no place in his private scheme of things.

HIS key slipped silently into the lock and Thornley stepped into the dimly lighted house. No sound broke the early morning stillness.

As though he had rehearsed it many times, he started about his work.

From the dining room he chose the sterling plate Madge prized so highly. The priceless, tiny French clock and the Ming vases from the drawing room . . . the ivory miniatures for which Del Mora had offered him a thousand not a week ago . . . that bit of cloisonné . . . the Corot in its chaste frame.

Without a sound he carried his treasures to Salerno's car. Careful now . . . Noiselessly he deposited them in the rear compartment and covered them with the heavy serape Salerno affected as a motor robe. The door of the car closed without a click.

At the wheel of his own car, Thornley relaxed. His cigar glowed comfortingly as he swung the wheel toward the shadowy radiance of the downtown section. The most difficult part was over.

THE desk sergeant at the Hollywood police station greeted him as an old and valued acquaintance. Even the sergeant was not above adding to his monthly pay envelope by doubling before the camera in off-duty hours or aiding in the handling of studio street mobs.

A dozen sentences served to galvanize the officer into action: As he was leaving for the gun club, Thornley had discovered a burglar looting his home. The thief was still there. Mrs. Thornley was indisposed and he preferred to have the man apprehended quietly.

Would the sergeant detail a few men to surround the place and arrest the thief as he emerged?

It might be necessary to disturb Mrs. Thornley? If it was unavoidable . . . He had seen the man stowing the loot in a car parked at the rear of the house. The sergeant understood? Good!

Oh yes—one thing more: Some of these smart burglars were posing as friends of their victims. Of course the sergeant wouldn't be fooled by that old one?

Mrs. Thornley could settle all doubt . . . By the way, the police might as well take the credit for discovering the thief at work . . .

The crisp new bill crackled as it changed hands.

The big roadster purred away into the night. Thornley smiled as he piloted the car into the beach road. If he hurried he might be in the blind before dawn brought the first flight of ducks overhead.

—*And Who Is* THIS Girl?

Surely the young lady on the left is Mrs. John Barrymore, Dolores Costello that was. And the girl on the right certainly must be either Constance or Joan Bennett. But the fact is that both girls are Marian Marsh, the child still in her 'teens who has been chosen to play *Trilby* to John Barrymore's *Svengali* in the Warner Brothers' talking version of that famous Du Maurier story. The little Marsh miss first appeared in pictures under the name of "Marilyn Morgan," and was seen in "Whoopee" with Eddie Cantor. Many girls were tested for the coveted *Trilby* rôle, but little Marian won out

Unbeatable Betty

Here's the contagious Betty Compson smile that has lighted up our screens for years —and may the fuse never blow out!

By Michael Woodward

The camera is moved close to the game and glittering Compson girl—ten years a star and going strong!

MAY I present Miss Compson?—Betty Compson, you know: the Radio Pictures' star.

Oh, come on and meet her —you'll like her—she's regular!

She keeps friends as well as makes 'em. And it doesn't matter a darned bit to her either, whether they're earning fifteen thousand a week, or just the fifteen! She's like that—used to be poor herself.

Why, there was the day, back when she was banging away at the gates of film fame, when she and her mother hadn't eaten for three days. Betty was just about to say "figs!" at the movie racket, when a vagrant breeze blew a bit of paper against her ankle. She kicked it away, and as it whirled on, recognized it for a dollar bill.

Boy, what an all-American tackle that girl made! It wasn't a dollar bill, though. It was a ten. Betty and mama ate, and that's why we've got a blonde film star instead of an ex-extra.

But, I was telling about how she keeps friends. Why, there's the chap who comes to visit her every now and then, from up north in California. He's the son of the people for whom Betty used to work as nursemaid! He visits her quite regularly. Oh, no—nothing like that!—he used to visit her even before she divorced Jim Cruze. No, no—this chap's not a heavy heart interest in Betty's life now. There's young Hugh Trevor, you know.

Talking about Jim Cruze—there was that funny thing about their divorce. Oh, the divorce itself was funny enough. They weren't angry with each other, or having other affairs. Betty simply got tired of trying to get her sleep while Jim was entertaining friends. And Jim was always entertaining friends. So they got a divorce. Betty wanted a divorce, and she got it.

And then what? Why, exhubby Jim up and hired her to act in a film he was directing. And it was called "She Got What She Wanted." And it was about a lady who wanted a divorce, and got it! Tie that!

Anyway, she's got her own place now, and she can sleep all she wants to. She's mighty particular about that—during production. No parties while she's working. When she's not —well, she's one of Hollywood's best hostesses.

Lots of interesting things about Betty. Here's a giggle. She doesn't play the piano herself. Yet she has two in her house! One's in her living room. And the other is in her BEDroom . . . ! Maybe it's an automatic; I never found out.

Betty's a queer contradiction in stubbornness. It seems that her mind and her heart get all tangled up sometimes.

HERE'S an instance. Betty will not pose for fashion pictures in any but her own clothes. Virtually every star in filmdom will occasionally act as model for fashion pictures, wearing famous designers' models. But Betty says no—if she can't wear the things she owns, she won't pose in anybody else's!

But one day a young fellow asked her to pose in a fashion reel he was working for. Betty explained she didn't do it.

"But my job depends on it," the fellow explained. Betty investigated, found he was [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 125]

Smarten Up Your Gowns

An exquisite jeweled costume set, created for Claire Luce and worn by her in her latest picture, "The Painted Woman." Diamonds and emeralds are combined in the earrings, necklace and one bracelet. The upper bracelet is entirely of diamonds, and the ring is a square-cut emerald

The slave bracelet becomes a stunning affair when its width is increased to four inches and the green-gold links are bound together with squares of modern design. The perfect complement for the new three-quarter sleeves. Carole Lombard wears it

Just a cute gadget to keep girls spending money, but so useful it's hard to resist. Powder and rouge for all emergencies, contained in a wrist compact. Dorothy Jordan demonstrates its convenience

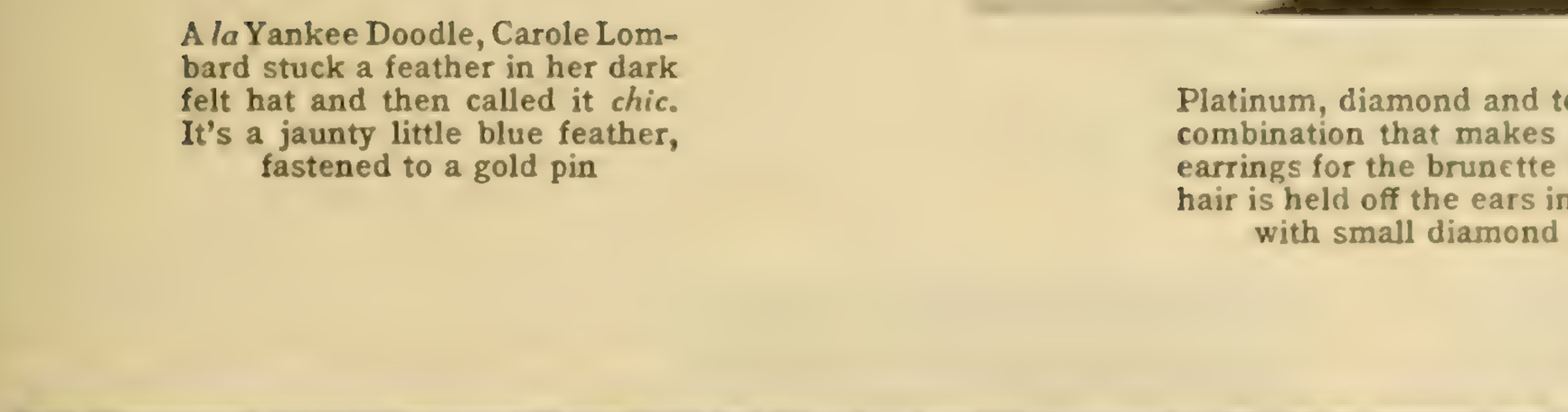
Fay Wray, the wife of John Monk Saunders, the writer, says this is her favorite jewelry — diamond engagement ring and chased platinum wedding ring

with Smart Jewelry

These are the gems and novelty pieces that the girls of Hollywood are wearing

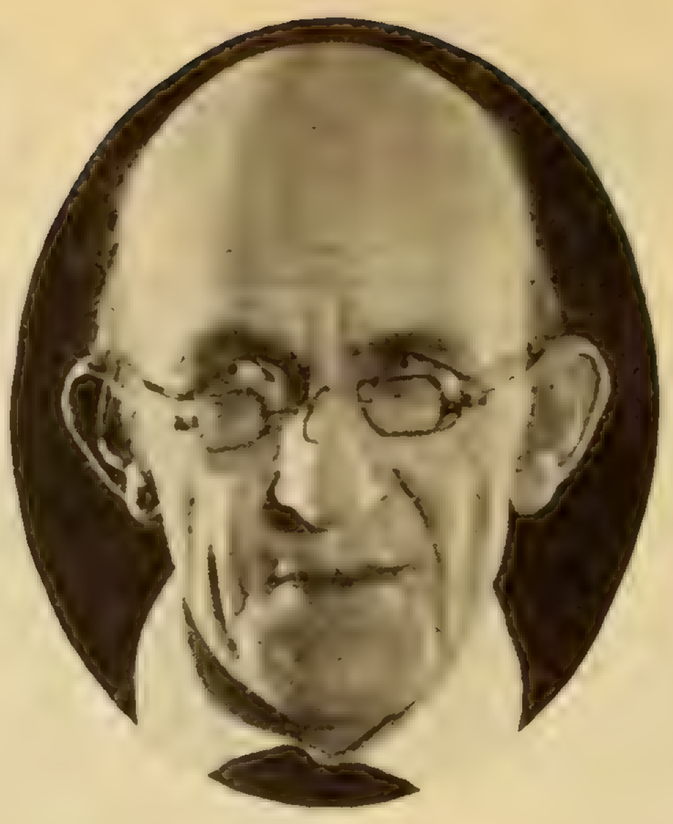
Platinum, diamond and topaz set. There's a combination that makes a handsome pair of earrings for the brunette Estelle Taylor. Her hair is held off the ears in the newest fashion with small diamond and topaz pins

A *la* Yankee Doodle, Carole Lombard stuck a feather in her dark felt hat and then called it *chic*. It's a jaunty little blue feather, fastened to a gold pin



When Sue Carol became Mrs. Nick Stuart he placed a plain, narrow band of platinum on the third finger of her left hand. Inside are the names, "Sue and Nick" and these words: "I promise, sweetheart." We call that a fine decoration

No. 1



No. 2

No. 3

They Are Hollywood's

By

J. Eugene Chrisman

THEIR names are never featured in electrics on Broadway—or even on Main Street.

They do not live in Beverly Hills mansions, have their own private swimming pools or drive Rolls-Royces. Their safe deposit boxes hold no million-dollar contracts, their activities rate no scareheads in newspaper type. They have seen a hundred stars gleam in the firmament of filmdom, dim and pass into oblivion.

Troupers all, they represent a total of nearly three hundred years of stage and screen experience and have, in scores of relatively unimportant parts, impressed themselves indelibly upon the memory of two generations of movie fans. For them, the hope of stardom has faded. They are the stars who might have been, Hollywood's Best Known Unknowns!

Try again, as each of them stands up to take a bow, and recall to you some of the rôles they have portrayed, and see how many of them you can identify and name.

Number One: The dean of Hollywood character actors. Thirty-two years on Broadway before entering pictures in 1907 as an actor and director! You will remember him as valet to William Powell in "Interference," as the bishop in "The Sacred Flame," as the old man who was rejuvenated in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs" and in scores of other pictures, including "The Magnificent Flirt," "General Crack," "Red Hot Speed," "If I Were King" and "Sea Legs." His intimates call him "Daddy" and his name begins with an "R."

Number Two: He began his stage career as a carpenter. For years he traveled with carnival and tent shows and came to Hollywood in 1911 to enter pictures. Do you recall him as *Father Joseph* in "The Three Musketeers" and "The Iron Mask"? He was in "The Shepherd of the Hills"; he was the cruel and cadaverous executioner of "The Bad One." More recently you've seen him with Eddie Cantor in "Whoopee." His first name, just to give you a hint, is "Lon" and his last—just ask the first casting director you meet.

Number Three: The head of the class, Oswald! You're an observing little chap for your age, for it is, indeed, the gin-guzzling *Mrs. Mickleham* of Gary Cooper's "Seven Days' Leave"! She refuses to tell how many years she played behind the footlights before going in pictures, but you can't expect a girl to tell everything.

On the New York and London stage she was famous for her portrayal of drunks and cooks and on the screen she has been unable to escape the type of character she played in "Seven Days' Leave" and "Limehouse Nights" except for an occasional assignment to play a lead, as in "My Past." You saw her as the matron of the the orphanage in "Scarlet Pages," she helped make "Alias French Gertie," "His Bridal Night," and "Fifty Million Frenchmen" more enjoyable for you, and you may have seen her in John Gilbert's "Way for a Sailor."

If you can't think of the name, just remember that she is the sister of a well known character actor whose initials are "L. B."

No. 7

No. 8

Number Four: Butlers may come and butlers go (along with the cook and second maid) but he seemingly goes on buttling forever. When m' lord or m' lady reaches for the tassled cord by the portières, you can bet your shirt that Number Four is about to make an entrance. He has buttled his way through several dozen pictures, including "The Boudoir Diplomat," "A Lady Surrenders," and "East Is West." Now and then they give him

No. 4

No. 5

No. 6

Best Known Unknowns

Their faces are familiar to millions. You have seen and applauded their work in scores of pictures, but how many of them can you name?

The answers are on page 131

a chance to see how the other half lives by casting him in such parts as the chancellor in "Du Barry." He came from the English stage and if you know how many pictures he has buttled in since reaching Hollywood in 1914, you know more than he does.

Number Five: For the simple reason that no other player in pictures can wear a badge so becomingly, he is nearly always seen upholding the majesty of the law. Who will ever forget *Wallace*, the chief guard in "The Big House," who doesn't know any prayers when called forth to meet the hail of lead from the machine-gun of *Butch*, the killer! Here again, some thirty-six years of stage and screen experience are responsible for the always splendid performances of the man whom you saw as the *Inspector* in "The Bat Whispers," as the *Russian Colonel* in "New Moon," as *Major Cargan* in "Seven Keys to Baldpate" and a score of other pictures. A famous manager of the old Detroit baseball club bore the same last name.

Number Six: May I present *Mrs. Ten-Brock*, hostess of the big garden party in "Sally"? When the cast calls for a *grande dame*, no casting director ever hesitates. An old time Broadway favorite, she has been peering through lorgnettes at picture audiences since 1911. *Mrs. Caraway* in "The Gay Nineties," *Mrs. Davis* in "Lawful Larceny," "*Mrs. Webley* in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," she has moved in stately majesty through dozens of similar rôles.

Number Seven: It's difficult to say whether you will best remember him as *Corporal Sacht* in "The Case of Sergeant Grischa" or as *Noah* in "Noah's Ark" or, for that matter in any one of several score rôles which have distinguished him since he first became a player for the old Famous Players in 1914. If you saw "Sorrell and Son" you'll have no difficulty in recognizing him as *Doctor Orange* and if "Evangeline" was on your list, you know him as the father of Miss Del Rio in that picture. Soon you'll see him as *Adj. Frederick* in Brenon's "Beau Ideal." Back in '96 he was doing Shakespearean repertoire.

Number Eight: You won't recall him in any of the old silents, for at that time he was in vaudeville but you've seen plenty of him since he landed in Hollywood, about three years ago. As *Tony*, the wop gangster, he made his first screen bow in "The Carnation Kid" and since that time he's been a wop, a Greek, a gangster or a night club owner in so many pictures that we only have room for a few, such as *Bing* in "Framed," *Arnie Lorch* in "Little Caesar," *Lorenzo* in "Brothers," the wop milkman in "Breakfast in Bed," *Rinaldo* in "Numbered Men" and *Beefy*, the gang leader, in "Dark Streets." He can menace with [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]

No. 9

No. 10

LARRY *the* KID

A clear close-up of Mr. Tibbett, who likes unimportant people and sings because it's fun

He's as little like a Metropolitan Opera star as a man could be, this Tibbett fellow. He's what the studio gang calls "regular," and that's the highest praise the boys can give

By Howard James

LARRY TIBBETT will bellow into song at the slightest provocation—and lots of times without even that!

He sings in the barber chair or bath, he sings while bowling along at seventy-three miles an hour in his automobile, he sings in his dressing room and his swimming pool, he sings at morning, noon and night.

He has given away a million dollars worth of baritoning for every thousand dollars' worth he's sold. But he doesn't give a toot about that. You see, Tib sings because he likes it. The fact that it's making him rich is just his good luck. He'd sing anyway, and it's a swell break for the Tibbett family that papa gets paid for some of it.

He's not the usual conception of an opera star. There's nothing uppish or over-dignified about him. He's as human as kids shootin' marbles, and he's not much older. He's never grown up, thank God.

He loves to lie on the floor—at home or in his dressing room, or in a friend's house—and cock his legs up on a chair or a table. He'll flop that mop of hair loose, and then, in that comfortable position, let loose his lungs for a lusty song or two.

Divans or over-stuffed chairs, to Tibbett, aren't things to sit on. They're things to lie on with your feet hanging over the back, like a gangling thirteen-year-old kid likes to contort himself. You know.

HE likes to play jokes on people, too. He and Cliff Edwards and Reg Denny and Roland Young are always gagging things on each other. Cliff has a dressing room one side of Tibbett's; Denny on the other. When Larry starts yodeling in his room, Denny and Edwards chorus in with the most ungodly series of off-key wails that were ever heard. Sounds like a Chinese anthem.

Larry loves kids and will walk on his hands on the set to entertain youngsters when they are around. The director sometimes has to tell him to stop standing on his head and do some singing for the picture. Walking on his hands is a cinch for Tibbett, and what other opera star could?

Larry keeps himself in first-rate condition. You're as like as not to see him riding around the M-G-M lot on a horse, leaping fences, and yip-yip-yipping like a cowboy. He *was* a cowboy once; son of a two-gun sheriff of old California, you know.

He's going to play outfield on the M-G-M studio baseball team next year, too. Imagine that!—Larry Tibbett—five-thousand-a-night opera singer playing outfield on a ball team with a lot of scene-shifters and messenger boys and actors and unimportant things like that.

He's crazy about swimming, and does it like a porpoise. He's as liable to get a sudden desire to swim in the middle of the night, and if he does, he hops out to the swell swimming pool back of his Beverly Hills house and plunges in, whether it's two in the morning or in the afternoon. Swimming is the first thing he does after getting up mornings. Out of bed, into his trunks and into the pool, shouting songs at the top of his baritone in the meantime.

Then he comes out dripping, bats the medicine ball around for a while, or skips rope or romps in some other undignified and unopera-starrish fashion for a while. Then his trainer rubs him down, and Larry goes about the serious business of breakfast. He loves breakfast. His idea of a perfect breakfast is fruit with cream, bacon and eggs and lots of 'em, German fried potatoes in quantity, some li'l pig sausages, toast and milk. He doesn't go much for coffee.

Of course, that menu is good only when he's not singing. When he's due to sing for concert or screen, he eats very little—a bit of fruit for breakfast, and that's all. He makes up for it after he's done singing.

AS for his choice foods, he's the most catholic person in the world. "He's the easiest person I've ever heard of to cook for," says his wife, Grace. "He doesn't dislike anything."

However, there are a few things he's especially fond of—for one thing, tomato juice. He loves sweetbreads sautéd, but likes Irish stew just as well. With dumplings.

Larry loves people. He gets far more enjoyment out of meeting plumbers than princes. To him, "important" people aren't half as important as unimportant ones. When his friends tell him that the people he associates with are a detriment to his future, he tells them to go jump [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 129]

Insignia of the house of Bourbon-Orleans, a cadet branch of the Bourbon house

AMERICA'S YOUNGEST DUCHESS... HER HIGHNESS THE DUCHESSE DE NEMOURS

This chic young Duchesse wears frocks by Worth and diamonds by Cartier. Her dachshund, "Valdy," (left) is her inseparable pet.

(Below) Pond's four preparations keep her fair skin exquisite.

"Noblesse oblige!" says the Duchesse de Nemours. "In Europe, women of title must fulfil their duty of being always lovely . . . They guard their beauty as they guard their ancestral jewels and prize a flower-like complexion as an essential hallmark of race and breeding . . . So, no wonder I am grateful for my faithful use of Pond's!"

Enchantingly blonde and beautiful, with exquisite fair skin, the Duchesse de Nemours is the former Miss Marguerite Watson, of an aristocratic Virginia family. She was a favorite in Washington and Newport society before the royal romance of her marriage to a scion of the house of Bourbon-Orléans.

"Women of title must be always lovely." Wherever this young Duchesse goes, Pond's tends her fragile transparent skin, just as when she was a girl at home.

"The Cold Cream is wonderful," she says, "and the Tissues are the best way to remove the cream I ever found . . . The Skin Freshener is delightful to invigorate and the Vanishing Cream is *exquisite!*"

Think how significant it is that women of wealth and title choose Pond's in preference to all other beauty preparations. Cost is a matter of complete indifference to these women. Quality is everything. For in their prominent social position a beautifully-groomed complexion is the first requisite. They choose Pond's because these four famous preparations are the purest and finest obtainable despite their democratic simplicity and modest price.

Follow the four steps of Pond's Method to keep your own skin radiantly clear and fresh:

FIRST—during the day, for thorough cleansing, apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck several times, always after exposure... Pat in with upward, outward strokes, waiting to let the fine oils sink deep into the pores, and float the dirt to the surface.

SECOND—wipe away all cream and dirt with Pond's Tissues, soft, ample, super-absorbent. Peach color and white.

THIRD—pat cleansed skin with Pond's Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, tone and firm.

LAST—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection, exquisite finish. Use it not only on the face but wherever you powder ... arms, shoulders, neck. Marvelously effective to keep your hands soft and white. At bed-time: Cleanse with Cold Cream, remove with Tissues.

■

Tune in on Pond's Afternoon Tea every Tuesday at 5 P. M. E. S. T. Leo Reisman's Orchestra. Leading Society Women. N. B. C. Red Network.

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"The years can make ...if she keeps *Youth*"

Learn the Complexion Secret 9 out of 10 lovely screen stars know

"NO ONE measures Youth by birthdays any more!" says William Powell, Paramount star of "For the Defense."

"Nowadays a man doesn't even try to guess a woman's age. Women know so marvelously how to KEEP their fresh, young charm that is so irresistible.

"Feminine stars of the screen and stage, especially, seem to know the secret!"

★ ★ ★

Indeed they do, for they seem always young, charming, magnetic—*you can't believe they ever have birthdays.* What is their secret?

"We guard complexion beauty above all else," the lovely actresses will tell you. "A skin aglow with the fascinating freshness of youth is *always* alluring."

Important actresses in Hollywood—on Broadway—in Europe—use Lux Toilet Soap. Regularly! That is why it is found in theatre dressing rooms everywhere—is the official soap in *all* the great film studios.

Actually 605 of the 613 important Hollywood actresses are devoted to fragrant Lux Toilet Soap.

Of the countless stars who use this very white soap, some have the skin inclined to dryness; some the skin that tends to be oily; some the in-between skin.

Whatever *your* individual type may be, you, too, will find in Lux Toilet Soap the perfect complexion care!

The caress of dollar-a-cake French soap

Youth LUX

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

any girl more alluring

says WILLIAM POWELL

Nancy Carroll

Paramount star, says of fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap: "Talking and technicolor pictures require so many close-ups and close-ups demand flawless skin. For the very smooth skin a star must have, I find Lux Toilet Soap is wonderful."

Clara Bow

Paramount star, says: "There's one thing I've found that stands out above all others in making a girl really alluring . . . *it's lovely skin.* Every girl can keep her skin as beautifully smooth as we screen stars do —by using Lux Toilet Soap."

Claudette Colbert

Featured player, says: "To keep the appeal of Youth, exquisite skin is essential. On the screen and stage we must always give especial attention to the condition of our skin. I find Lux Toilet Soap an invaluable help in keeping mine smooth."

Toilet Soap..10¢

Picture Producer—"Report at my office! You're just the type we're looking for!"

The Good Old Newsreel!

We just can't keep abreast of things
Unless our weekly newsreel brings

Witless farmers pitching hay,
Herds of 'ittle lambs at play—

Politicians spouting twaddle,
Flocks of honking geese a'waddle—

Knock-kneed beauties on the beaches,
Smirking pippins picking peaches—

Prohibition squawks and jeers,
Cubans sampling wines and beers—

Scandihoovians on skis,
Skating champs with knobby knees—

Nuts who dive in icy pools,
And fifty thousand other fools!

Ah, our world's a wondrous place!
Great events each other chase!

Toast the gallant newsreel men
Who shoot at eagles, bag a hen!

A Snicker or Nothing

They say Greta Garbo is fond of playing Marlene Dietrich's records on her phonograph. Well, if Marlene has a phonograph, she can play one of Greta's records. "Anna Christie" took in $109,000 in one week at the Capitol Theater, New York. Try that on your old orthophonic, baby! . . . Local gossip note—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Vallée of Westbrook, Me., have closed up the old home and are spending the winter in New York with their son, Rudolph. Mrs. Vallée is putting in her time crocheting covers for the boy's famous collection of megaphones. . . .

Reeling Around

with

Leonard Hall

Variety spots this sign on the cash register of a Hollywood haberdashery—"The Man Nobody Owes." . . . Ziegfeld claims he has signed Will Rogers for a new "Follies," whereas I understood the old Wrigley-wrinkler was exclusively a Fox folly. Or is Ziegfeld an old fox? I'm all confused. . . . Cynical note, or the fiendish price we movie stars pay for bad publicity. Clara Bow has just dug down for an $18,000 Rolls, and is buying a $300,000 home in the hills back of town. For an equal amount of "good publicity," she'd be trading in her roller skates for a bicycle, and be demanding a new hot-plate from the landlady. . . . I hear Kay Francis is crazy for a new power yacht. And now Kenneth MacKenna is to be the skipper. Ah there, Kay! And ah there, Ken.

Just in Passing

What picture actresses want, insists Mr. Arthur Paul of New York in Mr. Sobol's Broadway column in the New York *Graphic* (there's credit for you!) is a short life and a marry one.

Getting Personal

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has taken up its options on Robert Montgomery and Dorothy Jordan (each contract is for a year) but has dropped Catherine Moylan, the pretty Ziegfeld lass. . . . Fox has bought the picture rights to Viña Delmar's "Bad Girl," and who gets the lead? . . . Claire Luce and Robert Ames asked and got their release as Fox contract players. Ames can make barrels of dough as a free-lance, and Claire aims to go around the world with her millionaire husband, Cliff Smith. . . . Little Betty Bronson has been around New York lately, and Betty Blythe has turned up in a new show. . . . Maurice Chevalier got $5,000 for warbling on the Camel hour not long ago. He'd probably walk a mile, too, for five grand. . . . Barbara Bennett, brunette sister of the blonde Joan and Connie, has been dancing at her husband's swanky New York night club. He's Morton Downey, tenor. . . . Gilda Gray, ex-shaker, says she's going to marry a Mr. George Brent. . . . Among those mentioned for personal appearances are John Gilbert, Vivienne Segal and Stuart Erwin. . . . Ruth Chatterton celebrated a birthday the day before Christmas. . . . Phyllis Haver and her husband, Billy Seeman, chartered a special car and took a big party to Quebec for New Year's Week. . . . Mary Astor has lost five pounds in the last couple of months. Now, not too much, Mary! The desert's full of people who lost pounds! . . . Freddie March and Florence Eldridge have a beautiful beach house at Laguna they've never lived in. . . . George Bancroft wants $150,000 a picture under a new Paramount contract. Paramount says less than $100,000, or no sale. . . . "Fires of Youth," picture Monta Bell is making at Universal, is his old "Man, Woman and Sin," which he made silent for Metro with Jack Gilbert and the late Jeanne Eagels.

Dr. HARDEE CHAMBLISS, Ph.D., Johns Hopkins University finds that Colgate's cleans teeth best

A TOOTHPASTE, Dr. Chambliss knows, should *clean the teeth thoroughly.*

Your own dentist will confirm this—ask him. He will tell you that cleanliness is the best possible safeguard against dental troubles.

Therefore, when Dr. Chambliss, world-renowned scientist, undertook to find out which toothpaste is best, he naturally compared the different brands on the only sensible basis—cleansing power.

He carefully analyzed the leading brands of America—and he found that Colgate's has "greater cleansing ability" than all the others.

Why?

Let Dr. Chambliss answer: "I find Colgate's not only cleans the surfaces safely, but because of its penetrating foam it has a greater ability than the others to get down into tiny crevices and fissures of the teeth, flooding away decaying food particles.

"Colgate's fulfills the one function of a toothpaste—to cleanse teeth thoroughly."

Agreeing with Dr. Chambliss are a group of eminent scientists who have been retained to make analytical tests of toothpastes and render their expert opinions. Among these are such men as Jerome Alexander, B.S., M.Sc., and Dr. Allen Rogers, Ph.D., University of Pennsylvania. They state publicly that Colgate's is a superior cleanser.

DR. HARDEE CHAMBLISS,
Dean of School of Sciences, Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.; noted internationally as a scientist; member of the American Chemical Society; American Institute of Chemical Engineers; Society Chemical Industry of England; Chemistry Society of London, and other leading associations.

Dr. Chambliss *says:*

"I have tested and compared toothpastes with reference to their cleansing qualities. I find Colgate's not only cleans the surfaces safely, but also because of its very penetrating foam it has greater ability than other dentifrices to get down into tiny crevices and fissures of the teeth, flooding away decaying food particles. Other dentifrices, because they are sluggish, lack this power.

"Colgate's fulfills the one function of a toothpaste—to cleanse the teeth thoroughly."

Hardee Chambliss

25c

The price is important—but the quality, not the price, has held Colgate leadership for thirty years.

FREE COLGATE, Dept. M-1029 P.O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, N. Y. City.

Please send me a free tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

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A Quiet Day *in the* Country!

JUST a bunch of kiddies spending a tranquil story hour at a tin-can tourist camp. Oh yes? Unfortunately for the kiddies' peace, it's all on the set where they are shooting a scene for "Children of Dreams," a new Warner musical. The place is filled with a huge orchestra, scads of bosses and a lot of interested parents. Just a quiet studio day!

THANKS TO . . .

THESE FASTIDIOUS PEOPLE

HOW natural for these charming people...well-groomed and fastidious in all things...to have discovered Spud. Because in Spud they found not only a cigarette of full tobacco fragrance...but also a cigarette which brings with it the delightful assurance of their being continually "mouth-happy." Thus, these fastidious people discovered the great new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.

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Photographs by HURRELL—M. G. M.

The new styles as worn by DOROTHY JORDAN, *beautiful Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer player.* "To be feminine in a bathing suit wear a pastel shaded suit"—advises Dorothy Jordan. For an informal "supper"-hour engagement Miss Jordan wears a modernized pattern in chocolate-brown chiffon combined with a silk Chantilly lace yoke. Miss Jordan wears a bouffant type frock for evening affairs, combining flesh-pink satin with flounce of silk Chantilly lace.

THE NEW STYLES ARE ALLURING—BUT

SO EXACTING

IT's no secret that the new clothes demand good looks. There's no secret about anything, in fact! We stand revealed in bathing suits; in trim sports togs or backless gowns.

Never has a good figure meant so much. A figure slender—yet softly rounded.

For every girl who possesses such a figure, there are thousands dieting to gain the rounded slimness they'd give the world to have. And so many lose the very beauty they are trying to achieve! For most reducing diets lack sufficient roughage.

The result is improper elimination. Poisons clog up the system and take a terrible toll of youth and beauty.

THIS DANGER can be avoided by including one delightful food in an adequate reducing diet: Kellogg's ALL-BRAN, a non-fattening, ready-to-eat cereal. ALL-BRAN provides the roughage necessary to keep the system regular.

A great aid to beauty. It also contains iron, which puts color in cheeks and lips—and helps prevent dietary anemia.

There are so many ways to enjoy Kellogg's ALL-BRAN that you'll welcome the new interest it brings to your reducing menus. Try it with milk as a ready-to-eat cereal. Cook it into omelets—or bake it in bran muffins or bran bread.

Be sure you get the red-and-green package. Recommended by dietitians. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

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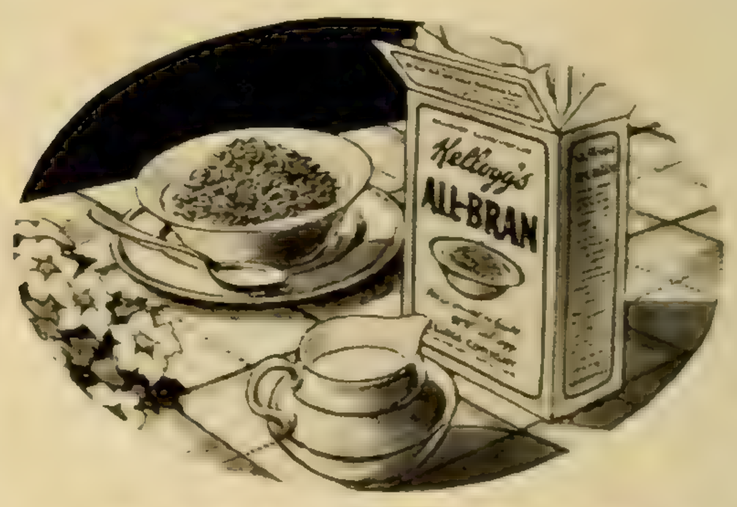
You'll enjoy Kellogg's Slumber Music, broadcast over WJZ *and associated stations of the N. B. C. every Sunday evening from* 10.30 *to* 11.00 (*Eastern standard time*).



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"THE MODERN FIGURE"

It contains helpful and sane counsel regarding the modern styles and how to achieve the figure best suited to them. You will find the suggested menus and table of foods for reducing diets invaluable. It is free upon request.

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Dept. A-3, Battle Creek, Michigan

Please send me a free copy of your booklet, "The Modern Figure."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

A Luncheon *for* Eight

If you want two tables of amiable bridge players, here's the way to get off to a flying start

Want your muffins to be light and fluffy, instead of heavy and soggy? Then, Leila Hyams cautions you to handle the dough gently and as little as possible

A PLEASANT prologue to an afternoon of bridge is an attractively served luncheon. Let's say you are planning to have two tables of bridge, and you want to serve something a little different, not the routine chicken patty or crabmeat salad lunch.

One of the best suggestions I can make is a recipe that Claudia Dell, star of the new Warner picture, "Fifty Million Frenchmen," and now under contract to Radio Pictures, recently gave me.

It's one of her favorites and she has planned the ingredients to make exactly eight helpings. She calls it her "English Luncheon Dish," and serves it piping hot.

These are the ingredients:

2 lbs. fresh tomatoes, cubed
1 small can puree of tomatoes
2 small green peppers, cut fine
1 small onion, cut fine
Melted butter
Chili powder
½ lb. American cheese
8 slices white bread
8 slices bacon

To make a sauce, mix the cubed tomatoes and the puree with the peppers, onion, and a little melted butter, adding just a dash of the chili powder. Let this mixture simmer for ten or twelve minutes.

In the meantime, put cheese in thin slices or small pieces upon the bread, and toast until cheese is well melted. Place on platter, or individual plates, pour sauce over all, and lay a crisp slice of bacon on the top of each slice of toast. Garnish with sprigs of parsley.

LIGHT, fluffy muffins can be served with this dish. Leila Hyams, M-G-M contract player, has given me the recipe for the delicious ones she makes. She uses:

1 cup pastry flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
2 tablespoons sugar
½ teaspoon salt

Mix these ingredients, then sift thoroughly, and add 1¼ cups graham flour, and ½ cup dates, cut fine, mixing thoroughly with dry ingredients; 1 egg and 1 cup of cream, mixed together, and then poured into dry ingredients and immediately stirred. Stir very lightly and only long enough to mix wet and dry ingredients.

Place batter in the pans, handling gently to avoid toughening, and bake until muffins are golden brown—about twenty minutes.

You can serve a thin soup in bouillon cups before Miss Dell's luncheon dish if you like, but it isn't necessary to precede such a hearty dish with either appetizer or soup. If you want a dessert that is more filling than the customary ice or ice cream, here is the recipe that Irene Delroy, Warner Pictures player, wrote out for me. It's called "Heavenly Hash!"

Swell 1 cup of rice in 1 pint of milk from which the cream has not been skimmed. While this is cooling, make a custard of 1 quart of milk, 6 eggs, ½ cup sugar and a pinch of salt.

Chop 1 cup of black walnut meats coarsely. Whip rice, custard and walnut meats together until cool. Serve with whipped cream and top with a cherry.

IF any of your guests are dieting, better order an ice, also, in case some of them refuse to be tempted even just once by such a pound-adding dessert. But those who don't have to be constantly watchful of their figures will tell you this dish is well named.

For a St. Patrick's Day lunch you will find this menu can be used advantageously by planning green and white decorations and substituting a pistachio ice cream, which is green, and small green and white iced party cakes instead of the rice custard.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a copy of PHOTOPLAY'S FAMOUS COOK BOOK, containing 150 favorite recipes of the stars. I am enclosing twenty-five cents.

Be sure to write name and address plainly.
You may send either stamps or coin.

A bunch of the boys riding down Fifth Avenue, New York, on a bus. Ah, but the boys and bus were photographed in Hollywood and combined with the Avenue panorama by the Dunning Process!

Boo! *It's Only* Hollywood!

How the famous "Dunning Process" makes us think we're in Borneo when it's just the studio, after all

By Campbell MacCulloch

THE only art in the world that is almost wholly dependent on invention has just received another helping hand from the morass into which it had stumbled, this time from a young engineer.

The grave problem that movie producers have been wrestling with—almost always unsuccessfully — from the advent of the talking picture has been solved, and very neatly, too.

It is an open secret that American-made, foreign-language movies have been nowhere so unsatisfactory as in the countries for which they were intended.

As an example, the Hollywood brand of Spanish dialogue ran full tilt into the unsuspected fact that there are as many Spanish dialects and accents as there are whims in a new prima donna's mentality. Argentina listened to conversation that the moviemakers were assured was pure Castilian, and began to foam at the mouth.

Chile, Peru, even Spain itself found objectionable features in the West Coast replicas of their language and customs, while Mexico simply curled up and howled. Together, the complaints that arose from all nations welded into an anvil chorus of disapproval.

And, of course, the local brand of French, German and Italian pictures proved almost as popular as the Spanish. Parisian French is one thing, and provincial French is quite another—and often an unintelligible thing to the *boulevardier*. And when it came to the different brands of German, Italian and a few other assorted tongues, Hollywood producers began to discover that their foreign talkie business appeared on the ledgers almost entirely in red ink.

It was a beautiful dream in the beginning. You just made your ordinary English language version; then moved in another set of actors and ran through the thing again. Just as simple, and almost no extra cost at all! And then, in a few months, the studio comptrollers and auditors, and the main office accountants, began to point out the disquieting discrepancies.

So, for quite a while, a dense fog of disillusion has been hanging over the industry. And then came Carroll and Dodge Dunning and modestly offered a solution. They happen to be father and son, residents of Hollywood and the devisors of a system of composite photography that already had contributed largely to the solution of production problems in the big studios. Briefly, their process permits a motion picture taken at one place and time to be combined with another picture taken at an entirely different place and time so perfectly that I've yet to find a photographic expert who can tell it from one in which all the action was simultaneous.

Without going too deeply into the technical side of the process, the idea is based on color photography.

Most of us have heard of what used to be called the "double negative" process of photography. The idea was merely the use of masks by which some portion of the plate or film was covered during a first exposure, the covered portion to be later exposed on another scene or figure.

MOTION pictures have used the idea for years, and seldom with completely satisfactory results. The hero of the picture playing a twin rôle and shaking hands with himself was one manifestation that seldom fooled anyone. Generally there were lines, white edges, halos or fringes that gave the trick away. However, it was the best that could be done until the Dunnings hove in sight.

Now, let us suppose that you're a producer and that your story requires that three principal characters must walk up the long approach between the water pools and into the famous Taj Mahal in India.

Ordinarily, if that were a necessity in the story you'd send your three characters, director and camera crew to India, photograph the needed action and bring them back again at the expiration of some weeks. And, not improbably, you'd spend from $25,000 upward doing it. If retakes were later needed

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 122]

Leading New York Beauty Experts

endorse olive and palm oil method

to keep that schoolgirl complexion

Pierre, Rose Laird, Dumas, Robert, members of world-group of more than 20,000 beauty experts who declare Palmolive essential to complexion care.

Look at the lovely faces one sees on Fifth Avenue, at the smartest restaurants, in the theatres of New York. That Schoolgirl Complexion is, indeed, sweeping New York!

ROSE LAIRD
Whose charming salon looks out on the spot where Fifth Avenue meets Central Park.

"Other soaps may irritate," says Rose Laird. "Palmolive is safe and protective. Its vegetable oils make soap and water safe for all skin, however sensitive."

Rose Laird

DUMAS
Beauty specialist of the Savoy-Plaza, New York, recommends Palmolive to his patrons.

PIERRE
Of the fashionable Plaza district, says: "Don't experiment with beauty. Use Palmolive."

ROBERT
Whose Fifth Avenue salon is extremely chic, is another New York beauty specialist who emphasizes the value of Palmolive.

NEW YORK, our most sophisticated capital, is adopting a simple rule of complexion care, on the advice of its well-known specialists in beauty culture.

Pierre, whose 57th street salon invites only the elect. Rose Laird, with her exclusive patronage and her reputation for performing marvels. It is such specialists who've taught New Yorkers how to keep that schoolgirl complexion.

Their method is simple

These beauty specialists—and others (indeed, more than 20,000, when one includes the thousands all over Europe)—find in Palmolive Soap a skin cleanser and beauty protection that just can't be equaled.

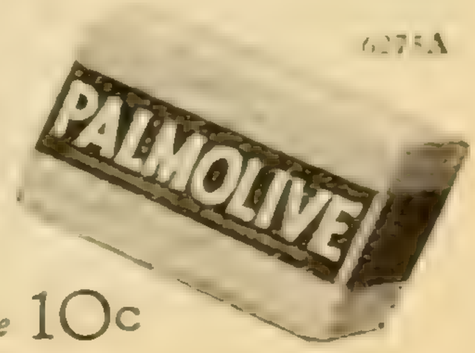
They like, first of all, its olive oil content. They like the gentle but thorough fashion in which it cleanses—and the soft, smooth, fresh feeling it gives the skin. "The glamourous freshness of youth," they call this much-desired texture.

Use your hands to make a fine lather of Palmolive and warm water (not hot water—that's hard on the skin). Massage this in, then rinse it off and you'll find you're rinsing away dirt and impurities that would otherwise cause serious skin blemishes. Rinse first with warm water, then with cold. Use this treatment as a base for make-up . . . and you'll keep that schoolgirl complexion.

New Yorkers are taking this advice seriously. So are smart Parisiennes. So, in fact, are millions of women the world over. You'll find it both an inexpensive and delightful treatment, since Palmolive, as you know, costs only 10 cents the bar.

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p.m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

6275A



Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

Retail Price 10c

Who Has *The Best Figure* in Hollywood?—And Why

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36]

Accepted Hospital Chart for Women's Weight

In order to allow for the difference in weight in different frames, ten per cent latitude is allowable either way.

Height	19 yrs.	20 yrs.	21-22 yrs.	23-24 yrs.	25-29 yrs.	30-34 yrs.	35-39 yrs.	40-44 yrs.	45-49 yrs.
4′ 10″	98	102	106	110	113	116	119	123	126
4′ 11″	103	107	109	112	115	118	121	125	128
5′	109	112	113	115	117	120	123	127	130
5′ 1″	113	115	116	118	119	122	125	129	132
5′ 2″	116	118	119	120	121	124	127	132	135
5′ 3″	120	121	122	123	124	127	130	135	138
5′ 4″	123	124	125	126	128	131	134	138	141
5′ 5″	126	127	128	129	131	134	138	142	145
5′ 6″	129	130	131	133	135	138	142	146	149
5′ 7″	131	133	135	137	139	142	146	150	153
5′ 8″	135	137	139	141	143	146	150	154	157
5′ 9″	138	140	142	145	147	150	154	158	161
5′ 10″	141	143	145	148	151	154	157	161	164
5′ 11″	145	147	149	151	154	157	160	164	168
6′	150	152	154	156	158	161	163	167	171

Measure and weigh yourself in your shoes and in ordinary out-door clothing.
Take off one inch for low heeled shoes and two inches for French heels.

Kay, like Constance Bennett, was eliminated on the grounds of having the basis of a beautiful figure but needing more weight. Ditto, Joan Crawford. Alice White was too short.

Finally the honors rested between Bebe and Dolores.

It was Bebe to whom Mr. Christy, at last, gave first place.

"She is very beautiful," he said. "There is a glowing warmth about her. And besides her lovely symmetry, she carries herself well. I must mention the importance of a woman's carriage, for this will overcome a bad point or, on the other hand, diminish the glories of perfection."

So now we have Marion Davies, Dolores Del Rio and Bebe Daniels vying for the honors. However, only two of the four judges have spoken. Wait . . .

AFTER talking with Earl Christy we found Hattie Carnegie, dressmaker to the *élite* of society and the theater, in her fashionable *salon* in the East Forties.

Miss Carnegie emphasized what Mr. Christy had said about poise and bearing.

"The girl who holds her head well, who stands erect and moves with an unaffected grace, will appear to have a better figure than the more perfectly fashioned girl who slouches," Miss Carnegie said.

The stars who most interested Miss Carnegie in no instance tallied with those selected by Earl Carroll. Joan Crawford, Kay Francis and Constance Bennett were her favorites.

There would seem to be something in what the sculptor said about the slight figure being ideal for fashions.

Kay Francis was finally eliminated as being a little too tall and, in the end, Miss Carnegie chose Constance Bennett.

"Miss Bennett is a trifle slim, perhaps," she said, "but, to my mind, she more than atones for this by her carriage and by the way her head is placed on her gorgeous shoulders.

"When Constance Bennett enters a room she has arrived."

Miss Carnegie considers a fourteen-year-old size with a sixteen-year-old height the ideal figure.

So now our line-up includes: Marion Davies, Dolores Del Rio, Bebe Daniels and Constance Bennett.

It looks as if there was something in that old rumor about men preferring a more curved figure than women feel ideal. Doctor A. L. Goldwater, one of New York City's most professionally respected and eminent physicians, showed, like Earl Carroll and Earl Christy, a marked and decided preference for the figure roundly turned.

"I most earnestly hope," said Doctor Goldwater, as he made notes on the measurements of the several girls to whom he had finally limited his choice, "that a star who has curves and looks as a woman should look will be granted as having Hollywood's best figure. I know the tremendous influence the screen exerts on modern life. And I am not a little dismayed by the number of girls and young women who come to my office suffering from anemia and low blood pressure. Too often their ailments can be traced to ill-advised and strenuous dieting, engaged in without a physician's supervision or approval.

"There are, to my mind," Doctor Goldwater continued, "three ideal figures. First, there is the slim and somewhat undeveloped figure of the adolescent. Then there is the young matron. And then there is the mother. These figures should under no circumstances be the same. The mother who looks like her adolescent daughter is not beautiful. On the contrary.

"Regardless of anything else, as we grow older our bones contain more lime salt and our skeleton comes to weigh more. So if we do not show an increase of about a half pound a year in weight it means we actually have less flesh on our frame.

"Naturally," explains Doctor Goldwater, as he eliminated one star for one good reason and another star for another reason, equally good, "my ideas on beauty are influenced by my profession.

"I HAVE watched women playing their part in the life drama now for many years. I know that the women who are products of many generations of an urban population are slowly becoming narrower through the hips. At the same time babies are being born with larger heads. That also is a development of a higher civilization. Eventually we seem to face an *impasse*. And right now many women are finding it increasingly difficult to have their babies.

"Constantly aware of this state of affairs, I have come to appreciate the fundamental fitness of the sturdier, more squarely built women —Swedish, Norwegian and Finnish women in particular. These women come from countries largely devoted to farming. They have a breadth of frame.

"Evidently, the exercise and sports in which our women engage do not produce the same results as farm work, even in a lesser degree.

"No wonder, then, all these things considered, I find a very definite beauty in the fundamental fitness of the squarely built Scandinavians."

Doctor Goldwater was not attempting to start any back-to-the-soil movement. He was merely trying to show how interrelated he believes a woman's beauty to be with her fundamental destiny.

It would seem, however, that the two artists,

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112]

Gargle LISTERINE *every 2 hours* when you have a COLD or SORE THROAT

In your mouth, a fierce and continuous battle is being waged. The forces of Health against those of Sickness. Nature against Germs—dangerous bacteria that lodge and multiply in the mouth by millions, striving to cause illness.

Surely you can appreciate the necessity of using, every day, a mouth wash fatal to germs, yet harmless to tissue!

Physicians have long urged a night and morning gargle with full strength Listerine, the safe antiseptic with the pleasant taste. For Listerine kills germs of all types in 15 seconds. No faster killing time has ever been accurately recorded by science.

Gargle every 2 hours

The morning and night gargle is deemed sufficient, in time of normal health, to keep germs under control and maintain a cleanly condition of the mouth.

But when infection is actually under way, which is the case when you have a cold, sore throat, or inflamed condition of the oral tract, authorities urge that the gargle be repeated every two hours.

By so doing you give the body, now at lower resistance, the extra attacking force it needs to combat the ever-multiplying germs in the mouth.

Mouth germs reduced 98%

If you could look into your mouth with a microscope before and after gargling with Listerine, you would behold a remarkable transformation.

Before the gargle you would see millions and millions of germs, alive, wriggling, darting to and fro. After, you would see the same germs dead and powerless to cause harm.

Repeated tests, following the technique employed at Great Universities, show that full strength Listerine actually reduces bacteria on the surfaces of the mucous membrane 98%.

The Truth About Mouth Washes

203 mouth washes, old and new, examined, analyzed, and tested under standard laboratory methods.

94 utterly unable to kill germs in five minutes, and hence non-antiseptic. 107 unable to kill in three minutes. 143 unable to kill in one minute. Dozens of them without the slightest deodorizing effect. Others poisonous, or harmful to tissue.

Contrast their sorry performance with that of Listerine, the safe, non-poisonous, deodorizing antiseptic, which kills germs in 15 seconds (fastest killing time accurately recorded by science).

Take this precaution

At the first symptom of trouble in the oral cavity, begin gargling with Listerine and consult your physician.

Do not be afraid to use Listerine undiluted. Only in this way can you get the full benefit of its germicidal action. Remember that Listerine is non-poisonous, absolutely safe to use, and actually healing to tissue. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

SAFE • NON-POISONOUS • PLEASANT TO USE

KILLS GERMS IN 15 SECONDS

The masculine half of "The Team Who Came Back"

Questions & Answers

The girl who came back in "The Man Who Came Back"

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address.

Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

WHAT a girl! What a boy! What a team!

Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell top the questions this month. And the most popular question about them is: "Are these two favorites going to team together in pictures forever and ever?" At least, that's the way Muriel, of Kansas City, Mo., puts it.

Well, Muriel, *forever* is a long, long time. But the Answer Man's guess is that the Fox company is too foxy to separate such a great box-office combination. Right now they are planning a new co-starring film for Janet and Charlie. By the time you read this, production will be under way.

AUDREY J., PHILADELPHIA: Yes, Janet Gaynor is a Philadelphian by birth. She lived there until she was eight years old, so perhaps the little Gaynor girl with whom you used to play tag and hopscotch is the one who grew up to be the famous Janet. No, she didn't grow up far—just an even 5 feet. She weighs the huge sum of 96 pounds, has curly auburn hair and brown eyes.

JIM, of JANESVILLE, WIS.: Charles Farrell was born and brought up on old Cape Cod, and got his higher education at Boston University. He towers fourteen inches over Janet Gaynor, weighs 170 pounds, has brown hair and brown eyes. Was born August 9, 1902, and is four years older than Janet. If you've studied higher mathematics you may be able to figure her age.

FRANCES N., ST. LOUIS, MO.: Lew Ayres says he never played a banjo in Paul Whiteman's orchestra. But he played a young German soldier with such genius that it has brought him one grand part after another ever since. He isn't married at this writing, but they do say he's vurra, vurra fond of a rising young screen actress whose first name is Lola and whose last name also has four letters and also begins with L. Now, guess.

MISS D. B., BROOKLYN, N. Y.: More questions about Lew! He began his acting career on December 28, 1909, by acting perfectly awful as soon as he came into the world. Why, they tell me he cried just like a baby! Minneapolis was the place. He is 5 feet, 11; weighs 155 pounds; has dark brown hair and blue eyes.

MISS B. W., CEDARHURST, L. I.: "Holiday" was a successful Broadway stage play before Pathé made a movie of it, and Monroe Owsley played the rôle of understanding big brother in both versions. He was born in Atlanta, Ga., is 5 feet, 10; weighs 156 pounds, wears faultlessly fitted clothes, tasty ties and immaculate hankies. He has a long-term contract with Paramount and will be seen any day now in the latest Fredric March-Claudette Colbert picture in which he plays an important part.

COSETTE, HOLYOKE, MASS.: Go to the head of the class! Ramon Novarro did play in "Scaramouche." Alice Terry was the girl. Your heart throb, John Wayne, was a property boy at the Fox Studio when his big chance came along and slapped him on the back. His real name is Duke Morrison, he was born May 26, 1907 in Winterset, Iowa, is 6 feet, 2, weighs 200 pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes, and is still single. But—and how I hate to break the sad news—he's "keeping company."

JANE, BUFFALO, N. Y.: Here are some of the tall girls of pictures: Jeanette MacDonald is 5 feet, 5; Garbo is 5 feet, 6; Alice Joyce, Lilyan Tashman, Gwen Lee and Hedda Hopper are 5 feet, 7, and Gertrude Astor is 5 feet, 7½.

Dear Seymour:

Does anybody besides movie stars ever wear such clothes as this negligée worn by Bebe Daniels in "My Past"? —L. A. F.

No, dear L. A. F., they don't. Such things as this are just fine symbols of what not to do.

— Seymour

MILDRED, LANCASTER, PENNA.: "I'm Only the Words, You Are the Melody," and "Never Swat a Fly" are two of the popular songs from "Just Imagine."

ELEANOR, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.: We're so smart at PHOTOPLAY Magazine that we answer questions even before they're asked. You'll find an article in the February issue that answers all your questions about Marie Doro. You know, she hasn't made a picture for many years. Neither has Elliott Dexter.

JACK AND JILL, SACRAMENTO, CALIF.: "The Sea Wolf" was Milton Sill's last picture. I, too, thought he gave a great performance in it. Jane Keith, who played opposite him, was born 22 years ago in Kansas City, Mo. She weighs 115 pounds, is 5 feet, ½ inch tall, is blonde and has blue eyes. PHOTOPLAY published a little story about her in the September, 1930 issue. You can get that issue by sending a letter to our Circulation Department, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., and enclosing twenty-five cents with your request.

P. L. K., CLINTON, ILL.: You want to know about Jane, too? Well, read the preceding answer. Nancy Carroll's latest released picture is "Stolen Heaven," in which Phillips Holmes plays opposite her. But she's hard at work on another picture right now. "That crazy Jack Oakie" comes from Sedalia, Mo. Aren't you glad he didn't stay there? Sure, I've got a big brain. Some of my best enemies call it a "big head."

ESTELLE, CHICAGO, ILL.: So you like hemen! Buck Jones is married, Tom Tyler is 27 and unmarried, and Bob Steele is numbered among the single, too. It's a fact, and a sad one, that Fred Thomson passed on in December, 1928. Tom Mix has been recuperating from an illness.

ABE, THE BUCK JONES FAN: Buck is 41 years old, 5 feet, 11¾ inches tall, and weighs 173 pounds. He has a daughter of 13. His real name is not Buck, but Charles. But that's a deep, dark secret and don't let anyone know I told you.

"Your six stars are my lucky stars"

STUDY MY MANNEQUIN AND HER STARS TO KNOW WHY
"Only a healthy skin can stay young"

1. THE FOREHEAD—*To guard against lines and wrinkles here, apply Milkweed Cream, stroking with fingertips, outward from the center of your brow.*

2. THE EYES—*If you would avoid aging crows' feet, smooth Ingram's about the eyes, stroke with a feather touch outward, beneath eyes and over eyelids.*

3. THE MOUTH—*Drooping lines are easily defeated by filming the fingertips with my cream and sliding them upward over the mouth and then outward toward the ears, starting at the middle of the chin.*

4. THE THROAT—*To keep your throat from flabbiness, cover with a film of Milkweed and smooth gently downward, ending with rotary movement at base of neck.*

5. THE NECK—*To prevent a sagging chin and a lined neck, stroke with fingertips covered with Milkweed from middle of chin toward the ears and patting firmly all along the jaw contours.*

6. THE SHOULDERS—*To have shoulders that are blemish-free and firmly smooth, cleanse with Milkweed Cream and massage with palm of hand in rotary motion.*

By Frances Ingram

I HAD almost forgotten her — the amusing and quite delightful girl who came to see me months ago. And then—this letter from California.

"Remember when I came to consult with you, last September? I told you I was going to find a big hat with a wide floppy brim—and a veil! To hide what a whole summer spent principally on the Sound had done to my poor skin.

"I'm doing the *Pacific* now," the letter goes on to say. "But every night I spread your Milkweed Cream lavishly over my face and neck, and leave it for several minutes so that the delicate oils can penetrate deeply into the pores.

"Then—I put on a fresh film of Milkweed Cream and pat it in, stroking outward and upward at the six stars shown on your mannequin.

"You have no idea what a difference your cream and your method have made in my skin. It's soft now—without a single blemish!

"And I can wear an off-the-forehead hat with entire nonchalance!"

* * *

Will you try my starred way to a soft, clear skin? You have only to follow the instructions given below.

In my radio programs "Through the Looking Glass With Frances Ingram" (Tuesdays, 10:15 A. M., E. S. T., WJZ and associated stations) I discuss many skin problems. Mail the coupon below for my free booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young".

INGRAM'S Milkweed Cream

THREE SIZES..50¢..$1..$1.75

FRANCES INGRAM, Dept. A-31
108 Washington St., N. Y. C.

Please send me your free booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young," which tells in complete detail how to care for the skin and to guard the six vital spots of youth.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

Ten years ago she was one of the best known leading women in pictures. Recently she had been out of the limelight. And it came as a great shock when we learned that Ethel Grey Terry had died, after a long illness

She observed Lebedeff doing his hand-kissing act, which is quite famous in Hollywood by now.

Then she sniffed.

"Hmph," she said, "he can't hold a candle to a waiter we've got back home in Minnesota!"

PLENTY of cinemaland pocketbooks suffered when the Bank of Hollywood closed its doors. But somebody at the United Artists studio got square. He took a pail of paint and a brush across the street to where a huge 24-sheet billboard proclaimed:

BANK of HOLLYWOOD
"GROWING with HOLLYWOOD"

When the paint-wielder was done, the poster read:

BANK of HOLLYWOOD
"—OWING—HOLLYWOOD"

CHARLES (Ex-Buddy) Rogers has five automobiles—a 16-cylinder roadster, two town cars, a phaeton and a Ford.

RING the bells and fire the old tin cannon in the Public Square! Ernst Lubitsch and Emil Jannings are to be reunited again, according to report.

Unser Emil, following his tremendous American reception in "The Blue Angel," is to make "The Man I Killed" under the direction of Ernst the Great, with Phil Holmes in the troupe.

Thus the great team that made "Passion," years ago, in which we discovered both Jannings and Negri, is together again! So let the huzzas ring out!

WHENEVER Joan Crawford has to go to one of her own previews she always dines at six.

The preview is never until eight-thirty, but the reason for the early dinner is so that her food will digest before she begins to get petrified with fear and panic over witnessing herself act on the screen.

YOU remember all the publicity that Ramon Novarro and Elsie Janis got recently when they had a little friendly tussle at the Lawrence Tibbetts'. The other night, Ramon took Elsie to another party. One of her friends came up and patted her on the shoulder.

"Don't touch her," said Ramon, "or your name will be on all the front pages of the papers."

NENA QUARTARO denies that she ever said, "I consider myself engaged to Frank Carideo, quarterback for Notre Dame." Denies it with tears in her eyes.

"I never told that to the reporter who printed it. I was in Bell, Calif., and my sister talked to him. She denies that she said it. Frank and I have known each other since I was twelve.

"We lived just a half mile apart in Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

"I have always admired him. He came to my house, here. A newspaper writer was present. She said she thought we were engaged.

"Frank said, 'I wouldn't call it engaged but when I come to California during my vacation, I am coming to see Nena.'

"I warned Frank to be careful or they would print our engagement. He said, 'Great. I'll get a great kick out of that. You send me the papers.'

"I was worried for fear even a rumor like that might hurt him at college.

"And I don't believe Frank Carideo said it was a cheap attempt to get publicity He wouldn't do it.

"I won't believe that, any more than I hope he won't believe I said we were engaged. I swear I didn't."

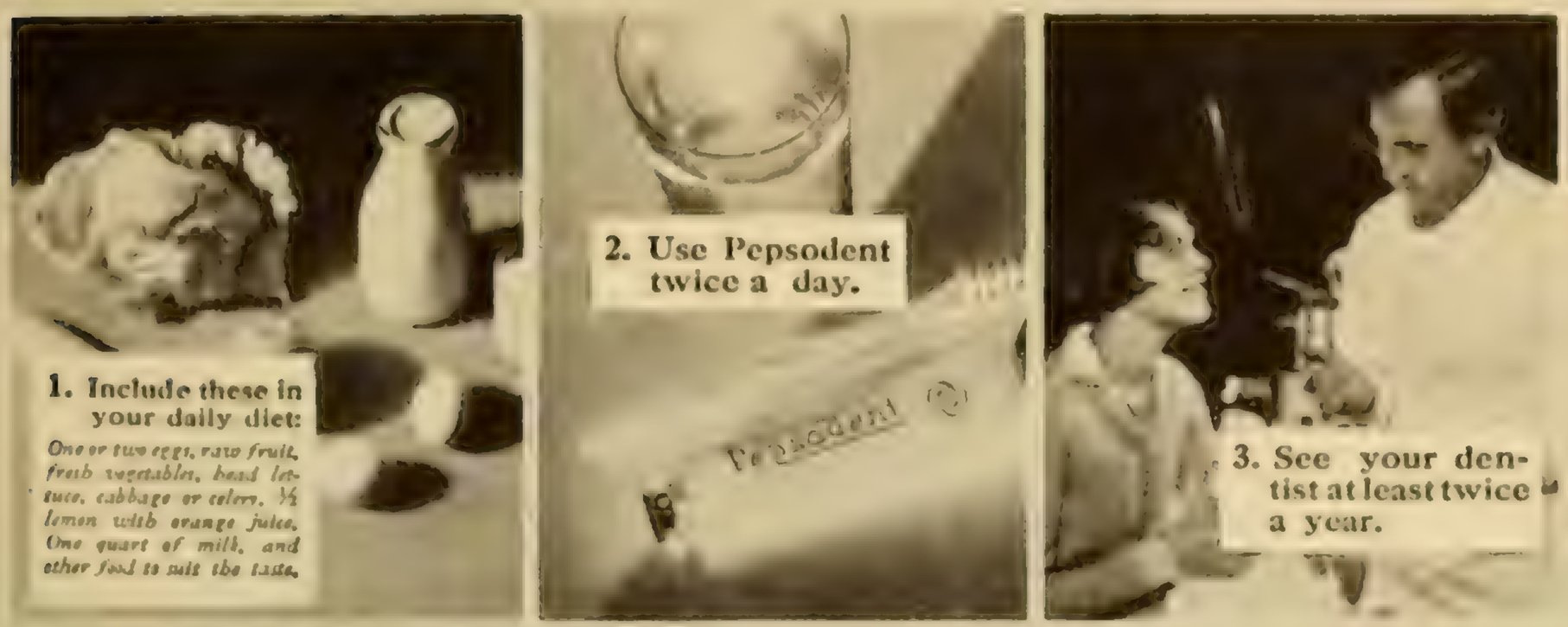
She admits to a close friendship, and those who were at the station when she saw Frank off tell how he held her hand and said, "It's

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]

International

One of filmland's newest brides—in her hands she holds the fateful little paper that legalized her marriage to Clyde E. Greathouse, an oil operator. She's Josephine Dunn, the pretty blonde who has been seen in lots ot pictures in the past few years. She was divorced from William P. Cameron in 1928

Do these three things . . . to have strong, healthy teeth



Teeth neglected today may inflict a costly penalty

this is no time to economize with health

TURN TO PAGE 20
Important announcement of a remarkable new discovery in this magazine! (not a toothpaste)

FOR your health's sake, don't carry economy too far. If you need dental treatment, don't delay because of the few dollars you will pay in dental fees. Neglect a tiny decay cavity in your teeth, and you may pay for it with heart trouble or rheumatism. If you escape that, or something worse, the best you can hope for is some expensive bridgework in the future.

Take care of teeth—remove film

Keep teeth in repair. Keep Pepsodent tooth paste at hand and see that the whole family uses it. Those are two important ways to save both health and money.

Pepsodent frees teeth of the stubborn, clinging coating known as *film*. Remove film and you remove the millions of acid-producing bacteria that destroy the tooth's delicate enamel . . . that cause many other commonly known disorders. You remove the unsightly stains that film absorbs from different foods and smoking. These are mistaken by most people as the natural color of their teeth.

Film is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay . . . to cause unsightly discolorations on enamel. It *must* be removed twice daily.

▼ ▼ ▼

Amos 'n' Andy brought to you by Pepsodent every night except Sunday over N. B. C. network. 7:00 p. m. on stations operating on Eastern time. 10:00 p. m. on stations operating on Central time. 9:00 p. m., Mountain time. 8:00 p. m., Pacific time.

To remove film more effectively than by any other method except your dentist's cleaning, Pepsodent was developed. That's why it is called the special film-removing tooth paste.

Pepsodent contains no pumice, no harmful grit or crude abrasives. It has a gentle action that protects the delicate enamel. It is completely SAFE . . . yet it removes dingy film where ordinary methods fail.

Try Pepsodent today—it is an important adjunct in possessing lovelier, healthier teeth through life.

Pepsodent—*the special film-removing tooth paste*

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90]

just like cutting my arm off to say good-bye to you."

Sweethearts, but not an engaged couple, we take it.

ALL kinds of new careers are opening up for Esther Ralston.

She's made a fine comeback in the talkies (see "The Southerner") after a long and profitable vaudeville tour.

And now she and her manager-husband, George Webb, expect an addition to the family some time in June.

A NEW hiding place of Greta Garbo's has been discovered. It's called "Little Bit o' Sweden" and is a restaurant which serves only food from Greta's native land. It's a rough-looking place in a big frame house just off Wilshire Boulevard. Crude benches and chairs. Luncheon fifty cents. Dinner eighty-five to a dollar and a quarter. Greta is a frequent visitor.

"She usually comes in with her brother and her secretary," the owner told the lady who discovered Greta among those present.

"Does her brother talk French?" The owner nodded eagerly.

So we judge that Director Feyder was the "brother" in question.

One day an eager fan discovered Miss Garbo. "Why do you come here?" he asked her.

"Because I like the food," Greta answered simply. And why not?

DANNY CUPID'S Operative No. 4-X-17 reports things about Dorothy Mackaill and rugged young Joel McCrea.

She's got a pet name for him.

It's "Softy."

IN "Unfaithful" Ruth Chatterton is supposed to throw a pair of dice and lose. Before the scene was taken, she said, "What number shall I take? Tell me a point that is hard to make."

High above the stage, from the runway upon which the electricians stand to manage the spotlights came a wan voice, "They're all hard, lady."

SAYS Li'l Danny Cupid:

. . . William Powell and Carole (don't forget the final "e") Lombard going places together and all Hollywood waiting. . . . Viola Dana's stepmother divorces Viola's father because, she complained, he persisted in letting his hair grow long. . . . Florence Lake, Arthur's sister, wearing a great diamond ring and admitting it's from Jack Goode, stage actor, whom she's going to marry. . . .

. . . Florence Lawrence—remember her, 'way back in the old Biograph days?—gets the headlines again, but this time because she sues for divorce from Charles Woodring, cosmetics manufacturer . . . and part of the settlement between them is that she gets a half-interest in his lipstick-and-rouge factory. . . .

. . . Josephine Dunn gets out license to marry a young oil magnate and reveals she was divorced not so long ago by a Boston manufacturer and her real name is Mrs. Mary Josephine Cameron. . . . Murrel Finley, who was once selected by a noted artist as "the golden girl" of California, although she came from New York, marries Eddie Cronjager, famous cinematographer. . . .

ANN HARDING'S father is dead.

He was Colonel George C. Gatley, one of the old-line army veterans. Early in January he died in a military hospital in San Francisco, after a long illness.

This recalls the reconciliation between the old army colonel and his picture-famous daughter.

Years ago, they quarreled when she, against his wishes, took the stage for a career. Recently, while he lay on his sick-bed in the San Francisco hospital, Ann visited him and was forgiven.

He leaves another daughter besides Ann. The other daughter is the wife of a Hollywood business man.

Yep, it does happen in the movies! The Barton Twins, Beatrice and Bertha, were visiting the Paramount studio, and Eddie Sutherland was directing Jack Oakie in "The Gang Buster." Ed saw the girls and made them do a scene with Oakie and Jean Arthur. And here's the big scene, Barton girls and all!

Just a Dandy Bedroom Outfit

If this isn't good to look at, I'm fashion blind—which I'm not.

This bedroom outfit of Anita Page, my dears, is called "nyjamas"—pronounced nyjamas.

It has trouser legs just like other well behaved pajamas—except that each leg is almost two yards around.

But aren't they pajamas good to look at?

—Seymour

FOR the first time in his life, Charlie Chaplin is learning a foreign tongue—Spanish.

"So I can understand the bullfight when I get to Spain," he explains. Seeing a bullfight is the high spot of his forthcoming European tour, he insists.

"A bullfight is *not* brutal," he says. "If you understand it, it is a beautiful display. The toreador's real object is not to kill the bull—that's merely incidental. The real purpose of his art is to transform the bull's fury into a beautiful dance—a beautiful dance of death."

Well, anyway—Charlie's trying out his Spanish on everybody in Hollywood. Not a Spaniard or a Mexican understands it, yet—until Charlie starts acting out what he's saying.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]

She thought:

"You'll never be lucky in love until you end 'B. O.'"

Yet, to be polite,

She said:

"Your heart-line shows many difficulties ahead."

"Luck" was always against him

. . . *until he ended 'B.O.'*

(*Body Odor*)

SOMEONE else got the job he wanted. Someone else won the girl he admired. "Bad Luck", he called it. But the real reason was—body odor!

People hate to mention this distressing fault—even under the polite name, "B.O." But finally a close friend did tell him, suggested a simple safeguard. Today he is forging ahead in business—a favorite socially. "B.O." is no longer a fatal handicap.

• • •

Often we wonder why we don't succeed faster—make friends easier. "B.O." may be the unsuspected cause.

For everyone perspires. Science declares that even on cool days pores give off a quart of odor-causing waste. Unnoticed by us, because we soon become accustomed to it, this ever-present odor may be a constant annoyance to others.

Don't take chances. Adopt the simple precaution of millions of particular men and women, and be *sure* of not offending. Wash and bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its gentle, creamy, antiseptic lather purifies pores so deeply that "B.O." completely vanishes. And how gloriously fresh—how satisfyingly *clean* you feel!

Keeps complexions youthful

Clogged pores stifle complexion beauty. Lifebuoy's soothing, penetrating lather gently frees pores of impurities—makes dull skins bloom with healthy, youthful radiance. Its pleasant *extra-clean scent*—that vanishes as you rinse—tells you Lifebuoy *purifies*. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

LEVER BROTHERS CO., *Cambridge, Mass.*

It's New!

Lifebuoy Shaving Cream

New double-dense lather soothes, lubricates and protects . . . ends tender spots that hurt when you shave. *At your druggist's*

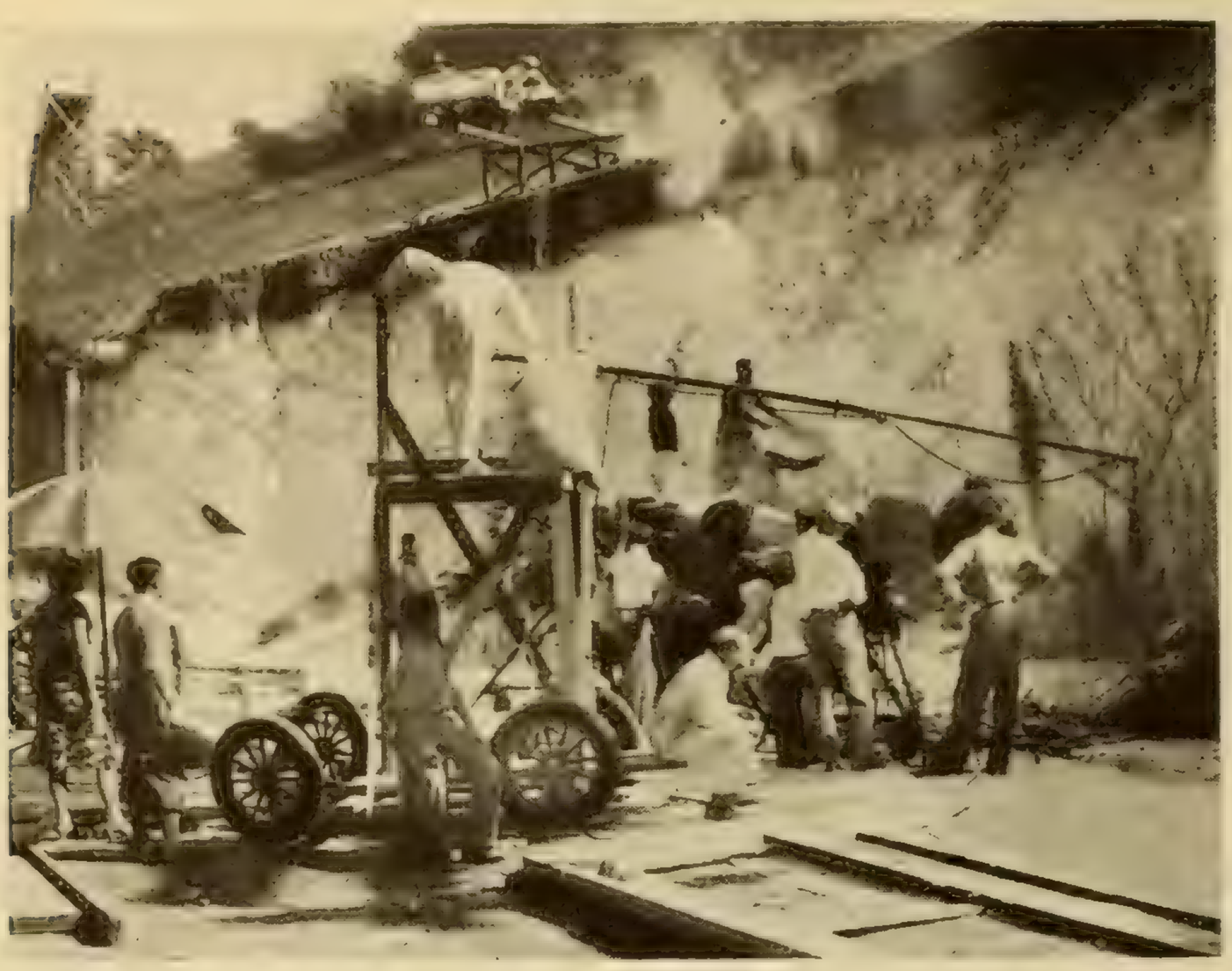
Lifebuoy

HEALTH SOAP

stops body odor—

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92]



Under a broiling sun, so hot that parasols are in order, it's snowing in Hollywood! The property boys are covering this cliff with studio snow so that John Boles and Lupe Velez can make a scene for "Resurrection," laid in coldest Russia. Yes, sir, they make snow, even if they die of sunstroke at it!

Then his pantomime is so good that *every*body understands it.

CHESTER MORRIS' dad, William Morris, well-known stage actor, is in pictures now. He has a big part in "The Gang Buster," Jack Oakie's new comedy.

"It took more'n a half year of high-powering on my part to get dad out to Hollywood and into pictures," Chester Morris explained.

"You see, dad has been on the stage more than forty years—and veterans of the stage get funny that way. Think it cheapens their art to do their stuff before the camera.

"Reminds me of the time when he was asked if he'd play a rôle in a stage play wherein I was the lead. 'Would you mind supporting your son?' the producer wired him. 'Why not?' he wired back; 'I've been doing it all his life!' "

"AFTER I got a foothold in pictures, I got dad out for a visit. He sat around and sat around and sat around and said the climate was fine but he couldn't stand doing nothing—he'd go crazy.

"So—I had nothing to do with this; oh, no! —he was offered a job in the Bert Lytell picture 'Brothers.' Because he was bored doing nothing, he took it.

"Well, he got much more salary for that than he ever got on the stage. And now he loves pictures! The salary check convinced him that pictures are a real business now, and he's here to stay!"

WHEN the Filmarte (a little Hollywood movie theater devoted to the higher things of the cinema) ran the silent UFA movie "Manon Lescaut," it advertised on its marquee "Marlene Dietrich." And, of course, the house was filled on the strength of it, but Lya de Putti (remember her in "Variety" and a couple of American films?) was the star and Dietrich had only a bit.

What's more, she played a comedy rôle and she was so plump that if you hadn't been watching pretty closely you'd never have recognized her.

The picture was made by UFA a good many months ago. It was filmed in France.

THE entire Los Angeles section of Southern California has been suffering from a wave of petty thievery. Radio broadcasts have warned citizens to leave their gems at home. There were close to three hundred robberies in the month of December. But, strange to say, the stars have been little molested.

Marie Dressler personally received a C. O. D. package from the delivery man for a department store. She paid by check. Ten minutes later the boy pounded at the door and asked if he could come in for a moment. He was white and trembling. A thief had held him up in Marie's back-yard and taken between eighty and ninety dollars. Since Marie's servants were out, she trembled a bit herself—and admits it.

PAUL FEJOS, directing the French version of "The Big House," was driving to Beverly Hills from the M-G-M studios. He stopped for a boulevard-stop. "Where's Robertson Boulevard?" a man queried. Fejos turned to point and felt something in his ribs. "Hand out your wallet!" Fejos complied and the young fellow selected twenty dollars from the more-than-a-hundred. "Give me your keys—you'll find them on the sidewalk in the middle of the next block." Fejos found them and drove home to announce, "The gag was worth twenty bucks. We'll use it in a picture."

Mary Bartol, in charge of magazine publicity for Universal, was robbed of the few dollars her pocketbook contained on the way home one evening. Her diamond ring was not touched.

A man employed in the Universal Studio café was held up in one of the busiest sections of Hollywood Boulevard one Saturday and relieved of fifteen dollars. The thief made a mistake. He thought he had stopped the payroll boy.

Russell Hoover, cameraman, was returning home from Radio Pictures at midnight when he was stopped at a stoplight intersection by another car. He thought the two men were police. "Get out," they ordered, and relieved him of his watch, seven dollars and a new overcoat.

HOWEVER, the bigger rackets directed against the stars continue. Reginald Denny was forced recently to broadcast a warning against a fellow posing as either himself or his brother. A bad check trail in the name of "Denny" was spreading over the entire Pacific Coast. The most daring pose was the acceptance of advance money for personal appearances in cities of Northern California.

RUDY VALLEE has left the Paramount Theater, in Brooklyn, N. Y., after a long engagement.

He took a two-weeks' holiday in Miami and then was due to start on a tour of other Publix Theaters.

Rudy's drawing power was slipping in Brooklyn. His Publix contract runs until June, 1931. He's still crooning his way to much money per week—even though he's never made good that threat to get a glass megaphone, as far as I know.

HOLLYWOOD has been full of McLaglens. Three of Big Victor's brothers are, or have been, out in the film colony.

War broke out between Vic and his brother Leopold. The latter filed suit for $90,000 damages, charging slander and defamation of character. He said Vic had remarked that "There's room for only one McLaglen in Hollywood—and that's I."

We await the next moves. What a war it would be if four huge McLaglens started brawling! Knock over a few *haciendas, that* would!

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112]

Hollywood's newest kid find! Little Jackie Searle scored such a sound hit as sissie *Sid Sawyer* in "Tom Sawyer" that Paramount clapped a long term contract on the lad and cast him in "Finn and Hattie Abroad"

inconspicuous

CORRECT IN EVERY STYLE DETAIL

EVERYTHING possible has been done to make Modess correct from the standpoint of style—and utility as well. The filler is softly fluffed, gently pliant. The edges are skilfully rounded—no sharp revealing lines. Even the gauze has been specially treated so that it has a smooth, easy surface and at the same time is sufficiently firm. And Modess is the most comfortable, completely protective sanitary convenience ever designed—reassuringly deodorant—easily disposable.

If at any time you feel that less thickness is desirable, try Modess Compact. Modess Compact has the same amount of soft, comfortable, protective filler as Modess Regular, but it has been gently compressed to about half the thickness.

Modess Compact is superlatively inconspicuous and is ideally suited for formal wear and travel. Because of its thinness, it has met with instant approval by girls approaching maturity and normally slender women.

Both Modess Compact and Modess Regular are packed in boxes of twelve—and are priced the same.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK. N.J.U.S.A.

World's largest makers of surgical dressings, bandages, Red Cross absorbent cotton, etc.

modess

TANGEE

"VOGUE" SAYS—

Paris decrees more natural make-up < <

"All Paris is creating more and more natural appearing make-up," says this famous fashion magazine of New York, London, Paris.

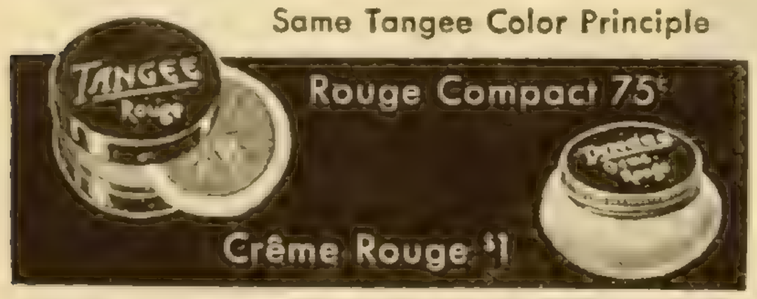
"A vivid slash of red lips has no place in today's very *feminine* and *individual* mode. All crudity and violent contrasts are out. Whatever colors bring out your own best points are right. Avoid, therefore, lipsticks that do not match your natural coloring." ©

• • •

TANGEE, the world's most famous Lipstick, leaves no greasy smear of glaring, flashy color. Magically, it takes on color after you apply it . . . and blends perfectly with your own natural, individual coloring. TANGEE is non-drying, non-greasy and permanent! $1.

NEW! Tangee THEATRICAL, a special dark shade of Tangee Lipstick, for professional and evening use.

Same Tangee Color Principle



SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET

Containing miniature Lipstick, two Rouges, Powder, two Creams and "The Art of Make-up."

THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO., DEPT. P3
417 Fifth Avenue New York

Name _____

Address _____

Ten Years Ago in PHOTOPLAY

CAL YORK dishes up the following paragraph of tittle tattle in the issue of PHOTOPLAY for March, 1921:

"It is said in studio circles that Leatrice Joy, who played in 'Bunty Pulls the Strings,' is to marry Jack Gilbert, director. At any rate, Miss Joy is wearing a diamond on the correct finger and neither of the parties has denied the engagement."

Well, Cal was right, as he often is to this day, dear old soul. But let's not look up the matter in 1931. It's not too pleasant to contemplate the awakening from love's young dream.

Too often it resembles a hangover.

THE same month saw the magazine give space to two more romances of pictureland that had come to the marriage stage.

And it was a double wedding. On Dec. 26, 1920, in Greenwich, Conn., which is New York's Gretna Green, Dorothy Gish and James Rennie were married. And so were Constance Talmadge and John Pialoglou.

At that time Connie and Dotty were Best Girl Friends, and two of the leading comediennes in pictures, and they took the big leap together.

The Talmadge marriage was brief, but the Gish marriage has endured—through storm and sunshine—to this day.

Remember this beauty? Jewel Carmen, the blonde charmer who ten years ago was bidding for stardom. She's now the wife of Director Roland West

THERE were big movie "permeers" a decade ago, just as there are in Hollywood and New York today—only they were peopled with the idols of that day.

The new Mission Theater, in Los Angeles, has just opened, with Doug Fairbanks' dashing romance, "The Mark of Zorro," as the attraction.

Let's look at the glittering guest list.

Doug and Mary, of course, "held hands in a box," according to the watchful Cal York. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Ince and Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Lasky were in good seats. (Tom, alas, is dead, but Jesse was never more alive). Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Warner had as their guest Pauline Frederick.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Reid and Mr. and Mrs. William Desmond were box-holders. Others—Gloria Swanson and Husband Herbert Somborn, Bebe Daniels and her mother, Lew Cody and Jack Pickford, beautiful Katherine MacDonald, surrounded by admiring males.

The same scene that Hollywoodians see in 1931—with some new faces, gowns and ermine. Remember the classic line of Caesar's about the Appian Way—it applies equally to changing filmland.

"You and I grow old, Horatius, but the crowd on Hollywood Boulevard is ever the same age."

WHO are our roto beauties in March, 1921? Jean Paige, for one. Mary Hay, and Phyllis Haver; Mary MacLaren, and Virginia Valli . . . We go in for slightly regal writing ladies this month. An article by Elinor Glyn on "Filmdom's Boudoirs," and a short story by the then-reigning Olga Petrova . . . And a loving picture of Alice Brady and her husband, James Crane. Great grief, can it be but ten short years ago? . . . An article by Prof. Bernard Sobel, of the English Department at Purdue University. It's called "How They Do It," and gives the stars' recipes for screen success. Hmmm. A few years later Bernard Sobel became one of the best press-agents Florenz Ziegfeld ever had, and as this is written, guides the publicity department of the great Columbia Broadcasting Company. From the classic shades of Purdue to Broadway—just a hop, skip and jump, after all!

TWO little stories about two people prominent in the public eye.

Here's Madge Bellamy—eighteen, with enormous and beautiful eyes. She's new to pictures, and coming to much notice. And across the way is Mahlon Hamilton, stage leading man who, in 1921, is knocking over feminine film fans right and left with his manly charms on the screen.

We still see Hamilton, an excellent actor, now and again. But where is Madge? Let's set up a hue, and even a cry, for that pretty girl.

PICTURES of the month—George B. Seitz, Marguerite Courtot, and June Caprice in "Rogues and Romance," which Seitz wrote, directed and starred in . . . Alice Joyce in "Cousin Kate," directed by Mrs. Sidney Drew . . . Constance Talmadge and Kenneth Harlan in "Dangerous Business" . . . Bill Hart in "The Testing Block" . . . In "Polly with a Past" Ina Claire makes her motion picture début. It was the first play—and later, film—which ever joshed the movies, even good-naturedly. Dorothy Gish and James Rennie, newlyweds, in "Flying Pat," one of the very earliest aviation comedies . . . Wally Reid and Lila Lee in "The Charm School" Charlie Ray in "Nineteen, and Phyllis." . . .

FROM the indefatigable Cal York's gossip counter—

Pauline Frederick is reported about to marry a producer's executive.

Buster Collier looks like star material.

Alice Joyce stops work at four and serves tea on the set. (That story seems to be still good in 1931.)

Pola Negri's picture, "Passion," broke all records for a weekly gross intake at New York's Capitol Theater. It took in $55,000. (The record is now held by the first week of Garbo's "Anna Christie." The receipts for that week were $109,000—just double Pola's figures.)

Hoot Gibson, driving a new racing model, smacks into a garage door and hurts the feelings of the garage owner—also his own car.

Fatty Arbuckle is a great hit in Paris, being wined and dined widely, and no pun intended, either.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Only with this brilliant Nail Make-up *are hands truly Alluring . . .*

In the 8 fashion cities of the world smart women agree that its fascinating lustre surpasses all others

IN New York, Paris and London . . . gay Madrid, Rome and the Argentine . . . glamorous Budapest and the romantic city of Vienna, Cutex Liquid Polish is the newest aid to romance.

The things every clever woman wants in a polish are first—high lustre—then quick drying and long wear. Cutex Liquid Polish dries in 30 seconds, lasts a week, never discolors or peels untidily.

Perfume in nail polish can add nothing to these qualities, and often conflicts with a woman's own favorite scent. For this reason Cutex has never stressed perfume in polish, and its quality remains unexcelled—the result of 16 years of specializing in manicure preparations!

Everywhere beautiful women prefer it. Madge Garland, London's famous woman editor of "Britannia and Eve," says, "To hunt, to shoot, or dig in the garden and still have hands that captivate men across the tea table is a problem English women have solved perfectly with this glamorous, durable nail make-up."

Follow this easy Cutex method. First scrub the nails. Then remove the old, lifeless cuticle and cleanse the tips with Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser.

Now remove the old polish with Cutex Polish Remover and brush on your favorite shade of gleaming Cutex Liquid Polish . . . Then a touch of Cuticle Cream or Oil, and under the tips a little Nail White.

After this simple weekly manicure, a few minutes each day will keep your hands always romantically lovely. Cutex has always been first with every new aid for beautifying the nails.

Put your Nail Polish to this Test. Does it . . .

1. dry in 30 seconds?
2. never crack, peel, or discolor?
3. last a whole week?
4. sparkle always with chic lustre?
5. come in sturdy bottles, easy to open?

Cutex Manicure Preparations, 35¢. Liquid Polish with Remover, 50¢.

NORTHAM WARREN, NEW YORK, LONDON, PARIS

Women everywhere make hearts beat faster . . . with this brilliant new Cutex Nail Make-up

Cutex Liquid Polish ONLY 35¢

Tips the fingers with romance

I enclose 12¢ for the Cutex Manicure Set containing sufficient preparations for six complete manicures. (In Canada, address Post Office Box 230, Montreal.)

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. 1 Q-3

191 Hudson Street . . . . . New York, N. Y.

_____

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Genuine
MAYBELLINE
PREPARATIONS

for
ALLURING EYES
instantly

If you would have alluring eyes . . . eyes that plainly speak the loveliness of your beauty, but that do not even whisper the means taken to accentuate them—use *genuine* Maybelline preparations. Only they, can transform eyes into bewitching pools —without revealing the secret. That's why millions of women have insisted upon the genuine for more than fifteen years.

Maybelline Eyelash Darkener will make your lashes appear naturally dark, long and luxuriant—instantly. May be had in solid and waterproof liquid forms.

Maybelline Eye Shadow in four delicate, subtle shades—Blue, Brown, Black, Green—will greatly enhance the beauty, brilliance and expression of your eyes.

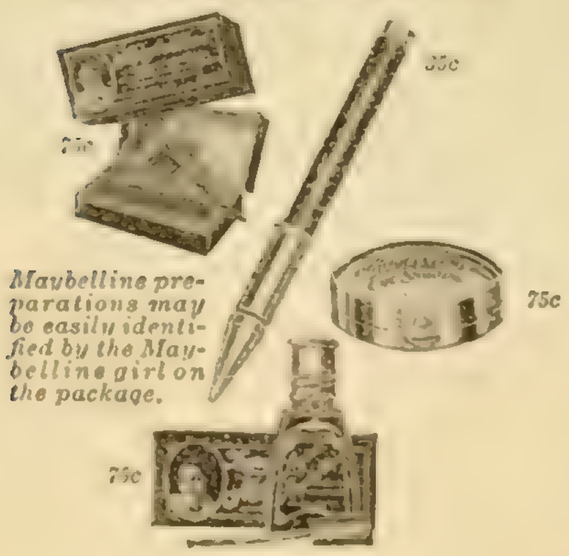
Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil—a clean, indestructible pencil that doesn't crumble, will form and line your brows for the finishing touch. Choose Black or Brown.

Insist upon genuine, *harmless* Maybelline preparations—at Drug and Dept. stores.

MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

Maybelline

EYELASH DARKENER
EYE SHADOW
EYEBROW PENCIL



Maybelline preparations may be easily identified by the Maybelline girl on the package.

These New Faces

Watch for This Each Month

ROSE HOBART ("A Lady Surrenders," Universal) is the daughter of parents who were professional musicians, but Rose turned to the theater soon after leaving boarding school. While playing the ingénue lead in "Death Takes a Holiday," she was signed for pictures. She appeared in "Liliom" with Charlie Farrell, and is now at Universal.

SYLVIA SIDNEY ("City Streets," Paramount) is looked on with high favor by Paramount to whom she is under contract. She appeared in the Fox talkie, "Thru Different Eyes," two years ago. Sylvia was born in New York, in 1910, and went into the theater in her mid-teens. This season she appeared on Broadway in the play, "Bad Girl."

C. AUBREY SMITH ("The Bachelor Father," M-G-M) is a British actor who has adorned the American stage for many years. Born in London and educated at Cambridge, he has been in the theater, both here and abroad, for many years. He played the same rôle in "The Bachelor Father" on Broadway that he is now enacting in the Marion Davies talkie.

HENRIETTA CROSMAN ("The Royal Family of Broadway," Paramount) is one of the best-loved veterans of the American stage. She was, for many years, a star. Miss Crosman, now sixty-five, made her stage début in 1883. A few years ago she played in "Merry Wives of Windsor," with Mrs. Fiske, most successfully. This is her first talkie.

RALF HAROLDE ("Hook, Line and Sinker," Radio Pictures) has been doing the heavy villainy for Radio since his talkie début in "Jazz Heaven" a year and a half ago. Although only thirty-one, he was on the stage for twelve years before going into pictures. Ralf is a Pittsburgh boy, his parents being Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Wigger of that town.

ELISSA LANDI ("Body and Soul," Fox) is this company's newest candidate for big film things. Born in Venice twenty-four years ago, she appeared on the London stage for several seasons, and has had two novels published. Fox scouts saw her in "A Farewell to Arms" at a Broadway theater and said "Here's a girl for talkies." Signed she was!

JUNE MacCLOY ("Reaching for the Moon," United Artists) came to Hollywood via the popular musical show route—"Scandals," to be exact. June was born in Sturgis, Mich., and went to school at Ursuline Academy, Toledo, O. Well liked in the Fairbanks film, she's now under contract to Paramount. June is twenty-one, blonde and blue-eyed.

ROBERT ALLEN ("Night Nurse," Warner Bros.) had one of those breaks—he lived next door to someone influential in pictures. He's a Dartmouth boy, now twenty-four years old, and very good looking indeed. He went West to join the Warner army with little or no stage experience, but they expect considerable of the young man from Hanover.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

A New Invention

That Banishes Chafing and Discomfort from Women's Hygiene

The Most Talked About Hygienic Aid for Women of the Day—Brings New Poise and Comfort

PURE *Rayon* Cellulose Filled

Soft and Gentle as Fluffed Silk . . . and Effective 3 Times Longer

THERE is now an *utterly new* and *totally different* hygiene for women.

Not merely another sanitary pad, but an invention of world-wide importance.

An entirely new kind of sanitary napkin made possible by a new mechanical invention. It is New in design. New in material. New and remarkable in the results that it gives.

Women by the thousands are discarding other type sanitary methods and adopting it. For it has *two distinct advantages*—advantages that have never before been offered to women.

Ends All Chafing—All Irritations!

Patented under U. S. Patents (U. S. Patent No. 1702530), it is different from any other pad. It is so unique in its results that we want you to see for yourself. We want to send you a sample (in plain wrapping, of course). We want you to open this sample and examine it. You will note it is filled with pure Rayon Cellulose. Soft as fluffed silk.

You will see from its construction why *it cannot possibly chafe or irritate.* Hence no more discomfort from wearing a sanitary pad! Consider what this means.

Its softness is the gentle softness of fluffed silk. Its "feel" gives you a contrast that will turn you forever from irritating old ways.

Remains Effective Hours Longer

This new invention also makes Veldown 5 or more times more absorbent than other sanitary methods now known or ever known to women. When you receive this sample you will see, from its patented construction, just why it can be worn in complete *safety* and protection *hours longer* than other sanitary methods.

Women by the thousands are discarding old methods and adopting this new, far gentler hygienic aid.

It is specially treated with a deodorant—and thus ends any danger of embarrassment. Discards, of course, easily as tissue.

Accept Trial

The claims made here, we know, are unusual. If they are true, we know you want to take advantage of this remarkable new invention. We want you to see the difference with your own eyes. So for the sake of your own *comfort* and *safety*, please send the coupon, and examine Veldown yourself. VELDOWN COMPANY, INC., 220 E. 42nd Street, New York City. *One of the Divisions of the International Paper & Power Company.*

PH-3-31

MISS LUCY T. COSTELLO, R. N.
Veldown Company, Inc.,
220 E. 42nd St., New York.

Please mail me, in plain wrapper, free of charge, a sample of Veldown for my inspection.

*Name*_____

*Street Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

141 R

Veldown
FOR EVERY WOMAN

A SMALL AD

... BUT *OH MY!*

We might take full pages to tell you that OLD GOLD is the finest, throat-easiest cigarette.

But why waste space when all we want to say is:—"TRY THEM!" One pack is worth a thousand words!

O. G. has defeated every other leading cigarette in public *taste-tests*. Your throat . . . your taste will tell you why. And no double page ad could tell you more.

© P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

OLD GOLD

CIGARETTES

NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD

Addresses of the Stars

Hollywood, Calif.

Paramount Publix Studios

Richard Arlen
Jean Arthur
George Bancroft
Clara Bow
Mary Brian
Martin Burton
Ruth Chatterton
June Collyer
Juliette Compton
Gary Cooper
Frances Dee
Marlene Dietrich
Leon Errol
Stuart Erwin
Stanley Fields
Kay Francis
Skeets Gallagher
Mitzi Green
Phillips Holmes
Carole Lombard
Paul Lukas
Marcia Manners
Cyril Maude
Rosita Moreno
Barry Norton
Jack Oakie
Guy Oliver
Eugene Pallette
Ramon Pereda
William Powell
Charles Rogers
Stanley Smith
Regis Toomey
Fay Wray

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Frank Albertson
Luana Alcaniz
Robert Ames
Michael Bartlett
Warner Baxter
Humphrey Bogart
El Brendel
Lucile Browne
Robert Burns
Joan Castle
Virginia Cherrill
Marguerite Churchill
William Collier, Sr.
Joyce Compton
Roxanne Curtis
Fifi Dorsay
Charles Farrell
John Garrick
Janet Gaynor
C. Henry Gordon
Louise Huntington
Warren Hymer
Keating Sisters
Richard Keene
Jane Keith
Nancy Kelly
J. M. Kerrigan
Elissa Landi
Dixie Lee
Marion Lessing
George Lewis
Myrna Loy
Edmund Lowe
Claire Luce
Sharon Lynn
Leslie May
Jeanette MacDonald
Kenneth MacKenna
Frances McCoy
Victor McLaglen
Don Jose Mojica
Goodee Montgomery
Lois Moran
J. Harold Murray
George O'Brien
Maureen O'Sullivan
Nat Pendleton
Will Rogers
David Rollins
Jillian Sand
John Swor
Lee Tracy
Spencer Tracy
Ruth Warren
John Wayne
Marjorie White

Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St.

Amos and Andy
Henry Armetta
Mary Astor
Roscoe Ates
Evelyn Brent
Sue Carol
Joseph Cawthorn
Betty Compson
Ricardo Cortez
Bebe Daniels
John Darrow
Richard Dix
Irene Dunne
Eddie Foy, Jr
Noel Francis
Ralf Harolde
Hugh Herbert
Rita LaRoy
Ivan Lebedeff
Dorothy Lee
Everett Marshall
Joel McCrea
Jack Mulhall
Edna May Oliver
Roberta Robinson
Lowell Sherman
Katya Sorina
Ned Sparks
Leni Stengel
Bert Wheeler
Robert Woolsey

Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd.

George Arliss
John Barrymore
Noah Beery
Joan Blondell
Joe E. Brown
James Cagney
Donald Cook
Claudia Dell
Irene Delroy
Robert Elliott
Frank Fay
John Halliday
Leon Janney
Evalyn Knapp
Winnie Lightner
Ben Lyon
Marian Marsh
Edward Morgan
Olsen and Johnson
Barbara Weeks
Jack Whiting

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Joan Bennett
Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Ronald Colman
Dolores Del Rio
Douglas Fairbanks
Jean Harlow
Al Jolson
Evelyn Laye
June MacCloy
Una Merkel
Chester Morris
Mary Pickford
Gloria Swanson
Norma Talmadge

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Richard Cromwell
Constance Cummings
Ralph Graves
Jack Holt
Buck Jones
Margaret Livingston
Bert Lytell
Dorothy Revier
Dorothy Sebastian
Miriam Seegar
Barbara Stanwyck

Culver City, Calif.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

William Bakewell
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Edwina Booth
John Mack Brown
Lenore Bushman
Harry Carey
Joan Crawford
Jose Crespo
Marion Davies
Reginald Denny
Kent Douglass
Marie Dressler
Cliff Edwards
Julia Faye
Greta Garbo
John Gilbert
William Haines
Hedda Hopper
Lottice Howell
Leila Hyams
Dorothy Jordan
Buster Keaton
Arnold Korff
Andre Luguet
Ellen McCarthy
Joan Marsh
Adolphe Menjou
John Miljan
Conchita Montenegro
Robert Montgomery
Grace Moore
Polly Moran
Catherine Moylan
Conrad Nagel
Ramon Novarro
Edward Nugent
Anita Page
Lucille Powers
Marie Prevost
Marjorie Rambeau
Duncan Renaldo
Norma Shearer
Gus Shy
Lewis Stone
Lawrence Tibbett
Ernest Torrence
Raquel Torres
Lester Vail

Pathe Studios

Robert Armstrong
Constance Bennett
Bill Boyd
James and Russell Gleason
Ann Harding
Eddie Quillan
Helen Twelvetrees

Hal Roach Studios

Charley Chase
Mickey Daniels
Dorothy Granger
Oliver Hardy
Mary Kornman
Harry Langdon
Stan Laurel
Gertie Messinger
Our Gang
David Sharpe
Grady Sutton

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

Margaret Adams
Lew Ayres
John Boles
Hoot Gibson
Bela Lugosi
Charles Murray
Mary Nolan
George Sidney
Slim Summerville
Genevieve Tobin
Lupe Velez
John Wray

Burbank, Calif.

First National Studios

Richard Barthelmess
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Glenda Farrell
Joe Frisco
Walter Huston
Fred Kohler
Dorothy Mackaill
David Manners
Marilyn Miller
Ona Munson
Dorothy Peterson
James Rennie
Otis Skinner
Loretta Young

Long Island City, New York

Paramount New York Studio

Clive Brook
Nancy Carroll
Maurice Chevalier
Ina Claire
Claudette Colbert
Norman Foster
Miriam Hopkins
Fredric March
Marx Brothers
Frank Morgan
Ginger Rogers
Charlie Ruggles
Charles Starrett
Ed Wynn

Hollywood, Calif.

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Ave.
Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower St.
Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd.
Philippe De Lacy, 904 Guaranty Bldg.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Jackie Coogan, 673 S. Oxford Ave.
Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Ave.
Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland St.
Ruth Roland, 3828 Wilshire Blvd.
Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd.

Gilda Gray, 22 E. 60th St., New York
William S. Hart, Horseshoe Ranch, Newhall, Calif.
Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.
George K. Arthur and Karl Dane request that their mail be sent to them in Beverly Hills, Calif. No street address is necessary.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Robert Ames and Mary Astor in a scene from their new RKO picture, "Behind Office Doors"

"When we need a clock on the RKO lot, we call for a Warren Telechron★—RKO Studios"

MOVIE-MAKING is an exacting business. Efficient production demands that scenes be shot strictly on schedule. Naturally the big companies depend upon Telechron Electric Clocks—the most modern, most accurate time-tellers ever devised.

Radio Pictures has used a number of Telechron models in its new picture, "Behind Office Doors," featuring Mary Astor, Robert Ames, Catherine Dale Owen, Ricardo Cortez and a splendid supporting cast. Three models from that picture are shown below. Watch for them when "Behind Office Doors" comes to your theater.

Telechron Clocks never need winding or oiling or regulating. Their uncanny precision is made possible by Telechron Master Clocks in America's power houses. Only clocks marked "Telechron" on the dial can bring you true Telechron service.

There are Telechron motored clocks in rich variety—tall grandfather's clocks for hall or stairway—other models for wall or mantel, desk or dressing-table. Some with chimes, with alarms, with illuminated dials, and other novel features. You'll find them displayed by a dealer near you, listed in the classified telephone directory under "Telechron."

Telechron Clocks range in price from $9.75 to $55. The Revere Clock Company of Cincinnati, Ohio, manufactures chiming clocks with Telechron motors, priced from $40 to $1200.

★ Telechron is the trade-mark, registered in the U.S. Patent Office, of the Warren Telechron Company.

WARREN TELECHRON COMPANY
ASHLAND, MASSACHUSETTS

Telechron

APOLLO—Moulded case. Chromium fittings. $15

ENGLEWOOD—Mahogany. Maple panels. $12.50

HOSTESS—For the kitchen. Moulded case. $9.75

HALF-FACE TEST *brings Thrilling Proof*

OF SKIN-LOVELINESS WITHIN REACH OF EVERY WOMAN

Compare the picture at left with the one on the right. Here is striking proof of the difference that faithful use of Woodbury's Facial Soap means to your skin.

15 Eminent Dermatologists test leading beauty aids on the faces of 612 women. Actual case records prove superiority of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

TAKE case No. 49 from the Chicago Clinic. Physicians found her skin uncommonly dry. She followed the standard daily ritual. On the left side of her face . . . her usual cleansing method. On the right side . . . Woodbury's Facial Soap. At the end of the test, doctors reported the right side distinctly less dry. Complexion clear. Texture smooth and lovely.

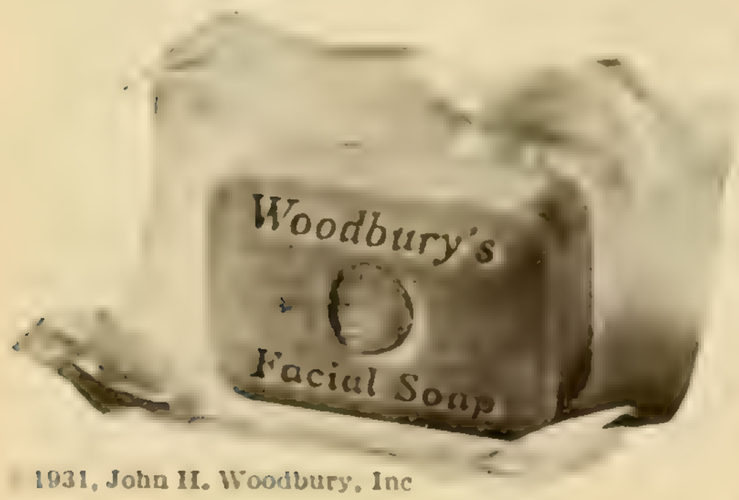
Some women say, "But I can't use soap on my face!" Many of the women who made this test had been of that opinion. But they discovered, in less than a week, that Woodbury's is more than a soap. That it is a complete beauty treatment . . . in cake form. Soothing to the most sensitive skin. And beautifying . . . to *any* skin.

At all drug and toilet goods counters. Or mail coupon for generous sample.

• • •

"I have examined the statements made in this advertisement. They are correct and in accord with the reports of 15 dermatologists who conducted the comparative tests . . . These dermatologists are known to me as skin specialists of the highest professional standing."

(*Signed*) Walter J. Leighman M.D.



1931, John H. Woodbury, Inc

MAY WE SEND YOU DAINTY SAMPLES?

JOHN H. WOODBURY, INC.
803 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. If you live in Canada, address John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ont.

Enclosed find 10¢ for trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and generous samples of two Woodbury's Creams and Facial Powder. I would like counsel on conditions checked below:

Oily skin ☐ Flabby skin ☐ Sallow skin ☐
Dry skin ☐ Coarse pores ☐ Pimples ☐
Wrinkles ☐ Blackheads ☐

Name _____

Address _____

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

They Are Hollywood's Best Known Unknowns

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73]

the worst of 'em and his parents and those of a famous French actor were of the same mind when they named the baby.

Number Nine: You saw her 'way back in the days when Von Stroheim's "Greed" was making producers pull out their hair. She had a fat part in "The Merry-Go-Round" but it didn't bring her the fame that came to several of her fellow players in that opus. You should remember her in "The Wedding March," "Foolish Wives" and as the nurse in "The Sacred Flame." Not long ago you wondered who she was when she appeared as the secretary in "Office Wife" and she brought notice in "The Man From Blankley's." Still going strong she is a wow as *Sally Scrubbs* in "The Great Meadow." We could give you a hint but surely in *her* case you won't have any difficulty in filling in D—— F——!

Number Ten: Last but not least—well rather not—is this tough looking hombre in the ten gallon kelly. *Steve* in "The Noose," in evidence in both "The Virginian" and "The Texan," he did noble execution as *McDougal*, the mate, in "The Delightful Rogue," as a member of the gang in "The Border Legion," the constable in "The Old Homestead," in "A Devil with Women" and some umpty ump others during the past twenty years. If you're a graybeard, you'll remember him as one of the perils in the old Universal serials, too. When it comes to dialect for the talkies he spik's dem all. You know Ed, so put his last name down and let's count your score.

AND there, folks, you have them, Hollywood's Best Known Unknowns. Without them the motion picture business would be up Salt Creek and no paddle. They are more important to you and me than any star for a star—pouf—can be made in ten days, the time it takes to make a batch of home-brew, while only experience, knowledge and the magic of time can perfect rare vintages.

And now, after we've practically done it for you, take your pencil and see how many of them you can name before you turn to page 131 for the right answers.

March Birthdays

March 1—John Loder
March 3—Jean Harlow
March 3—Edmund Lowe
March 4—Dorothy Mackaill
March 11—Lois Moran
March 15—George Sidney
March 16—Marion Byron
March 16—Conrad Nagel
March 18—Betty Compson
March 18—Edward Everett Horton
March 22—Bernice Claire
March 23—Robert Ames
March 23—Joan Crawford
March 24—Jameson Thomas
March 25—El Brendel
March 27—Gloria Swanson
March 29—Warner Baxter
March 29—Wheezer
March 30—Anna Q. Nilsson
March 31—Eddie Quillan
March 31—Victor Varconi

• SKINNER'S

CREPES
CREPE SATINS
GEORGETTES
SHANTUNGS
CHIFFONS

For the woman who seeks unusual beauty of fabric—and the wearing quality which has made SKINNER the most famous name in Silks.

Skinner's
Silks

Obtainable by the yard at leading silk departments. Also in ready-to-wear dresses and ensembles at smart shops.

This afternoon frock is fashioned of Skinner's Crepe Romaine, with a touch of lace. It features a peplum cut in one with a front panel. A simulated bolero in the form of an applied wide band adds to its charm.

"LOOK FOR THE NAME IN THE SELVAGE"

SKINNER'S SKINNER'S SKINNER'S SKINNER'S SKINNER'S SKINNER'S SKINNER'S SKINNER'S SKINNER'S SKINNE

WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS . NEW YORK . CHICAGO . BOSTON . PHILADELPHIA . SAN FRANCISCO . . . ESTABLISHED 1848

Lovely hair
is the key to
feminine charm

...and HOLD-BOBS are the secret of a beautiful hairdress! An adorable face, faultless skin . . . how often these girlish charms are spoiled by hair that falls short of perfection! And how often the plainest of features are glorified...made truly beautiful by lovely hair!

The most becoming hairdress is not sufficient...you must be sure that it will stay that way. HOLD-BOBS will keep the most wayward hair, whether it is bobbed, long or growing, in place all day long and all evening. HOLD-BOBS are invisible. The smooth round points cannot scratch. The flexible crimped sides of HOLD-BOBS hold fast . . . HOLD-BOBS don't fall out.

You can tell HOLD-BOBS by their shape and by the gold and silver metal foil cards. Sold everywhere at 10 cents. Send for the new booklet on Modern Hair Culture, and supply of HOLD-BOBS free.

THE HUMP HAIRPIN MFG. COMPANY
(Division of Chain Store Products Corporation)
Sol. H. Goldberg, President
1918-36 Prairie Ave., Dept. 173, Chicago, Illinois

THE HUMP HAIRPIN MANUFACTURING CO.
1918-36 Prairie Avenue
Dept. 173, Chicago, Illinois

Please send me the booklet on Modern Hair Culture and latest hairdress styles and FREE sample card of pins.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

☐ Blonde ☐ Brunette

Short Subjects *of the* Month

HERE are some of the things that are happening in the short subject field this month:

Johnny Hines has made a reappearance, after a long absence.

Mack Sennett's talking comedies, and the antics of Lloyd Hamilton, seem to be getting better right along.

And the new monkey comedy, reviewed below, is a howl!

DANCE HALL MARGE

Sennett—Educational

Way above average as a laugh-maker. That grand little trouper, Marjorie Beebe, is great as a taxi dancer, gone society, who is trying to escape the clutches of a dastardly butler, played for all there is in it by the funny Harry Gribbon. Some swell under-water scenes.

NINE NIGHTS IN A BARROOM

Tiffany

Tiffany's now-famous chimps are up to their monkey-shines again in this screaming burlesque on the old play. You'll die to hear "Father, dear father, come home with me now" in the chimpanzee version. The human dialogue, dubbed on, is fine. You'll roar.

WE, WE, MARIE

Universal

Universal is still using the "All Quiet" sets for this funny number in the series of Slim Summerville-Eddie Gribbon comedies. Laughter here comes from action and not dialogue, and there's plenty of funny action. You'll enjoy seeing little Pauline Garon as *Marie*.

DON'T LEAVE HOME

Educational

Well, if here isn't Johnny Hines! The little comic with the big grin is using the gags that made him popular during his starring days in the silent era, and getting plenty of laughs. Most of the comedy concerns Johnny and a baby—sometimes genuine, often dummy.

THE LOVE BARGAIN

Mermaid—Educational

This is a fast moving comedy filled with domestic complications, broken dishes and all the dear old hokum that still dredges laughter. Bobby Agnew, masquerading as a chauffeur to win the girl he loves, is hired by Alberta Vaughn and Tyler Brooke. More *fun!*

MICKEY'S BARGAIN

Darmour—Radio Pictures

Another of the hilarious series based on Fontaine Fox's cartoons. This time there's a lot of laughable nonsense at the expense of all "covered wagon" pictures. Mickey and the other kids, notably tiny Billy Barty, are very funny, and the gags get plenty laughter.

GIOVANNI MARTINELLI

Warners—Vitaphone Variety

Martinelli made one of the first Vitaphone shorts, and is still a prominent figure on the Warner list of short subjects. Here, instead of appearing in a scene from an opera, the tenor sings two semi-popular numbers, "Love's Garden of Roses" and "Because."

THE CHISELERS

Hal Roach—M-G-M

Laurel and Hardy, the goldurned fools, are at it again. This time they manage to ship their wives out of the picture so they can make a little of what is hopefully called whoopee. But the wandering wives get back in time to catch the boys on the loose.

MARRIAGE ROWS

Educational

Lloyd Hamilton is hitting his stride in talking comedies, and it's a fast one. This is a daisy, with Ham screamingly funny as a suspicious husband given to hysteria. Who should be "the other man" but our old pal Al St. John. You really shouldn't miss this one.

UNDER A COCK EYED MOON

Pathe

This take-off on romantic Western pictures features Si Wills and Bob Carney. The boys play a couple of Eastern sapperinos who wander into a tough Arizona town and then get rewards for unwittingly capturing the worst boys in town. Not rib-splitting.

THE ITCHING HOUR

Darmour—Radio Pictures

When a comedy has Louise Fazenda, just how much more does it need? Well, just enough comic situations to give Louise a chance to strut her copious stuff. Here she and her fellow actors spend the night in a haunted hotel. Shocks, shivers and lots of laughs. Rare nonsense.

ANYTHING BUT HAM

Paramount

Smith and Dale, the well-known vaudeville comedians, feature this short comedy as a trusting butcher and a slick banker who gets the meat-cutter's money. Two formerly prominent girls in support—Betty Blythe and Gertrude Mudge. It gets some laughter.

THREE HOLLYWOOD GIRLS

Educational—Ideal

A two-reeler with pace and dialogue that put many a feature in the shade. Leota Lane, Rita Flynn and Phyllis Crane are the girls. Aided by Eddie Nugent's flip antics, it's a travesty of girls who get to Hollywood via beauty contests.

IN OLD MAZUMA

Universal

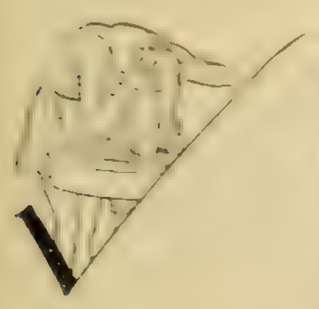
Another burlesque of Western romantic melodrama, with Charlie Murray and George Sidney in the leading rôles. Murray plays the army sergeant hunting for "The Cisco Kid"—that's Sidney, playing the Mex bad man. The boys don't do any too well in this one

Can loveliness be this simple?

It seems so easy for some women *always* to look their very best ... to attract admiring attention wherever they go ... to know just what to do to magnify their natural charm.

And their secret *really is* quite simple. Merely careful attention, every morning, every evening, every night to just a few all-important (but easily-neglected) details. For instance:

Loveliness of face. How can your skin be radiantly clear unless it is really clean? How can your new make-up look its best unless all the old is first removed? The simple answer is frequent washing with soap and warm water. Ask any doctor —he'll tell you there is no substitute for soap and water. For many helpful suggestions use coupon below.

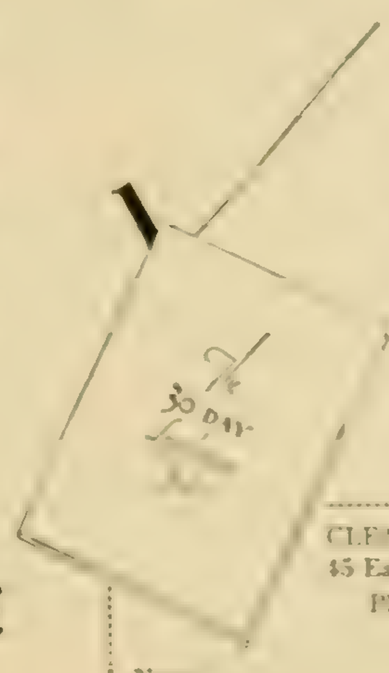


Loveliness of hair. Would you have soft, smooth, lustrous hair? Lovely hair that glints and glistens? Then don't let grime kill its beauty. Shampoo frequently. It's the most important single thing in caring for the hair. Check up on this matter at regular intervals! Learn the fine art of shampooing.

Loveliness of clothes. After all, the best way to look smart and neat and immaculate is actually to be that way. Each time you dress, examine every garment critically. Collars, cuffs, lingerie, stockings, handkerchiefs, gloves—watch them all very, very carefully. Put on nothing that isn't crisply clean. Read our free booklet for further suggestions.

Loveliness of hands. You admire the soft, smooth whiteness of attractive hands. But remember that hands don't stay beautiful without attention. Manicure your nails every week. Soap-scrub them every day. Wash your hands frequently and always do it carefully! These, and a few other simple things, will do much to make your hands more lovely.

And most important. Never expect to look your *very* best unless you have just stepped out of the bath tub! In addition to real cleanliness the bath brings new poise and self-assurance ... gives your personality a better chance. Beyond doubt, the bath is the basis of all good grooming!



This free booklet tells all. Above we have suggested several of the "essential little details." Would you like to know the others?....And more about those touched upon? Then send for *The Thirty Day Loveliness Test* ... a practical, helpful booklet. Easy instructions ... and *a definite program to follow.* Free for the asking.

CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE

Established to promote public welfare by teaching the value of cleanliness

CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE, Dept. N-3 Print
45 East 17th Street, New York, N. Y.
Please send me free of all cost "The Thirty Day Loveliness Test"

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

Beauty tells Beauty...

"a new cosmetique that WON'T MAKE LASHES BRITTLE"

INSTINCTIVELY—women know: nothing flatters as much as the fringe of dark lashes around sparkling eyes...And yet—ordinary cosmetiques—though they darken lashes—so often give an unnatural and "theatrical" effect. So often lashes become coarse and brittle...Perhaps, therefore, you've hesitated to use these preparations...If so, the *new* Winx with its Double Treatment Formula is made just for you...First, it darkens and beautifies lashes. It makes them look long and soft. The effect is smart—yes—but always discreet and natural. Then—Winx actually *softens* lashes. Brittle or coarse lashes are *impossible*...Try the new Winx... now for sale at department and drug stores.

The new Winx (with the Double Treatment) comes in two forms. Liquid *is absolutely waterproof.* Cake *is now packed in a smart, silvery compact which fits into the flattest bag.* Winx is *easy* to use.

For Lovely Lashes

Still Kicking Around

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

some of the others, or replace them. They even wear out, but as we tried to say, while being so rudely interrupted, we improve with age.

"Every patch adds distinction and character. Every new sole lends poise and equilibrium that we assure you comes in quite handy when Charlie makes one of his funny skids around a corner."

"You must have had quite a few soles during your career," I queried, "for if my memory serves me correctly, every picture contains several such skids."

"WELL, let's see. Not as many as one might suppose.

"We're of hardy stock, you know, only the finest materials used—we couldn't have had more than nine soles.

"But perhaps you shouldn't mention that. It would sound too much like we were made of catgut—er—we mean skin."

"You were given those soles and the other repairing was done here at the studio?" I asked.

"No," they answered, "there's a little old-fashioned cobbler on Highland Avenue who acts as our family doctor.

"He's a real artist, too—delights in his work and craftsmanship and knows all our idiosyncrasies.

"Every patch and sole we've had has been designed and applied by him.

"No one else could take his place as far as we're concerned.

"It might seem sentimental, but it's worth a great deal to see his face light up whenever the boss takes us to him. He always carries us there, himself."

"That's interesting," I said, "and, now, won't you tell me something about your work? You must have had some very entertaining experiences, been lots of places and seen many things."

They leaned towards each other, loosened their laces, another eye, and smiled knowingly as if to say, "And how!"

"Millions have laughed at us, doing our funny little walk, or comic kicks and antics, but it is impossible they could have gotten any more laughs out of us than we've had ourselves.

"When we were brand-new, it was such fun with Charlie practicing his funny walk. We would get tangled quite a bit. That was because we were so loose on his feet, we suppose.

"He ordinarily wears a number 6C while we are number 12AA. Quite a difference.

"It is really surprising how adept he has become at handling such a discrepancy. But we had hundreds of squeaky chuckles tripping him and getting all mixed up with each other, sometimes intentionally, before he got so good.

"CHARLIE must have been quite pleased that he had made us so large when he first began throwing things over his shoulder and kicking them with that little back flip, for if we had been smaller he would have missed more often.

"Incidentally, that trick and the skids around corners get more laughs from the kids than any others. The grown-ups laugh, too, but they seem to enjoy the subduing of dignity more.

"They laugh most when the boss plants us in the seat of a policeman's pants or when we trip a haughty lady.

"It's not so much fun, though, to kick a policeman. In the pictures they always seem to be unaware that they are going to be kicked.

"But just between us, they're always prepared for it with some kind of hard substance or padding.

"That's one of the reasons why our toes are so scuffed and worn looking.

"We've worked in nearly forty pictures. We have helped form plots for many of them, too," they jubilantly declared as they gave the others a withering glance.

"During production of all the pictures there are many story conferences. They're really funnier than the pictures themselves. Several executives gather in a room with the boss. They make suggestions for 'gags,' each one thinking everybody else's suggestion is terrible and sometimes many angry words are exchanged.

"At these times, when they're all about ready to give up for the day, Charlie puts us on, gets into character and soon there's a brilliant idea.

"THERE is another pair of shoes just like us—that is, they resemble us. They're our doubles. We're probably the only shoes in history who have understudies. They are used when Charlie falls into water or takes some hazardous chance which might mean destruction for us.

"They are used, too, for exhibition purposes and have travelled, as our proxies, all over the world for show purposes.

"The only time we have been replaced by shoes other than our doubles was in 'The Gold Rush.' The boss dressed up in one sequence of that picture and wore patent leather shoes.

"He's stuck to us ever since so they evidently weren't so good.

"'The Gold Rush' was the hardest picture we've made. Most of our time is spent basking in California sunshine, but we left that behind for several weeks of hardship when we went on location in the High Sierras for snow scenes.

"We never did get acclimated, and aged more in the snow in that short time than at any other period.

"It resulted in a breakdown and we spent several weeks afterward in our Highland Avenue hospital.

"That picture was a nightmare, but the others make up for it. In them we have visited almost every conceivable type of place. We have walked in the mud and slime of war trenches and have trod marble floors of palaces; we have felt plowed ground and the cobblestones of city alleys.

"What more could one ask in the way of variety? Yet in addition to all this, we accompanied the boss on a European tour. We stayed in the Kaiser's suite at a Berlin hotel, in the royal suite aboard the S. S. Berengaria, and lived in palatial apartments in Ritz-Carltons and Claridges all over the world.

"We're just a pair of old shoes, in one sense of the word, but we've lived—and suffered. Other parts of Charlie's wardrobe may go to museums or collectors, but he'll never part with us."

A WARDROBE attendant walked in about this time and they started to lace themselves preparatory to going to jail—for a scene in "City Lights," of course—

"Just one more question, please," I pleaded as they started away with that funny little shuffle.

"When are you going to make a talking picture?"

"That will never be," they threw back over their instep. "We might be old, but there are too many squeaks left in us yet to record well."

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

★ $2050.00 IN 70 CASH PRIZES ★

AND SOME ONE WILL WIN $1000.00

Write a letter to enter in this month's "Thank You Letter" Contest

"MANNERS," once said a wise man, "are the happy ways of doing things." They are the cream on the milk of human kindness . . . the only courtesy that even kings can show.

And now that fashion brings a statelier decorum, ten years of calls that we should have made, ten years of letters we ought to have written, rise up to reproach us. For in this mode so newly ours, these pleasant formalities have an established and historic place.

The note of acknowledgment, brief but sincere, is one of our most gracious manifestations of the art of manners. It has a charm not measured by its length, not conditioned by its occasion. It may, if you please, vividly and truly reflect a portrait of its writer. And whether you have received a glass of home-made jelly or a silver coffee service, you very much want the giver to realize the warm glow of appreciation that was yours when you opened the gift.

For the best letter sent in to the "Thank You Letter" Contest, Eaton, Crane & Pike Co. offer a first prize of $150, and 22 other cash prizes. You may win a total of $1000. Read the rules below, and watch for the final contest next month sponsored by John Held, Jr.

CLIFFTOP
NYACK, NEW YORK

Thursday

Jane, dear

You are an angel to divide your bulbs with me. They came late this afternoon, in perfect shape (at least so far as this common or garden variety of horticulturist could detect).

I have already set them out and if taking care of them will bring me luck, I should have lilies nine feet high by Easter.

But anyway, I'm hoping for some of the luck you've always had with flowers. And if the lilies should turn out well they'll be worth your coming to see, don't you think?

Much love,
Mary

RULES OF THE CONTEST

DURING February, March and April, Eaton, Crane & Pike Co. are offering prizes for a particular kind of letter. For March they will award prizes in the "Thank You Letter" Contest as follows: first prize, $150; second prize, $50; third prize, $25; five fourth prizes, $15 each; five fifth prizes, $10 each; ten sixth prizes, $5 each; 100 seventh prizes, one box of Eaton's Highland Vellum each.

An additional grand prize of $850 will be offered for the best letter written during the entire series, making it possible for some one to win $1000!

All letters in the "Thank You Letter" Contest must be in the mails by midnight of March 31, 1931. Each letter must be addressed to Contest Editor, Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., Pittsfield, Mass., and marked plainly "Thank You Letter" Contest. You may write as many letters as you wish. This is the second of three consecutive monthly contests.

Your full name and address must appear on the reverse side of the sheet or at the bottom of the last page of your letter. Letters may be typed or in longhand. There is no limit to the length of the letters.

The winners will be announced in the October issue of this magazine. In case of a tie for any award, the full amount of the award will be given to each of the tying contestants. The letters will be judged solely on what you say. No letters will be returned.

Final judges: Emily Post, authority on social usage; Alice Duer Miller, author of "Green Isle" and other novels and stories; and John Held, Jr.

You will be quite particular about the paper on which you acknowledge a gift. It must not be too casual . . . nor yet too formal. Eaton's Highland Linen and Eaton's Highland Vellum are suitable in every way. Men and women, alike, prefer them. 50 cents to $3.50, wherever social stationery is sold.

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Ybry, Inc., Dept. P-3, 50 W. 57th St., New York City
Please send trial size Ybry Lipstick—10c enclosed

My hair is.....My eyes are.....

Name.....

Address.....

Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18]

of the good preparations for that purpose, set your wave carefully with a comb and your fingers, or have the hairdresser do it for you, if you prefer. But the regular brushing will smooth your hair and, if you brush in the direction of the wave, pushing the wave up with your hands, it will correct that "frizzed" look.

I am glad that the colors I suggested suit you so perfectly. They were carefully chosen for your type.

CONNIE:

Naturally, the young man who is your tutor does not ask if he can call in the evening or take you out. He is old enough and wise enough to realize that you are still a child, in the first place, and that he would be violating his position by putting your relationship on a social basis. He probably thinks of you as an agreeable and interesting student, and you can please him most by being an apt pupil. Put away these thoughts of attracting him in a romantic way, unless you want him to classify you as a silly girl whose mind is not on her lessons.

A few years from now there can be plenty of romance to satisfy your heart, but don't try to grow up too fast.

MADELINE B.:

Your weight is correct, Madeline, and your measurements are well proportioned. But, if you think that your hips could be slimmer, why don't you practice the simple hip-reducing exercises in my booklet? If you haven't already asked for it, just send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your request, and it will be forwarded promptly. Even if the exercises do not reduce your weight, which isn't necessary in your case, they will improve the line of your hips, and that's the result you want. Don't let the teasing of the girl you mention annoy you. I'm sure it's all in fun, and if you don't let it ruffle your temper she will soon get tired of it and stop.

Your skin is evidently rather oily. Watch your diet, use plenty of cold water on your face, and a mild astringent if you find it necessary, either daily or several times a week. No, I repeat that drinking a normal amount of water is not a flesh-builder but an important factor in weight reducing, and also in maintaining a good complexion.

JUST ANOTHER GIRL:

And a foolish one! You are really having a good time feeling sorry for yourself, sitting back in your corner and thinking how "different" you are from the other girls who are having the dates and the fun that belong to girlhood.

If you wanted to have friends among boys as much as you say you do, there would be no excuse for not having them, with your opportunities to meet boys and invite them to your home. Unconsciously, perhaps, you are cultivating an outward reserve and indifference that you do not feel, by turning all your thoughts upon yourself.

Make up your mind you are going to join in all the fun, just as the others do. When you meet a boy who attracts you, be friendly to him. Let him know that he is welcome at your home, and he will probably ask for a definite date. Then make him feel at home when he comes, by not straining too hard to entertain him.

The way to achieve popularity is by cultivating every bit of personal charm you can, day in and day out, year in and year out, and then by being your own charming, natural self when you are with anyone, men or women, one man or one woman. Charm isn't something you can take out of a box and don for a date. You probably have a lot more charm than you realize, so don't stifle it by artificiality.

I'm answering your letter at such length because it is typical of so many others I get, and I hope this bit of advice will help you.

When the young folks really fell in love. Kenneth MacKenna and Kay Francis met six years ago, while on the stage, but they didn't really take it seriously until they played together in "The Virtuous Sin," from which this is a scene. And they were married in mid-January. Moral—if you like a girl, play opposite her in a picture. Evidently it won't be long!

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"THE FOUR HORSEMEN"

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CIMARRON

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Chamberlain's HAND LOTION "The Invisible Glove"

Gloria's "Hank" Rebels!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60]

in this country sufficiently important to occupy his attention."

And again, "Oh, Henri likes America, but the adulation I receive is all bewildering to him."

And again, "I like Henri and appreciate the difficulties in being married to me. I am so devoted to my career that my first interests are naturally in my screen work."

And if you discover in these remarks a patronizing attitude—make the most of it.

For the trouble had undoubtedly begun long before Constance Bennett came into the picture.

WHEN Gloria made arrangements to work at the Pathe Studios, Henri was given, in France, a job with Pathe. Just what his position was nobody was ever quite sure. Hollywood said it was sort of a pension job to keep him happy because he was Gloria Swanson's husband. The Marquis, himself, knows that he got no credit for what he did for Pathe, yet he turned several neat business deals, including the signing of Franz Lehar, composer of "The Merry Widow," at a ridiculously low salary, after the musician had sworn that he would never work in America.

He also signed Constance Bennett, and the results of her picture work have filled her studio's coffers with pure gold. Oh, Henri worked in France, but nobody would believe it. Gloria, it was thought, had engineered the job for him, merely to give him something to do.

Upon the completion of "The Trespasser," Gloria went to Europe in order, she said, to bring Henri back to Hollywood with her. But she returned alone. The revolt, you see, was beginning.

Shortly thereafter Henri, himself, arrived in Hollywood. He was a day in town before Gloria knew where he was stopping. The situation caused her, I'm sure, no little embarrassment. Not having conferred with him she had nothing to tell reporters. When they did, at last, get together it was announced that they were to have separate establishments and remain the best of friends.

It was a difficult situation all 'round and took the most Continental of manners to handle it with tact. She invited the Marquis, who was still, you remember, her husband, to attend a small dinner party at her home. She invited him as one would ask a friend. He arrived after most of the guests were assembled. He kissed her hand punctiliously and they all went in to dinner.

During the meal, friends noticed that Gloria looked at him with wide, tragic eyes which, of course, may have been imagination. Maybe not. The fact remains that when they were married they loved each other. Yet, by her own admission, no man can ever completely fill Gloria's life.

When the dinner was over, Henri kissed Gloria's hand, thanked her for a nice time (or whatever a Marquis would say upon such an occasion) and bade each guest good evening.

A few weeks later the divorce was filed. It was then that Gloria said perhaps Hank would return to France.

But he didn't. Instead, he remained to work and he got the position on his own, sold himself as a man capable of handling a job and *not* as the husband of Gloria Swanson.

So he will remain in Hollywood—a town he once hated.

"Of course I hated it," he says, "when I didn't have any place in it. But when I'm working I love it. Everybody has been so splendid here at the studio. Naturally, all this publicity has been embarrassing—but one can't help that. For various reasons I couldn't find work before, but now I have this and I'm trying to do my best and to make myself a workman. In Europe I got no credit for anything I did. But I know that now it is different."

HIS first job was the French version of "The Royal Bed." He finished it two days before schedule, and under cost. He realizes that in order to make any money on foreign versions he must make them as cheaply as possible. His ideas are sound and concise. Working hard all day, every day, is easier than being married to a great picture star. And his first French version was roundly applauded at a big Hollywood theater.

As for Constance Bennett, with whom he is always seen and with whom he appeared at a night club the day his divorce was filed, she is triumphant over his success. She advises him and helps him whenever she can. She is proud that he is making his own film record.

As for Gloria, she refuses to talk. She feels, no doubt, that everything that was to be said has been said.

Barberton, Ohio

"Close that door when you come in! Goodnight—you kids act like some cows in a barn!"

I looked up from my reading, "My heavens, what's the matter with the old man?"

"Aw, he's lost his sense of humor," growled my brother.

I glanced at Paw and mentally concluded he didn't have a sense of humor to begin with. Never once had I heard him laugh. Sullen and gloomy, a smile with him was a rare thing. Well, he needed a tonic, and he wasn't going to get it in spoonfuls either!

The next night, much against his will, I hustled him down to see a talkie comedy. To tell the truth, I don't know what I got the biggest kick from, the play or Paw's hilarious roars. Even a couple of days after the play, Paw was as amiable as a lamb.

Net result: It might have been his first play, but it is not going to be his last! May Woods

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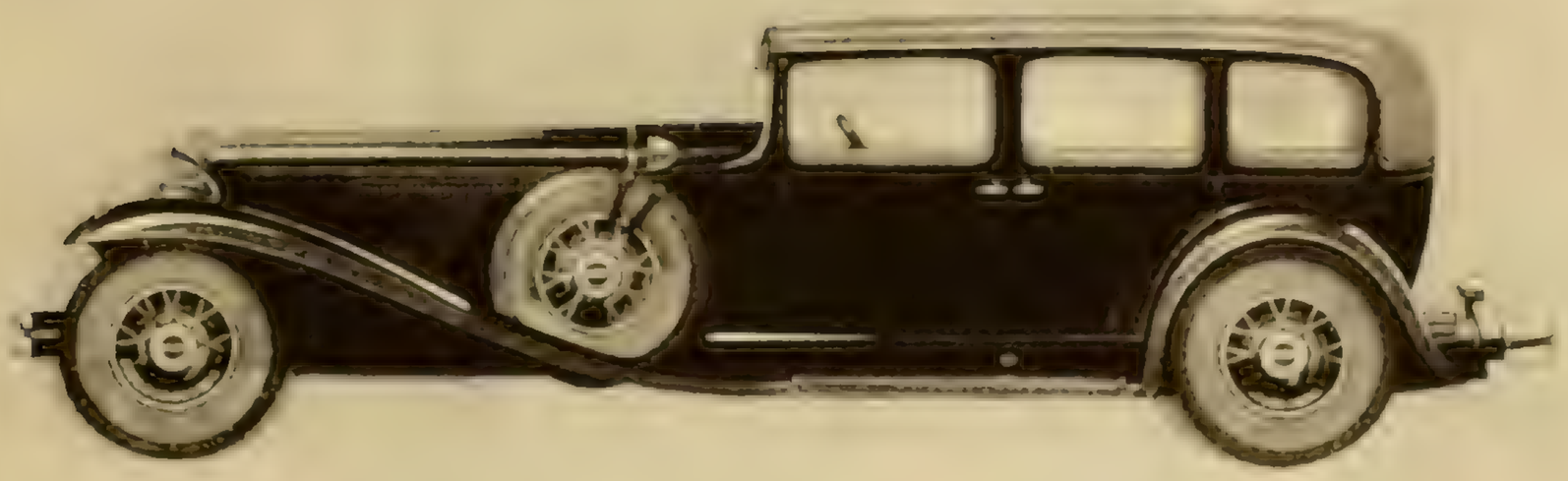

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Who Has the Best Figure in Hollywood? And Why

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86]

Earl Carroll and Earl Christy, were influenced by this same inter-relationship, even if less consciously. For Doctor Goldwater's final choice for the most beautiful figure in Hollywood was Dolores Del Rio. With Bebe Daniels a second choice.

In the final summation we will give a credit of five points to a star every time she was awarded first choice, a credit of three points for being a second choice, and a credit of one point wherever a star was up for final consideration by any of the judges.

Star	Earl Carroll	Earl Christy	Hattie Carnegie	Doctor Goldwater	Total Credits
Dolores Del Rio	5	3	–	5	13
Bebe Daniels	3	5	–	3	11
Marion Davies	5	–	–	–	5
Constance Bennett	–	–	5	–	5
Clara Bow	3	–	–	–	3
Kay Francis	–	1	1	–	2
Joan Crawford	–	1	1	–	2
Alice White	–	1	–	–	1

Dolores Del Rio achieves the honor of being judged as having the best figure in Hollywood by these experts. And, as I said in the beginning, her selection definitely establishes the superiority of the roundly turned, warmly curved figure.

She is a far hail from the straight up and down type.

All of which is likewise true of Bebe Daniels, who wins second place.

To Marion Davies, Constance Bennett, Clara Bow, Kay Francis, Joan Crawford and Alice White goes honorable mention.

Beauty is what it always has been and always will be, the result of health . . . and a beautiful body is that body frankly yet symmetrically shaped for its part in the drama of life. For, on these points, we find doctor, impresario, and artist standing firm on a common ground.

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94]

NO director in Hollywood has worked harder or to better effect, recently, than John Cromwell.

That able stage actor and director has filmed a mess of hits. In rapid succession he has turned out "Street of Chance" and "For the Defense" and "Tom Sawyer" and "Scandal Sheet," and has just finished "Unfaithful," Ruth Chatterton's newest.

I believe that's a record for successive hits. What a man!

Well, he's earned his holiday, and he and his lovely wife, Kay Johnson, have been playing and resting in Havana and New York. Kay, you remember, stepped out of a Metro contract because she felt she'd been consistently miscast.

Kay should worry about jobs, with her spouse knocking out homer after homer at Paramount!

A COUPLE of picture actresses, neither doing any too well at the business, were having a fanning bee over the tea-cups.

One of the ladies, none too heavyweight above the ears, said, "Do you know who I'd like for my press agent? The same man who does publicity for the Prince of Wales!"

CAN you *bear* it, girls? Ronnie Colman is *actually* going to play an American!

At least, his producers say he is. And then we hear that Michael Arlen—you remember old "Green Hat" Mike!—is coming over to write a story for Ronald.

Well—maybe it's to be a British-Armenian-American after all.

OLE BEN TURPIN, the boy with the rambling eyes, still gets in a good lick now and then.

His great Sennett days may be long gone, but he can still cash in on his ambling orbs. For working two and a half days in "Assorted Nuts," the Wheeler-Woolsey comedy, he drew down $1,000.

Ben played a cross-eyed aviator who dropped bombs on the wrong town. A natural for him!

MR. QUINN MARTIN, for some years movie reviewer for The New York *Morning World*, has been signed by Fox as a writer.

Mr. Martin was pleased to give out this statement to the panting press:

"The first month of my stay in Hollywood will be devoted to the business of offering gentle apologies to all the actors who, in the years of my critical activity, have seemed to me to be ham. This may require even two months."

Or more, Mr. Martin—if you live.

WE said she would and she did! Clara Kimball Young is making a comeback. Her first is "Kept Husbands." And Bryant Washburn is also in the cast.

RECENTLY Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., hired a night watchman to guard their home in Brentwood. The first night he was on duty Doug went out and began to chat with him. He discovered that the watchman played chess, so now Joan is a chess widow.

"I go upstairs and go to bed in the house alone while Doug and the watchman sit out in the garage and play chess half the night," she said.

THERE'S a little girl on the Fox payroll named Frances McCoy who won't be going to any more big premières with jewelers.

One of them dated her and, when he called

for her, showed her a beautiful set of jewels and asked her to wear them Frances did, only to discover that she was a human showcase.

During intermission the ardent merchant pointed out the jewelry Frances wore to the other women and told them the price of every piece.

HOLLYWOOD Stenographer Makes Good: "We've got to have a new title on this," decided the Great Minds at Radio Pictures, concerning the Betty Compson film called "Children of the Streets."

So the title-thinkers thought and thought and thought and couldn't think of a new title.

By and by, some executive's clean-minded stenographer suggested "Ladies for Hire."

And they took it and paid her twenty-five dollars for it!

GAVIN GORDON has the answer to "Why do picture players affect such bright colors for their autos?" It's this:

Twice within a month, in Hollywood, Gordon's car was stolen. And each time, the colors so hit a policeman's eye after the description had been broadcast that it was recovered before the thieves got it out of town.

ONE of our most popular leading men on the Coast was for years a violent opponent of prohibition, and practiced what he preached.

He has just gone on the wagon. Was he put there by the exhortations of a temperance lecturer showing snakes in bottles of alcohol and horrible examples? He was not. Did the pleadings of his dear wife finally prevail? They did not.

It seems that he had a dog, to whom he was very much attached, and he began to notice when he came into the house with a bootleg breath that the dog refused to recognize him. He wondered about the strange performance until he realized that when he came home liquored-up he was not a pleasant

Society's latest gift to the talkies. Katharine Leslie is one of New York's prettiest débutantes. But she's always had her eye on the stage. Last year she made her début as a society girl in the play, "Rebound," and now she's playing the same sort of part in "New York Lady," Paramount talkie starring Tallulah Bankhead and Clive Brook. It's Katharine's film début

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is what you value most

It absorbs correctly, safely; it is shaped to fit; it is adjustable.

WHAT you really want in sanitary protection—more than any other one thing—is a feeling of perfect safety and security. This is one of the most important assurances Kotex gives you.

Kotex, in the first place, is so tremendously absorbent . . . by test, five times more so than the finest of surgical cotton. And the way it absorbs is important—"lateral absorption"—a process which makes the pad effective not in just one area but over the entire surface.

The delicate fibers of which Kotex is made carry moisture swiftly *away from the surface,* leaving the protective area delicate and comfortable for hours. This distinguishes Kotex from the ordinary pad. Gives it far greater efficiency—and you far greater comfort.

Wear it on either side

Kotex may be worn on either side with equal efficiency, equal comfort. No danger of embarrassment, no fear of inadequate protection.

Its softness lasts. It deodorizes thoroughly and effectively. Hospitals use it because of its hygienic safety, its amazing absorbency. You'll find it wise to specify Kotex next time you buy sanitary protection. All stores have it.

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Yes, Grow Eyelashes and Eyebrows like this in 30 Days

Marvelous new discovery!—makes eyelashes and eyebrows *actually grow!* Now as never before you can positively have long, curling, silken lashes and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows.

I say to you in plain English that no matter how scant your eyelashes and brows, I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept one penny. No "ifs", "ands" or "maybes"—you actually see startling results—or no pay! You be the judge.

Over 10,000 Women Prove It

—prove beyond a doubt that this astounding new discovery fringes the eyes with long, curling natural lashes—makes eyebrows lovely, silken lines. Read what they say—sworn to under oath before a notary public. From Mlle. Hefflefinger, 240 W. "B" St., Carlisle, Pa.; "I certainly am delighted ... people now remark how long and silky my eyelashes appear." From Naomi Otstot, 5437 Westminster Ave., W. Philadelphia, Pa.; "I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and lashes are beautiful now." Frances Raviart of Jeanette, Pa. says: "Your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier is simply marvelous." Flora J. Corriveau, Biddeford, Me., says "With your Method my eyelashes are growing long and luxurious."

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In one week—often in a day or so—you see the lashes become more beautiful, like silken fringe! The darling little upward curl shows itself and eyebrows become sleek. It's the thrill of a lifetime—when you have lashes and brows as beautiful as any ever seen.

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person, and that a family row generally ensued. That made him think and made him quit.

WILLIAM POWELL has a fine baritone voice. Each morning when working in a picture, he sings a song or two to loosen up his talking voice. But he has NEVER sung in a picture.

Yet Charles (Ex-Buddy) Rogers has. Hollywood is like that!

BET many of you don't know that make-up extends even to changing the color of hair!

Of course, there's no secret about touching up hair with white to designate age. Or about Charlie Chaplin blackening his graying hair while he makes a picture.

But even Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford have to make-up their tresses. Each of them lightens her hair during the shooting of a picture. Better photography.

TOM MOORE and Bob Ellis, after years, are together again in the same picture. Tom's a hero and Bob's a heavy in "The Last Parade."

Long ago they worked together, in the Selznick and Kalem days. They had a swell system. Ellis would direct Moore, and Moore would direct Ellis, and being firm friends, they'd each give the other a grand break.

JUST to show what habit will do—

There was a time when Ben Turpin, the obtuse-angle-eyed, was a cop. A traffic cop. In Mack Sennett comedies.

The other day, there was a traffic jam outside a Hollywood church. Ben leaped into the breach and directed traffic. It's funny, but despite the fact that nobody could tell which way he was looking, he got it unsnarled.

A HOLLYWOOD columnist describes Clara Bow's latest sports costume—long white flannel trousers, sharp-creased; a white beret; a white sweater with zigzagging red lines; white shoes with red heels.

"She's been mistaken," he said, "for a young barber pole."

RAYMOND GRIFFITH'S great work in the dying-soldier bit in "All Quiet on the Western Front" didn't draw him a heap of work.

Everyone thought it would, but the former star comic dropped from sight again.

Now he's been placed under contract by Warners to write scripts—probably comedies.

Make 'em funny, kid! We're for you.

PRACTICALLY all the kids who live in the neighborhood of the Paramount Eastern Studio at Astoria, Long Island, own kodaks. The reason? Nancy Carroll has been making one picture after another out there, and she patiently stands outside the door and poses for youthful admirers who prize a picture they've snapped themselves more than the finest photographic product. And sometimes Nancy poses with one of the kids, while another records the great event! Happy days out on Long Island!

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

Cheer Up, Greta

Philadelphia, Penna.

With all due respect to Frau Dietrich I don't think that Greta Garbo need worry about her throne.

WM. C. KESSON

Huzza for Marlene!

Boulder, Colo.

Never have I beheld such a devastating personality as that of Marlene Dietrich in "Morocco."

In fact, so absorbed was I by her witchery that I never realized until the picture was over that a seat mate was rattling a paper sack and munching lustily. That is true Art.

GERALDINE WYNNE

Come, Be Nonchalant!

Los Angeles, Calif.

Charles (Ex-Buddy) Rogers is as much of a man as any actor you can name, and I have much more respect for him because he does not smoke all the time than I have for Chester Morris who always has a cigarette in his mouth.

MISS DOROTHY GILMOR

Attention, Jeanette!

Malang, Malay

My favorite wish has been realized at length. I have seen and heard Jeanette MacDonald and that in "The Love Parade." Do I like her singing? No doubt about it. It was divinely beautiful.

All the time, while I was sitting to look at her amiable face, I wondered if it was really a human being who sang. And what a sympathetic and magnificent figure she has.

F. L. AMICURLE

A Vote for Two Boys

Cleveland, Ohio

It distresses me greatly to learn that Nils Asther is out of pictures. Someone is making a grave error.

Greta Garbo has only had two decent leading men—Nils Asther and John Gilbert.

GAIL JONES

Right! A Treat!

Charlotte, N. C.

What a delicious treat to see a picture such as "The Right to Love" when you're so fed up on high-kicking, wise-cracking and underworld pictures.

I am still walking around in a daze under its mystic spell. Ruth Chatterton's superb acting brought out the deepest emotions of the human heart.

MRS. JOE MILLER

Bruce Grows Ecstatic

Yakima, Wash.

I sometimes doubt that a woman as devastatingly lovely as Greta Garbo lives in the same world, breathes the same air as other human beings.

When I see her in a picture it is like catching a glimpse of Heaven.

BRUCE HIATT

Mary Is Upset

Montgomery, Ala.

Lew Ayres is just another good kid gone wrong through woeful miscasting. After his fine, sincere performance in "All Quiet" they cast him opposite the blonde and bored Constance Bennett with the result that he looked and acted like a green, overgrown school boy.

And not satisfied with that, they take the Adorable Baby Face and make him King of the Underworld. I'm looking for them to put Marie Dressler in "Bab, a Sub-deb" any minute.

MARY JANE FULLER

No Ribs, Please

Saskatoon, Sask., Canada

I was very disgusted when I read the very

spiteful and ridiculous letter sent to your magazine by Mrs. Lillian Brown in reference to Joan Crawford's ribs.

I think Joan has the most perfect figure in Hollywood.

MARGARET WINTERS

In Re John!

New York City, N. Y.

Why doesn't John Barrymore devote himself to character parts and leave the romantic parts to such natural players as Ronald Colman, Fredric March and Gary Cooper?

MRS. H. L. DAVIS

HEART THROBS

For a change, we have a heart throb from the other side of the proscenium arch. This little story is taken direct from Walter Winchell's famous column in the New York *Mirror*.

"Poor Lillian Roth . . . The audience never suspected that those tears she flooded all over the stage were genuine . . . Lilly sings that ballad she warbled in 'The Vagabond King' flicker in which she moans about her lover—who is sentenced to death . . . Two moments before she went on Sunday some careless lad let her answer the phone . . . Which let her know that her real sweetheart, her groom to be, had died while under the operating blade . . . He was only 23, too . . . How she screamed and shrieked in her undressing room . . . Her grief was terrific . . . She adored him so . . . Richman wasted no sympathy on her . . . The rest of us moaned with her, telling her how sorry we were, which was wrong, for it only made her cry all the harder . . . Harry shook her up and yelled: 'None of that stuff, do you hear? This is your life—your job. Audiences never understand . . . They aren't interested in your grief! . . . They came to be amused, entertained and diverted . . . You've got to go out there and sing your head off!' . . . And so asserting himself Harry shoved her out onto the stage . . . I never saw such a display of 'heart' in my career, or as we vulgarians prefer calling it—'guts!' . . . Her sweetheart was dead up there at the hospital and she had to go out there and make them laugh . . . And applaud . . . And how she did it! . . . Then when she came to that sad song in which she yells: 'He was my man! He made me happy! He took my heart! I love him so!'—the tear ducts opened wide and how she wept . . . The spectators of course must have said to themselves: 'Gee, what an actress. Look at those real tears!' . . . I've written about such things from hearsay before—oh, hundreds of times—about 'The show must go on!"—"The curtain must go up!' . . . That was the first time I got a close-up of it."

"Kleenex? . . . as essential as cold cream itself!"

Use Kleenex to remove cold cream . . . . avoid germ-laden towels and "cold cream cloths."

Patsy Ruth Miller

FOR perfect cleanliness, Kleenex is almost an essential. Kleenex enables you to give up those germ-filled "cold cream cloths" forever. And how dangerous they are—teeming with bacteria—actually *encouraging* blackheads and even more repellent blemishes.

You use Kleenex just once, you see—then throw it away. No tissue need ever touch your face that isn't as fresh as fresh can be.

Kleenex comes in dainty tints and in white, and in large, medium and small packages. At all toilet goods counters. Try Kleenex today.

Frequent powdering, exposure to dust and soot, fill pores with dirt that is often very difficult to remove completely. This dirt needs the superabsorbency of Kleenex.

The delicate tissues attract cleansing cream like a magnet . . . absorbing embedded particles of dirt along with it. Kleenex, too, saves towels from cosmetic stains and grease.

Women who started using Kleenex for removing cold cream soon discovered what perfect handkerchiefs it makes. Kleenex prevents re-infection from germ-filled handkerchiefs. You use each tissue but once, then discard. It helps reduce the spread of colds in families.

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And the thrilling charm of a smile may be traced to teeth—WHITE teeth.

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It also helps to keep gums firm, because its extra chewy quality gives them extra healthful exercise. Money can buy no finer chewing gum than Dentyne.

Chew DENTYNE *. . and smile!*

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The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

FIGHTING THRU—Tiffany Productions

THIS picture will delight audiences to whom it will be shown. It is not made for the big houses, but Ken Maynard and his horse "Tarzan" do some of their best work and they are surrounded by beautiful Jeanette Loff, the heroine, and Wallace MacDonald and W. L. Thorne, heavies. MacDonald does a fine drunk scene. You will get your money's worth.

THE LOVE KISS—Celebrity Productions

AN amiable little college comedy that will please the young folks, both romantically and laughically. A pretty and able newcomer turns up in the person of Olive Shea, and Forrest Stanley plays a handsome professor. Donald Meek, a great character actor, is in it, and so is Terry Carroll, Nancy's sister.

THE SECOND HONEYMOON—Continental

A FARCE comedy that turns out to be entertaining, and good fare for the family trade as well. Blonde Josephine Dunn and our old silent friend, Edward Earle, play the leads. Its story has to do with domestic infelicity, but it's all very nice and clean.

NIGHT BIRDS—British International

THE hired hands across the sea again turn to mystery melodrama. Most of the action here is in a London night club, and there is considerable to-do over a killing. The excellent Jameson Thomas has the leading rôle. It's an all-right picture, but hardly worth the time, effort and expense. Oh dear, our British cousins *must* do better!

ALOHA—Rogell-Tiffany Production

THE good old "Bird of Paradise" plot, volcano and all, and dressed up in swell clothes for the talkies. There's a lot of sure-fire sob-stuff about a little tot and mama, some not-so-bad comedy, a lot of South Seas atmosphere with steel guitars and everything, and a quite hot volcano. Ben Lyon and Raquel Torres work hard.

CAUGHT CHEATING—Tiffany Productions

GEORGE SIDNEY and Charlie Murray get tangled with a Chicago gangster's wife and are taken for a ride. The gangsters are too real for comfort. It moves fast and is funny most of the time. A cast of skilled comedy veterans. Pretty girls, and pretty good fun.

THE SUNRISE TRAIL—Tiffany Production

THERE'S so much talking in this Western that there's hardly a chance left for action—and a Western without action is like pretzels without beer. Usual stuff about the cowboy hero who outwits the cattle rustlers and wins the girl. If they talk this much out West, then the West has stopped being the place where men are men; it's where men are dialogue writers, thassall.

WHITE THUNDER

THE eternal triangle, transplanted into Newfoundland this time. The story is nothing to get terribly excited about, but the scenery is magnificent. Photographed and recorded in the terrifying vast iciness of Newfoundland,

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

"White Thunder" presents a legitimately interesting picture of the life of those who live there. Particularly thrilling is that part of the picture which deals with the sealing expedition and its melodramatic climax.

ALMOST A HONEYMOON—British International

A LIGHT bedroom farce of the era that still thought the man hiding under the bed, or in a clothes hamper, excruciatingly funny. Clifford Mollison stands out as a promising light comedian, and the leading woman is a pretty girl named Dorothy Watts. Our old American friend, Monty Banks, directed this job. Very mild.

THE MAN FROM CHICAGO—Elstree Productions

THE British idea of how the gang gentlemen of Chicago, and their ladies, carry on. It's simply too terrible to waste words on. We won't.

ONCE A SINNER—Fox

AN exceptionally fine cast is hurled into the oldest type of triangle story in "Once a Sinner," and only its really brilliant acting pulls the picture from the doldrums. It's about the woman with a past who decides on a new life with a nice country boy, only to renew the old life when they make money and move to the city. Dorothy Mackaill, Joel McCrea, C. Henry Gordon, John Halliday—all dandy.

HOW HE LIED TO HER HUSBAND—British International

THIS forms the surrender of George Bernard Shaw, most distinguished living man of letters, to the talkies. It's a little comedy that takes three-quarters of an hour to unreel, done in one setting, and depending on the Shavian wit for all its entertainment. And it is amusing, if you like Shaw's smart talk batted about. A cast of three—unknown to Americans—performs it.

DAMAGED LOVE—Sono Art-World Wide

SORRY to say this has the earmarks of a quickie, and made some time ago. But it has the services of pretty June Collyer as a home-wrecker, and pleasant work by Charles Starrett and Eloise Taylor as the young married couple whose domesticity is busted wide open by June's dimples—until the last reel. Irvin Willat directed. Very mild, this.

Poor Li'l Rango

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

playing with some native youngster in Sumatra today, happier probably than either you or I."

Then a terror smites Schoedsack.

"But don't print that," he adds.

"Why?"

"It'd spoil the illusion," he echoes. The phrase that's used a million times a day in Hollywood.

"But don't you know that every Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to animals will be gunning for you?" you ask him. "Don't you realize that every warm-hearted movie-goer who sees *Rango* slain will hate you? Don't you realize that this thing's going to raise a storm of resentment and criticism?"

"Aw," he drawls at that, "I'll take the fall, if they really think I killed him. But if they knew, before seeing the picture, that *Rango* didn't actually die, that scene would lose all its punch."

And there the matter stands.

READ THE WARNING MESSAGE IN THE LITTLE LAUGHTER LINES

BE warned of this fact: *the smallest line is a potential wrinkle.* Unless you watch them, the lines that were once so fetching around your eyes and mouth will gradually spread and deepen until they are ugly wrinkles, disheartening wrinkles that make you look old.

You need not let this happen. Dorothy Gray has evolved scientific treatments and preparations that will keep your skin smooth and young. It is an easy matter to give yourself these treatments at home, for the same preparations which have proved so successful in the Dorothy Gray salons are sold at leading shops everywhere. Write to Dorothy Gray, or ask at your favorite shop for a copy of the Dorothy Gray booklet on correct home care of the skin.

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GIVE the soiled tie a gentle rub or two with a clean, Energine-moistened cloth. Spots vanish like magic, leaving the tie fresh and like new. And it's ready to wear immediately because Energine dries instantly, leaves no odor and no regrets.

In just a few minutes with Energine you can clean and renew his whole stock of ties. Removes dirt and grease spots instantly without wrinkling or taking out the crease. Will not harm the finest silks or other fabrics.

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FREE TEST **3,000,000 women have received this test. Snip off a lock of hair. Test it first this safe way. Mail coupon for *Test Package*.**

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City..... State .....
Color of your hair?.....

As a matter of fact, he revealed, the scene wherein the tiger apparently kills the tiny ape was one of the first scenes he shot in this marvelous jungle-story. "And one of the most dangerous," he adds.

That prompts questions about how the film was ever made—how those unbelievable close-ups of fierce jungle beasts were secured—how the final death-battle between the caribao and the tiger was shot—a million other questions.

"I've got to protect myself," is his answer. "I can't tell my secrets." He's right. He's the man who made "Chang" a few years ago; "Grass," that tremendous epic of man's struggle against nature's hardest obstacles. He won't work in studios; hates them. He goes to the far places and brings back masterpieces. And "*Rango*" is his finest.

HE does admit that immeasurable patience is one first requirement. For days, he and his other cameraman, Buddy Williams, waited behind jungle-grass screens beside tiger-trails for a few seconds' shot of a tiger. For days on days, they waited through jungle rains for a moment of sunlight to shoot a scene or two.

No trained animals are used in the film, so he had to trust to the animals themselves to give him his stuff. He couldn't direct them, like circus tigers or Tiffany chimpanzees. He had to turn his cameras on them and let them do their stuff as nature directed, not man. And that's exactly the reason, after all, why his film is so great. It's real, not artificial.

Unbelievable difficulties attend his work, aside from the need for patience, and living under jungle conditions, and all that sort of usual thing. For one thing, he never knew until he got back to civilization just what his cameras had recorded. He could not develop his stuff in the wilds.

And technical difficulties were legion—but you're not interested in that. You're interested only in two things—that "Rango" is a great film, and that *Rango* wasn't killed after all.

Rango is going to take rank as one of the year's favorite stars. And Schoedsack as one of the year's best movie-makers!

The Star's Secret

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46]

moonlight, and Stella Solvig! Oh, the armies of men who would have given years of their lives to change places with me! I thought of them, and I decided I would ask her my question this night, before I lost the chance forever.

"WHEN we reached her cottage, she stopped, of her own accord, and sat down on the sand. 'I want to look at it awhile,' she said, and putting her elbows on her knees, took her face in her hands. I sat down beside her, and we watched the tide coming up on the beach.

"I was afraid I hadn't the courage to speak to her. But, finally, without courage, without planning what I was going to say, I blurted out: 'You must know! You must have come to some conclusion about it! Your power is so universal, so tremendous. And it's *real*. The fact that it expresses itself through illusions doesn't make it any less real. All over the world, at this moment, the faithful are watching you, worshipping you, listening to your voice and dreaming over your beauty.'

"'Don't!' she said quietly. But I went on because I couldn't help myself: 'Tell me,' I said. 'Be kind and tell me your secret! It isn't possible that you're a stranger to yourself. Everyone else on earth, perhaps, but not you. You've had too many proofs of your power. You, the modern goddess, must know why the world adores you.'

Now never complains of throbbing headaches *thanks to* DR. EDWARDS

EACH night, just before going to bed, take Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets and if you're like thousands of others, you'll be delighted with the way headaches vanish, as good and glorious health returns. For more than twenty years, Dr. Edwards prescribed this formula for patients who found grateful relief. It is a compound of rare vegetable ingredients. Now he brings this formula to you. Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets. Know them by their olive color.

Relief is Quick and Gentle

An efficient substitute for calomel and far more pleasant to take, Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets merely assist nature in restoring the bowels and liver (trouble starts here) to normal action, thus relieving danger and protecting good health. They are safe, harmless, and mild in action. No griping. Non-habit-forming.

If your skin is sallow; if you are tired and listless; if headaches bother you, try Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets. Quickly you should look and feel so much better. Sold by all druggists, 15¢, 30¢, and 60¢.

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For a limited time I have persuaded our company to give you for $1 a *genuine leather*, double compact with your own monogram in leaf-gold initials. Green, blue, red or black leather. Exquisite Vashe' powder, White, Flesh, Naturelle or Rachel, and Light, Medium, Dark, Orange or Brilliant rouge. All in lovely gift box, *with extra refill*, postpaid in U. S. for only $1. Order yours today—you'll be delighted with it. And, you'll surely want additional ones for friends—for gifts or bridge prizes. *Money-back guarantee.* Give initials; shade of leather, powder, rouge; square or oblong compact. FREE—Write for "Modern Compacts" booklet (includes Club Offer) and specimen of new "Vashe' Gift Certificate."

Mary Jane Lee, Dept. H
Nu-Way Mfg. Co. (*Est.* 1925)
Louisville, Ky.

"'I know I am a success on the screen,'" said Stella Solvig.

"'It's so much more than success!' I said. 'It's this power to move people, to make them feel, to arouse in them emotions they themselves can't analyze and hardly know they possess. To be able to do that, *you* must have some fundamental emotion, some hidden source of feeling, with which to move them. You must! And I'd give the moon and that large red star over there to know what it is.'

"SHE turned and looked at me. Her face was like sculptured marble. Her hair was pale gold in the light from the sky.

"'Very well,' she said. 'I'll tell you my secret. It's so simple, really.' She paused for a moment. Then she said in a voice I could just hear above the pounding of the surf: 'I have an excellent director. He tells me to do this and to do that. He tells me to make love, to laugh, to cry, to be angry, to suffer, to flirt, to be unhappy, to fall down and die. I do all these things, just as he tells me. But as for myself, I feel nothing. I feel absolutely nothing.'

"She got up, then, and without another word walked into her house.

"I sat," said John, "for a long time listening to the sound of the waves on the beach and looking at that other unfathomable mystery. the sea."

This Odd Chap Barrymore

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32]

corridors to his room, leering and grimacing horribly at nurses he encountered on the way.

He has a left eyebrow that's remarkable. It can express the most malevolent thoughts. Barrymore does much of his gesturing with it. And with this eyebrow, he absolutely terrified the hospital nurses. And so, when the baby arrived the middle of one night, it was with trepidation and fear that a nurse awakened Barrymore.

He sat bolt upright and waggled the eyebrow at her.

"What?" he roared.

"Sir," she quavered, "you have a baby daughter."

Furiously the eyebrow waggled.

"*Splendid!*" he bellowed so that the hospital shook.

And then, while the nurse almost fainted, he turned over and went back to sleep!

ONE priceless line about Barrymore was uttered by a prop boy during the filming of "Moby Dick" while tons of water, from slosh boxes, were emptied on Barrymore during a storm sequence. Naturally, he swallowed some of the water; he couldn't help it. The prop boy remarked:

"That's more water than Barrymore has drunk all the years of his life!"

Yet the truth is that he doesn't drink nearly as much as he's supposed to. Sometimes for months at a time he goes on the wagon, bone dry.

He often acts drunk to get rid of undesirable company!

He calls prohibition "the blight." He contracted jungle fever on a recent trip on his yacht to South America. The jungle fever assumes such a form that Barrymore cannot drink while suffering from it.

And it's recurrent. He's trying frantically to find a cure.

Yachting, profanity, bibulation and acting aren't his only accomplishments. He's also an artist—in colors and in sketch—of no mean ability.

As a matter of fact, descended though he was from the famous stage family of Barry-

KEEP A PACKAGE OF DOUBLE MINT ON YOUR DRESSING TABLE

FACIAL MUSCLES, same as body muscles, need exercise. Especially is this true of the much neglected area about the mouth where the first wrinkles come. The gentle, *natural* exercise of chewing **DOUBLE MINT** guides the lips in a graceful curve. It encourages supple yet firm muscles which help ward off those ugly nose-to-mouth lines. Chew **DOUBLE MINT** twice daily. It's the most perfect Facial in the world.

Inexpensive Satisfying

Mothers—don't neglect your child's COUGH or COLD

Try this milder "counter-irritant"

GOOD old Musterole now made milder for babies and small children. So pleasant to use and so reliable—apply Children's Musterole freely to the affected area *once every hour for five hours.*

That's the safe, sure treatment that millions of mothers and leading doctors and nurses recognize and endorse.

Musterole gets action because it is a *"counter-irritant"*—not just a salve—it penetrates and stimulates blood circulation, helps to draw out infection and pain.

That's why this famous blend of oil of mustard, camphor, menthol and other helpful ingredients brings relief naturally.

Keep full strength Musterole on hand for adults and Children's Musterole for the little tots.

CHILDREN'S MUSTEROLE BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER REG U.S. PAT. OFF. MILD

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I am interested in your money-making offer to your readers. Send me the details at once.

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mores, his first leaning was not to the stage. He started as a newspaper artist.

His father, Maurice, paid for his tuition in art school when the boy said he wanted to be an artist, not an actor.

He went only once.

His father, knowing him, commented only: "I don't understand how you came to go even once!"

ONE of his first jobs was as cartoonist on a New York paper. It lasted six minutes.

He was fired when he submitted his first sketch.

He never could draw feet, so he always stood his characters in tall grass. He does, even yet.

He sketches, for the studio make-up and wardrobe departments, his conception of how he wants to look in the characters he is to act—also how the other actors should look. The make-up and clothing departments follow these sketches.

His home is adorned with many framed specimens of his own artistic ability.

He tried newspaper reporting, too, before he finally took to the stage. Arthur Brisbane once fired him from the *New York Journal*. He had a friend, another improvident reporter.

When both were broke, which was often, the friend used to pawn his gold tooth for seventy cents.

Then he and Barrymore drank up the seventy cents.

Finally, he went to acting and following the traditional success of the Barrymores. He has deserted the footlights for the screen for the obvious reasons—it pays more, and one can stay in one place and enjoy life. Barrymore enjoys life. But he professes a whole-hearted contempt for pictures and movie methods. Of the filming of "Moby Dick," which has no love story in the book, he snorted: "What! No love interest?—I suppose they'll have me fall in love with the whale!"

One of the stage's better known exponents of Shakespeare, he's tired of being asked if he'd ever play *Hamlet* in modern clothes. His stock reply is: "No, but I'd play *King Lear* in the nude."

He's a first-class swordsman. He likes, when shopping, to get behind store counters himself and dispense with the clerk's services. He has a violent temper, and now and then has had a fist fight.

HE'S been married three times. When he got his last marriage license, to wed Dolores Costello, he set his age down at forty-three. According to "Who's Who," he was born February 15, 1882. He has all his clothes made in London, and wears them sloppily. He has a hat which he has owned for years. It's dirty, disreputable, battered, and he wears it in preference to all others. He can look more unkempt than anybody else; and when he's dressed up, he can't be beaten for sartorial elegance.

He doesn't like to buy new automobiles and his two cars are several years old.

He's the originator of the "Barrymore collar" for men—the soft one with the ultra-long points.

He and Dolores do no entertaining on a big scale, although he often has friends in to meals. His friends may be anybody, depending not on who they are, but whether they interest him or not.

Once, Winston Churchill whom he'd met in England visited him at the Warner studios.

Barrymore welcomed him, had him taken on the set. When the scene was done, Barrymore escorted Winston Churchill across the set, before director, assistant, featured players and all, and presented him to "Tiny Jones," a little unimportant Welsh character actress for whom John had conceived a fondness. She was flustered to death, of course. And then Barrymore led Winston Churchill right back again to the studio gates, ignoring everybody else—executives to camera boys—and bade him good-bye.

Barrymore and Tiny Jones were the

only two people on the whole lot who met the great British statesman!

Besides yachting, Barrymore's favorite sport is clay pigeon shooting. When he's thinking deeply, he plays with his nose. His favorite music is a piece called "Canadian Capers." He heard it years ago on a phonograph record, and since then has bought many records of the same piece. He plays it out on the ocean, alone, taking a portable phonograph and record out in a dory with him, off his yacht. He has tried, thus far in vain, to have "Canadian Capers" played in the background of every sound picture he's worked in. It approaches a superstition.

HE thinks his sister Ethel and his wife Dolores are the grandest women on earth.

He lives outdoors a great deal but is not robust in health. He catches cold very easily. He doesn't care much about what he eats unless he's put on a diet by his physician. Then he hates the diet. He likes to be photographed with a pipe, but smokes only cigarettes for enjoyment.

He will not have a photograph taken showing only the right side of his face because he thinks his left is the "good" side.

Sometimes he has a moustache, sometimes not, and it varies in size and shape with his mood.

He has worn a beard not infrequently. He is slightly gray.

His hands are unusually large and rough, and his fingernails almost always need manicuring but don't get it.

His real name is not John Barrymore. It is John Blythe.

But his wife calls him "Winkie."

And he calls her "Shrimp."

What a gown, and what a girl! Little Joan Marsh wears this creation of apricot satin in the new Joan Crawford picture, "Dance Fools, Dance." Who wouldn't dance for Miss Joan?

A human dynamo and he looks it. Energy, plus. Well groomed — meaning not only smartly dressed, but also a well-kept body under his clothes. The very type of man who after his morning or evening shower sprinkles himself freely with that soothing, pleasant powder: VIVAUDOU...MAVIS...TALCUM.

Mavis Talcum is rather a blessing to vigorous, active men because it holds them altogether free from unpleasant body irritation and the annoying effects of chafing.

After the shave and shower Mavis Talcum Powder

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RECOGNIZE THESE EYES?

Their owner is a First National Pictures star whose father and wife are both film favorites. Born in 1907, he's 6 feet tall, weighs 150 pounds, and has blue eyes and light hair. Name below*.

clear eyes are a social asset!

Yes, and a business one, too! There's no denying the fact that clear, bright eyes make a far better impression than do those which are dull and bloodshot. Start now to have more attractive eyes by using *Murine* each night and morning. It harmlessly clears up any bloodshot condition and imparts new lustre to the dullest eyes. 60c at drug and department stores everywhere. Try it!

**Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.*

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

THESE BOATS KNOW *HOW TO BEHAVE!*

THIS Old Town won't cut capers when she's loaded with a bunch of fidgety kids! She's steady as an ox—but swift as a swallow! Safety, speed, economy, and durability are yours in an Old Town. Extra-rigid ribs and keel. Strongly braced stern to hold the weight of a motor. No vibration or shaking. No caulking, either. The non-leak, *seamless* canvas-covering can't open up!

Free catalog shows all models and prices. Also rowboats; canoes; dinghies; big, fast, all-wood, outboard family-boats, and speedy step-planes. Write today. Old Town Canoe Co., 223 Main St., Old Town, Maine.

"Old Town Boats"

Boo! It's Only Hollywood!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84]

you'd be simply out of luck. Of course, there are so-called "glass shots," "Williams shots" and the like, but even these necessitated construction and much juggling about, and were limited in their application.

THE Dunnings do the thing more simply. You dig up for them a stock shot of the Taj Mahal from a film library or from a news reel and turn it over to these new magicians. They make what they call a transparent "plate" from it, which plate contains a positive image of red tint and a negative image of neutral gray. An ordinary motion picture camera with double magazines is brought into play, and into this go unexposed film in actual contact and behind the transparent plate.

Now a foreground is built in the studio—merely a length of pavement of the proper design in this case—and your three characters go through the necessary action to take them through the entrance into the building. The result is achieved by supplying a blue background for this part of the picture. The figures and their foreground are illuminated by strong white light, and the blue backing by powerful flood lights.

The result is that the transparent plate becomes a filter which passes the white light reflected from the figures through to the unexposed film, and by means of the reflected blue light prints the image of the Taj Mahal on it at the same time. Both images print together and of equal intensity, so that the result is a new negative on which both images—perhaps taken months or even years apart—are reprinted simultaneously and in perfect composition. The cost is less than a tenth of the expense of sending your players off to India.

Bearing this in mind, here's how the foreign-language film business of Hollywood is being rescued from the deluge of red ink that splotches its accounts:

An English language talkie—"Beau Ideal," for example—is made in Hollywood and Arizona at a cost of half a million or more. It is desired to have a German, French and Italian version of it. Ordinarily the whole of the dialogue portion would be remade with casts appropriate to each language, and eventually large concourses of people in all three countries would sneer snootily. But along come the Dunning cohorts, and wherever there is specific close-up action in which the new characters speaking the foreign language appear, the camera records the background or distant action *without the principals*. This is merely an extra negative without the principal characters, and from this the Dunnings make their transparent plate.

NOW, you have on this transparency all the scenic and production effects. This is sent off to Berlin, Paris or Rome with one of the Dunning crew, together with a print of the original picture for reference. New German characters are engaged and the director merely repeats his original important scenes with them using German language, of course, against the blue background.

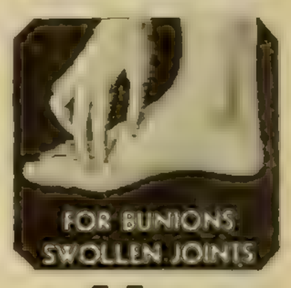
Later the new composite negative is incorporated or "cut in" to the original foreign negative where necessary, and if the Germans don't like the result they will have to put the responsibility on their own players, for these are doing their own talking. Just duplicate all this with the French, Spanish and Italian versions. If the Argentinians are very particular they can do their own talking in Buenos Aires—if they're willing to provide the simple facilities.

You see that the foreign language problem disappears at once; the Hollywood producers

CORNS

Pain Stops at Once

You will be amazed how quick is your relief when you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads to corns or sore toes. In *one minute* pain is gone—forgotten! This instant action is produced by the soothing, healing medication in Zino-pads. They cushion and protect the sore spot, completely removing the cause—shoe pressure.



100% SAFE

Zino-pads are safe, sure. Using harsh liquids or plasters often causes acid burn. Cutting your corns or callouses invites blood-poisoning. Zino-pads are small, thin, dainty. Made in special sizes for Corns, Corns between toes, Callouses and Bunions. Sold everywhere—35c box.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

HAVE SHAPELY LIMBS . . *pair* $6.75
OR SLENDER ANKLES . . *pair* $5.00

Relieve swelling or varicose veins and reduce your limbs with DR. WALTER'S famous medicated (flesh colored) gum rubber hose.

Worn next to the skin they fit like a glove and you can see the improvement at once. For over 25 years they have helped thousands of people, and are worn all over the world. Send ankle and calf measure. Pay by check or money order (no cash) or pay postman. Write for booklet.

Dr. JEANNE P. H. WALTER
389 Fifth Ave., New York

LUCKY TIGER
FOR HAIR AND SCALP

A single bottle corrects scalp irritations; a Proven Germicide, delicately perfumed; safe for adults and children. World's largest seller at Druggists, Barbers Beauty Parlors.

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Alviene 36TH YEAR Drama-Dance

Musical Comedy, Stage and Concert Dancing, Talking Pictures, Elocution, Personal Development, Stock Theatre Training appearances while learning. Pupils, Mary Pickford, Lee Tracy, Fred and Adele Astaire, etc. Catalog 16.

Irwin, Alviene University, 66 W. 85th St., New York

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begin to smile once more; the studios get rid of their incubus; the foreign picture patrons are more or less satisfied—or, at least, are in a situation where they can't complain too hard; money is saved in large amounts, and the only people who remain dissatisfied are the foreign language players, for whom a prospect of even leaner days looms up.

But, says someone, can't you tell the difference between this Dunning business and an original picture? Well, suppose you be the judge. You may recall "Anna Christie" and those marvelous harbor scenes on the waterfront and on the barge. The water backgrounds and shipping were made by a cameraman who cruised up and down the East River in New York on a tugboat. His negative came on to Hollywood and a transparent plate of it was made. Then Greta Garbo, Marie Dressler, George Marion and Charles Bickford went through the action on a nice dry sound stage in Culver City a month or so later, which coincidentally was "Dunninged" into the original background.

AND you may recall "Such Men Are Dangerous." Do you remember that thrilling scene where Warner Baxter opens the door of his cabin monoplane and looks down on London with the Tower Bridge, Westminster, and the Thames Embankment swirling beneath? Didn't notice anything "fakey" about that, of course, but it was handled by the Dunnings on a Fox sound stage at Fox Hills, using an airplane stock shot from a London film library.

If you saw "Just Imagine" you will recall some of the bizarre shots on the planet Mars. The airship or rocket ship scenes were Dunning shots. Again, in "The Last of the Duanes," the thrilling log jam sequence was a Dunning shot in its entirety. The jam itself was a miniature shot made at Fox Hills, and the foreground scenes made on what the Fox people call their "trick stage." And there was the realistic dirigible smash-up on the ice in "The Lottery Bride," in which the ice scenes were made at one period, outdoors, and the dirigible model on an ordinary sound stage, the two "composed" together in the process laboratory. Summed up, the famed "art" of the movies without the engineer and the laboratory would be as effective as a portrait painter without brush or canvas.

It requires Edisons, Eastmans and Dunnings to bring the cinema art into existence!

Is It Easy Money?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

positions are the targets of Hollywood's sharpest sharpshooters.

It has come to be a truism in motion picture circles that uneasy lies the head that earns $100 and up a week. It's always open season on the other fellow's job, and often a few months' salary is a few years' salary, too. The most omnipresent joker in film work is not the weeks when there are pay checks, but the months when there aren't.

Progressing to the inside of the studio, you perhaps will pass the wardrobe and the technical departments. In the former, the head costume designer receives from $150 to $350 a week, though it takes a liberal education in both New York and London even to approach the latter figure. The assistant designers are paid from $60 to $125, and the other wardrobe girls get about the same as seamstresses elsewhere, from $18 to $22.50. But—there are fifty seamstresses to every designer, of course.

In the technical department are the set designers, engineers, and draughtsmen. Here, again, the same condition prevails, with the head of the department drawing an actor's salary and his assistants nominal sums, but any of them could do at least as well financially in any similar position. A famous Beverly Hills architect designs ten per cent of homes

HER TRAINING TABLE IS AT THE "RITZ" . . . YET SHE HAS 'ATHLETE'S FOOT'

SHE does a daily marathon of calls and social duties in a motor car. She's active in charities and the plans of the Younger Set. Naturally, this takes a good deal of running around—but seldom with her feet.

Yet this charming member of the *haut-monde* has an unmistakable case of "Athlete's Foot." Not that she knows what it is. She only realizes that her nicety is offended by a strange, moist whiteness between her little toes. And, like a breath of scandal on the dainty feet, there is even *itching*. If she only knew it, millions of other immaculate people have been afflicted with this same infection.

Are YOU guarding against this stealthy infection, so easily tracked into homes?

"Athlete's Foot" may attack any of us because, unlike most diseases, it persists in the cleanest places. A tiny vegetable parasite, *tinea trichophyton*, generally causes this ringworm infection and it thrives on the edges of showers and swimming pools; on locker- and dressing-room floors; in gymnasiums. And from all these places it is continually tracked into countless homes. It may live and thrive for months in your own spick-and-span bathroom; and it causes infection and re-infection with great persistence. In fact the U. S. Public Health Service has reported that "*probably half of all adults suffer from ringworm at some time.*"

It has been found that Absorbine Jr. KILLS this ringworm germ

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways. Sometimes by redness between the toes; sometimes tiny, itching blisters. Again, the skin may turn white, thick and moist; or it may develop dryness, with little scales or skin-cracks. All of these conditions, it is agreed, are generally caused by the ringworm germ. And exhaustive laboratory tests have shown that Absorbine Jr. penetrates fleshlike tissues deeply, and wherever it penetrates it *kills* the ringworm germ. Results in actual cases confirm these laboratory tests.

Examine *your* feet tonight for symptoms of "Athlete's Foot." At the first sign of any *one* symptom, begin the free use of Absorbine Jr.—douse it on morning and night and *after every exposure of your bare feet on damp floors*. If the infection does not yield quickly, see your doctor.

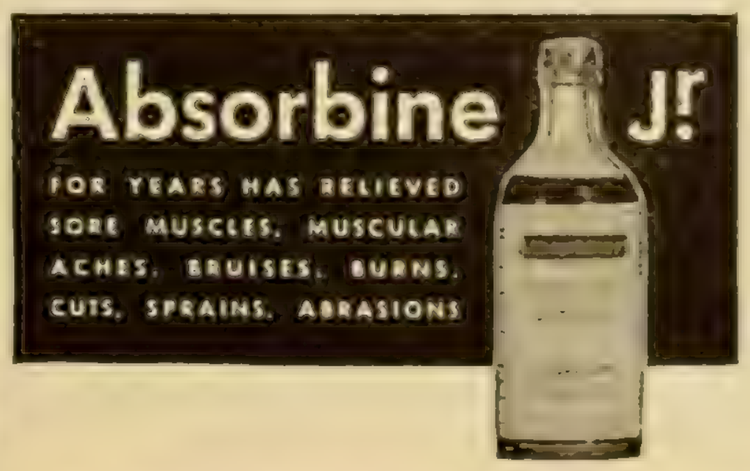
SPECIAL WINTER TREATMENT

"Athlete's Foot" doesn't spread so easily in winter. But the germ can hibernate in your home. Now's a good time to rid yourself of sources of re-infection. Do these things now:

(1) Sprinkle Absorbine Jr. on your toes every morning and evening.

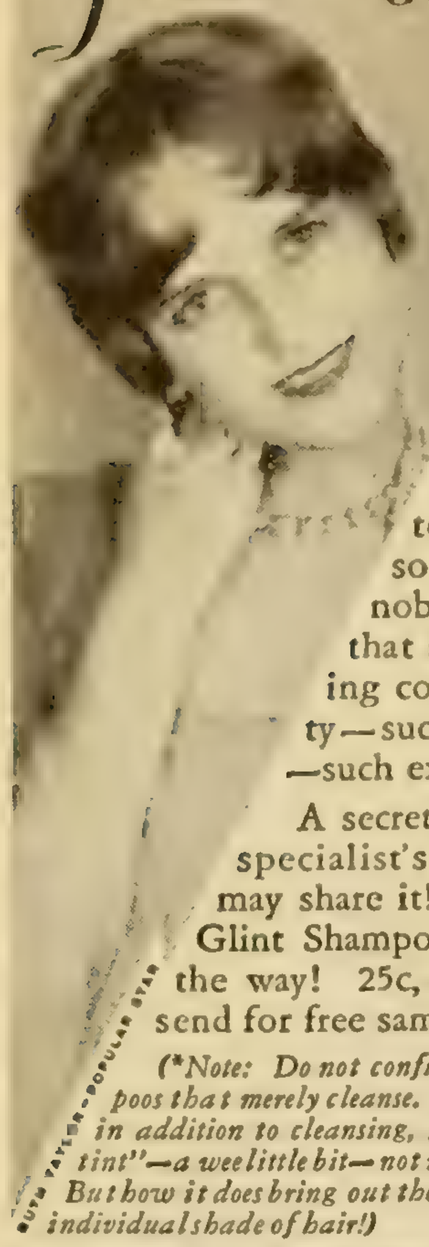
(2) If you wear socks or stockings that can be boiled, boil them 15 minutes to kill this hardy germ.

(3) Sprinkle Absorbine Jr. generously *inside* your shoes at night.



Absorbine Jr. has been so effective that substitutes are sometimes offered. Don't expect relief from a "just as good." There is nothing else like Absorbine Jr. You can get it at all drug stores—$1.25 a bottle. For a free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 176 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

Free! TO WOMES ONLY . .



this little secret!

Not a soul will know just what you have done to make your hair so lovely! Certainly nobody would dream that a single shampooing could add such beauty—such delightful lustre—such exquisite soft tones!

A secret indeed—a beauty specialist's secret! But you may share it! Just *one* Golden Glint Shampoo* will show you the way! 25c, at your dealers', or send for free sample.

*(*Note: Do not confuse this with other shampoos that merely cleanse. Golden Glint Shampoo in addition to cleansing, gives your hair a "tiny-tint"—a wee little bit—not much—hardly perceptible. But how it does bring out the true beauty of your own individual shade of hair!)*

MAIL COUPON NOW

J. W. KOBI CO. 630 Rainier Ave.. Dept. C. Seattle, Wash. * * * * * *Please send a free sample.*

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Color of my hair _____

She hated to embarrass him, but—

—she just couldn't dance another step. Of course, it was an accident, but that one slight touch had given her unspeakable pain.

Don't let a corn rob you of your good times. Relief is so quick—so easy. All druggists have this famous old remedy in convenient, 35¢ packages.

Made by the manufacturers of Kohler Antidote for Headache and all simple nerve pains.

KOHLER MANUFACTURING COMPANY
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

KOHLER ONE NIGHT CORN CURE

"Removes-not only relieves pain"

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

Absorb all blemishes and discolorations by regularly using pure Mercolized Wax. Get an ounce, and use as directed. Fine, almost invisible particles of aged skin fleck off, until all defects, such as pimples, liver spots, tan, freckles and large pores have disappeared. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and velvety, and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. **To quickly reduce wrinkles and other age lines,** use this face lotion: 1 ounce Powdered Saxolite and 1 half pint witch hazel. At drug stores.

that cost sometimes as high as $500,000, and although he isn't half as celebrated as several of Hollywood's best studio architects, he makes many times as much money as any of them.

The laboring man, at a studio, suffers all the uncertainty of the theatrical profession without enjoying any of its benefits. Actors and actresses may work only part of the time, but they draw large salaries when they do work; the carpenter, the plasterer, the electrician and the other trades have no such consolation. They get the local scale, in cents per hour, just the same as those on the outside steadily employed building houses or chicken-coops.

A WORKMAN who averages eight months steady work at a studio out of a year has cause to congratulate himself. Shut-downs, lay-offs, and lost time apply to the rank and file in all departments even more than to the executives, stars, and directors, most of whom work under contracts specifying the minimum number of weeks per year for which they shall receive salary, whether they work or not.

But again, for every such contract worker there are at least one hundred laborers.

On the set itself there are, of course, the cast and the director, surrounded by a host of technicians. The head cameraman is paid anywhere from $175 to $750 a week, but he, too, is often weeks "between" pictures, without pay. So are his second cameramen, who make from $75 to around $150. And so are the slate-boys, at $25 to $35, and the "grips," who, like the other carpenters, make around sixty cents an hour.

When sound first came into vogue the "mixer" and his crew were magicians and paid as such. Now he averages about $75 to $100 a week—when he works. His assistants earn from $50 to $60 a week, all figured by the hour. The sound supervisor is the only man in that department who makes any money now, varying from $150 to $500 a week.

The prop man is a tragedy unto himself. After a lifetime usually spent as a theatrical trouper, he makes less money than the average baggage smasher—and works harder than anybody in the studio. He gets from as little as $17.50 to as much as $35 a week, possibly six weeks out of ten.

When a picture is in production, there is no such thing as an eight- ten- or twelve-hour day. The trades are paid overtime, of course, or another shift used; but everybody else seems to work the harder knowing that they must inevitably be "through" or laid off the sooner.

During the filming of "The King of Jazz," for instance, everybody in the troupe averaged eighteen hours a day, seven days a week, for three months. They worked like beavers, everybody driving everybody else. As soon as the last scene was shot, every salary ceased, and some of them haven't begun again.

Easy money?

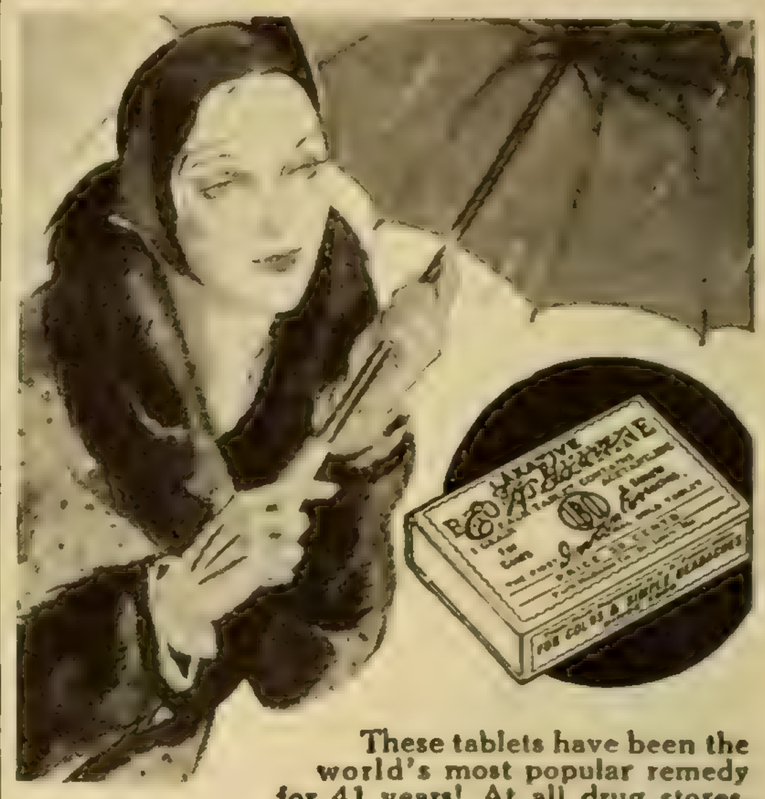
HOLLYWOOD is a magical city, the birthplace of many magical things. But it isn't the end of the rainbow, save for the fortunate few. Even for them, the period during which the goose lays the golden eggs is usually short. There are in Hollywood but forty-two full-fledged stars, anyhow, and how many of them who were stars yesterday will be stars tomorrow?

Most of them were years reaching stardom, and even the salaries they receive now don't average so much over that period of years. Then, when they no longer get such sums, how many of them will be content with moderate salaries after having accustomed themselves to living as stars seem to think they must?

Those years to come, those years after they are through, must be averaged in, too. And even during the height of their fame and earning power, many a poor starlet wonders from month to month where the next payment on her income tax is coming from, not to mention the robin's-egg blue Rolls-Royce! Those who save and invest are sensible—but what they earn from that isn't movie money.

COLDS

FIGHT THEM OFF WITH THIS LAXATIVE QUININE



These tablets have been the world's most popular remedy for 41 years! At all drug stores.

Go out in bad weather if you must, but go into the drug store on your way back for this safe, dependable cold remedy. It takes both a body tonic and a laxative to check colds and headaches quickly and comfortably. You get both in Grove's Laxative BROMO QUININE Tablets. Use them. Keep well.

Grove's *Laxative* BROMO QUININE *Tablets*

The Ambassador Hotel

The Ambassador Hotel is representative of everything that the finest hostelry can be in location, charm, excellence of menus and service.

There are always celebrities of the screen world at The Ambassador. It is in the social center on one of the world's most famous thoroughfares.

NEW YORK
PARK AVENUE AT 51ST STREET

ATLANTIC CITY • PALM BEACH • LOS ANGELES

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Of course, there are a few children of fortune who have been wafted to affluence upon the breeze. But for every one of them there are ten thousand who make application at the stenographic department, at the wardrobe department, at the casting office and switchboard for any kind of job. That's why the waitresses in the cafés and the clerks in the drugstores are so pretty.

They thought that it was easy money, too—until they found out how hard it is to grab even a little of it!

Unbeatable Betty

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

seriously ill, had a family to care for, and would actually lose his job. So Betty forthwith upset all rules and precedent, and worked under hot lights for six hours in clothes she didn't own!

Then she reverted to her rule and hasn't broken it since. She helps orphans, too.

ON her living room table is a handsome box. Open it, and you'll find the frowsiest collection of tinfoil that you've ever seen. She collects it and expects her friends to give her all they can save. When she gets a heavy ball of it, she sends it to a Denver orphanage, of which a relative is an official. They sell it.

She's always pestering people at the studio, too, to save tinfoil for her orphans!—prop men, grips, still men, stars, directors, all get asked to save the foil from their cigarettes and cigars for Betty.

Every once in a while, when there was a party at the Compson place, Betty would say:

"Well, whaddayou say we help the orphans?"

Everybody agreed. So Betty sends the butler for a bottle or two of something, and the tinfoil goes into the orphans' box. Talking about butlers, Betty had to fire one once because he helped the orphans too much himself.

This all sounds as though Betty's a rather wild person, doesn't it? Well, don't get her wrong. She's regular—but she's real, too.

Thirty-three years old, Betty is, and in those thirty-three years she's known poverty and want. She achieved what she has by her own efforts. And in that fight, she's learned that life isn't all good or all bad; and that people are like that, too. There's nothing brilliant or novel about that philosophy, of course—but so many people never do seem to learn it.

As a matter of fact, Betty actually loves her work and her home. Work is paramount to her. She loves making pictures, and she's willing to make any sacrifice to maintain her stardom. You know, when she married Jim Cruze and went domestic, her weight rose to 135. Well, 135 for Betty's height is too much. When she went back to pictures, she had to reduce.

PEOPLE around the Compson place began to be startled, mornings, by seeing a female dashing about in bathing suit or running togs.

They'd look out and mutter:

"There goes that crazy woman again, runnin' around half naked!"

It was Betty, of course, reducing. She brought her weight down to 108, and is keeping it there because she has a horror of ever having to do it all over again. She hates exercise, anyway. Swimming is about the only form of athletic diversion she goes in for, and not too much of that, either. For pastime, she'd rather read. She reads a lot, and her tastes are diversified—classics or popular stuff.

Superstitious? Yes—about as much as any ordinary person. Knocks wood for luck and things like that. Just like you or me.

Success hasn't gone to her head, either. I've told you how she likes people because she likes them—and not because they may be famous or rich. She keeps appointments, too—and that's SOMEthing in movieland. The biggest rôle of her career came because she kept instead of breaking a date.

A short route to Beauty and a sure one

daily use of this Balanced Cream

AS YOU have probably discovered, a face that isn't cared for regularly soon advertises its neglect. Skin—to stay beautiful—needs a deep, thorough cleansing every day. It needs to be protected against roughness, the texture kept smooth and fresh. Rather an arduous program for the busy woman, isn't it? Unless she combines all rites in one by using a *balanced* cream.

Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream has enjoyed forty years of feminine demand because it accomplishes a whole facial without accessory creams or lotions. So expertly is this all-purpose cream compounded that it softens the skin immediately on application, sinks deep into the pores, relieves the skin of make-up, impurities, excess oil.

You don't need an elaborate shelf of cosmetics when you have Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream in your boudoir. You don't require a skin-food, for this *balanced* cream nourishes. It smooths away wrinkles, refines large pores, saves all the fuss and bother of lengthy beauty devotionals. And achieves the same miraculous results! The finest and best ingredients to be had make up the formula of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream. It is scientifically blended to agree with the greatest number of skins. You cannot buy a *better* product at *any* price. Send coupon below for a generous size tube.

These windy March days you'll find your make-up adheres better if put on over a light powder base of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Vanishing Cream.

regular 10 cent size tube free

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL, 2 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

Please send me FREE *one of your regular size tubes of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream.*

Name P-3
(PRINT)

Street .....
(PRINT)

City ..... State .....

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Goodbye Dandruff!

There's nothing mysterious about dandruff. It's an actual substance, just as natural as perspiration. If you don't believe you have it, *try the finger-tip test:* gently scratch your scalp and look at your finger-nails.

You must wash your hair regularly anyway—why not use a shampoo that removes dandruff at the same time? Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo dissolves and removes every speck of dandruff instantly under a money-back guarantee. It lathers freely and rinses easily, no acid rinse needed. And it's just as good for blondes as it is for brunettes.

Fitch's has never failed in 37 years of increasing sales. Try it today. Applications at barber shops and beauty parlors. Retail sizes at drug and department stores.

Send 10c for trial size and booklet.

F. W. FITCH CO., Des Moines, Iowa. PH3

For 10c enclosed send generous trial package and 32 page educational booklet "Your Hair and Scalp."

Name.....

Address.....

Men
dislike *Women*
is
MICHAEL ARLEN'S

theme in his new COSMOPOLITAN serial of a modern girl who loses her heart but keeps her head in America's dizziest, maddest social set. What Arlen did in depicting London's Mayfair in "The Green Hat" he does now for our Park Avenue Mayfair in "Men Dislike Women." Begin this sparkling new serial in March

Hearst's International
combined with
Cosmopolitan
Now on Sale

Learn PHOTOGRAPHY at Home

Make money taking pictures. Photographs in big demand. Commercial Photography also pays big money. Learn quickly at home in spare time. No experience necessary. Write today for new free book, *Opportunities in Modern Photography*. American School of Photography, Dept. 1253 3601 Michigan Ave., Chicago.

She had an interview with George Loane Tucker. She had worked hard, and was dead tired. Nine persons out of ten would have broken the date. Betty kept it. It resulted in her being cast in "The Miracle Man"—and that was the picture that really "made" her.

And, rich or not, she's still a shrewd bargainer. She's never forgotten what she learned in days of privation, and if you don't believe it, just try to put something over on her.

She just loves children—she's happy when she's with them. But other people's—she never wants any of her own, she says. What she wants to do when she retires—and IF she retires—is to go to England and make her home there in a cottage. She worked in pictures in England, and loves the country.

SHE'S so jealous of her plans that some time ago, rather then forfeit the privilege of going back to England some day, she paid a $15,000 tax on her earnings in England, when she might have gotten out of it by fighting it and staying here. Her own ancestry, by the way, is Norwegian—that's where she inherited that brilliant hair and those blue eyes.

She likes period furniture, and believes in changing her houseful of it every six or seven years. Sends out all the old stuff to the auction room, and refurnishes completely. Says it's as necessary for the house as airing out the bedding! She collects antiques—has Queen Victoria's egg cup and a pair of Dresden China candlesticks that the King of Serbia once owned. She has more than a thousand elephants of all kinds, sizes and materials.

She never keeps letters, but saves contracts. She thinks she'd like to direct pictures, and would also like to design advertising layouts. She plans to build a $5,000,000 hotel in Hollywood. In fact, she thinks she can do any number of things as well as make pictures.

And if anybody makes the obvious wisecrack, the answer is that to date, she has made nearly 300 moving pictures, and is still making 'em.

And that's some kind of a record!

Charlotte, N. C.

I never had any childhood; I was a woman at twelve, with tragedy for a playmate. Youth is not even a pleasant memory; merely the grinding of wheels in a dingy, dusty mill and dragging an aching body home to rest. Now with life's doors of happiness locked and barred, I find myself shivering and alone, forced to warm my numbed fingers at the phantom firesides of make-believe — the movies, the one bright spot in my bleak life, the one place where I may dream, and forget, and play.

The charming love stories bring me the fragrance of many forgotten springtimes and the fullness of passion that was never mine. The varied locations of the pictures carry me into far places, giving me an idea of the great world in which we live, which I could never see but for the movies. My blood tingles with excitement when I tread dangerous paths in underworld pictures, so in contrast to the safe monotony of my present existence.

The movies have stretched out a hand to me in the dark. I have taken it and found its firm clasp warm and sincere; a friendly substitution for what I may never hope to attain.

Mrs. J. M.

MY DEAR, can those be *freckles* we see!

THIS will *never* do. Lovely ladies mustn't look like young imps these days. Rush out and get a jar of the *new* Golden Peacock Bleach Creme this minute!

You'll *love* it. So *safe*—so gentle—so utterly ruthless in its business-like banishment of freckles and blotches, winter-weathering. You'll find your skin shades and shades lighter in just a few days, softer, smoother—and quite blemish-free.

Golden Peacock Bleach Creme is soothing, healing and completely harmless—its base a mild baby-skin cream. You'll find it at all toiletry counters—$1 the jar.

THE NEW
Golden Peacock
BLEACH CREME

Unloved

Hair OFF
Face
Lips
Chin

I once looked like this. Ugly hair on face . . . unloved . . . discouraged. Tried depilatories, waxes, pastes, liquids, electricity—even a razor. Then I discovered a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked! Thousands have won beauty and love with the secret. My *Free* Book, "Getting Rid of All Ugly, Superfluous Hair," explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Money back if not satisfied. Write Mlle. Annette Lanzette, 109 W. Austin Ave., Dept. 659, Chicago.

Complete Your Toilet
with
Cuticura Talcum
Fragrant and Refreshing
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"Just Let Me Work"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

Arbuckle will half-smile and say, usually: "Aw, never mind me; I'm doing all right. But you might give a story to So-and-So"—naming either an old-timer who's heading for the rocks, or a newcomer who needs a boost.

He has learned that his field is motion pictures, and it is in that field alone that he must seek whatever the future holds for him. He tried, disastrously, restauranting. His friends backed him—first with the Plantation Club, a night resort near Hollywood. It went well enough, in a way, but "Fatty" got nothing out of it to speak of. His name was blazoned there in electric lights, and it was called "his" place.

But all he really was was entertainer there. And it didn't last.

THEN some friends promoted another place for him, in Hollywood. But it was off the beaten track.

Friends are few—real friends, that is. Not many people came to Arbuckle's café. And that flopped, too.

"It's pictures for me," he realized. He had been brought up in pictures, and pictures was all he knew.

He hasn't many resources. So he turned back to pictures.

Producers were afraid of his name. They knew that to mark their product with the name of Arbuckle was to invite disaster.

It was Mack Sennett who took the first chance. He gave "Fatty" a job directing and gagging. But even Sennett had Arbuckle use another name. Four months, "Fatty" stayed there.

Then he went to Radio Pictures. Radio kept it very, very dark. If "Fatty" happened to get into a photograph taken on the set he was working on, while acting as gag-man, the negative was destroyed. The studio adopted a rigid hush-hush policy on Arbuckle's presence while he worked there as comedy adviser on two pictures.

From there, "Fatty" went to another producing organization that specializes in two-reel comedies.

For the past several months, he has been successfully directing there under his new name. He is reasonably happy.

When we say that, we mean that "Fatty" is resigned. He has lost his fight; he has lost his illusions. And of hope, he retains only a vestige.

That hope is the one thing he has never given up. It is the hope that some day, somehow, he may once again return to the screen—*on* the screen! And it's not because he thinks he can make more money—because he's making a good living now. It's because he can never forget the place he once held in the hearts and affections of movie-goers. He wants that place back.

"ALL I want to do is to be allowed to work in my field," is the way he puts it. There's no longer any enthusiasm behind his saying it, though.

"It isn't for money. I'm not broke. I never have been broke. I don't want anybody sobbing or whining over me.

"I've no resentment against anybody for what has happened. My conscience is clear, my heart is clean. I refuse to worry. I feel that I have atoned for everything.

"You know, people *can* be wrong. I don't say I'm *all* right. I don't believe the other side is *all* right. And anyway, so much worse has happened in history to people vastly more important that I am that my little worries don't matter, in comparison. So why should I kick?

"People have the right to their opinions. The people who oppose me have the right to

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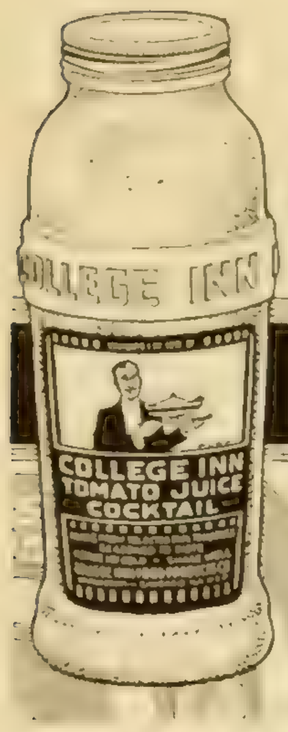

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theirs. I have the right to mine—which is, that I've suffered enough, and been humiliated enough.

"I want to go back to the screen. I think I can entertain and gladden the people that see me. All I want is that. If I do get back, it will be grand.

"If I don't—well, okay."

Lew Stares at Stars

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66]

orchestras, that he even had a little reed organ in his home. But I never dreamed of hearing the beautiful harmony, the difficult compositions, the unique improvisations which issued from that organ with Lew sitting, engrossed in his playing, at the console.

HOLLYWOOD has a way of winding itself about people so that they all, sooner or later, drop their individuality and assume a common mold. Tricked by Hollywood into adopting a stereotyped pose which they mistake for unique and individual temperament. There is a race to see who can display the most motor cars, the most pretentious homes, who throws the biggest parties, who can give Hollywood the biggest thrill of the moment.

Few stars have escaped Hollywood's treacherous yoke. Greta Garbo is one. Lew Ayres is another.

As Lew sat there at the organ, I couldn't help mentally cataloging him as a sort of male Garbo.

Indian moccasins on his feet, tie loosened, shirt unbuttoned at the throat, trousers out of press, really sloppy looking!

I asked if he wore the moccasins to better manipulate the organ pedals.

"Hadn't thought of that," he answered, without interrupting the improvisation upon which he was working. "Guess I *do* look kind of messy for one of these movie actors! So people are always telling me, anyway. But I'd rather be comfortable than eat!

"I had to spend most of my time around cafés and ballrooms for three years before I went into the movies, and I got fed up on party atmosphere, dolled up from morning till night, every word and gesture studied for the effect it would have on the observer.

"At last I can live as I want to. I can put on comfortable clothes, and rummage around the junk shops down on Main Street, attend auctions (I always get stung, but I *do* like auctions!), examine the ten-cent stores, fool around with this pipe organ, read books, drive down to Agua Caliente for *muchas cervezas* (several beers, that means), sit in my window nights and stare at the moon and stars through my telescope."

PUBLICITY regarding Lew Ayres has centered largely about two explicit characteristics—he is "baby-faced," and he is silent. Don't let either of these facts fool you about the boy they only vaguely describe. Lew has a sense of values—a philosophy far in advance of his years. Few other young chaps could have been showered with his sudden success, and been able to resist the temptations Hollywood offers youth.

Lew has an enviable bank account, takes pleasure-filled week-end trips to all of Southern California's points of interest, reads good books, studies astronomy and music every spare minute, chooses a few reliable and interesting friends . . . the rest can go to the devil!

Lew knows his Hollywood, and has beaten it before it even so much as induced him to try on a beret.

Lew's own words are: "Life is a lot of fun if you make it so! I figure that it is my job to do my best at the studio; then I can go home and forget work—make the spare hours

count. Parties, cars and clothes in excess—they're all right, I suppose, but nothing upon which to build memories for future years. You may think me over cautious, but it isn't that. It's just my idea that you can be happy all your life, if you pave the way for it from the start."

Maybe the younger generation isn't headed so directly for destruction—as voices from the bench and pulpit would have us think, when a youngster can salvage from the sophistication, cynicism, and futility of life in Hollywood a philosophy like that of Lew Ayres!

Larry the Kid

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74]

in a lake, that he can't see it that way! He thoroughly resents being told what to do.

He once said: "If I tried to live the way people say I should live, I'd be dead!"

He lives for the sheer joy of living.

Temperament is just a foolish word in his lexicon.

GRAND vocalist that he is, Tibbett can't play a single musical instrument! He can't even play the piano well enough to accompany himself. The only thing he can play is a phonograph, and he has a wonderful collection of records—everything from Red-Seal stuff to the jazziest syncopation.

He loves jazz and loves to dance to it, and thinks that most people who go for only "high brow" music are putting it on.

For his own delectation, his favorite musical pieces are the Evening Star aria from Tannhauser, and "A Kingdom in the Sea," a song by Edgar Allan Poe, to music by Arthur Somerville. He sings these two for himself. He also loves German *lieder* and popular ballads and is constantly using more and more of them in his recitals.

"Some day when I get nerve enough," he says, "I'm going to confine all my concerts to English songs and ballads." He contends that as long as he's singing in an English-speaking country, why not sing in English? He has little patience with ultra-highbrow critics.

Mrs. Tibbett has to keep a sharp eye cocked on him. He'd buy colored shirts if she'd let him but she makes him buy white ones. When he does buy clothes, he buys in huge quantities at a time—when he has one suit made, he orders three or four more like it. Shirts, pajamas by the dozens.

He hates to buy hats and shoes, and would rather wear old ones.

He's got a corduroy coat that his wife can't part him from unless she burns it, and he's got a pet sweater that's the same way.

He lets his valet choose his clothes for him when he dresses, and when he undresses, it's liable to be anywhere around the house. Mrs. Tibbett never knows where she will find his collar and tie next.

HE doesn't play bridge at all. Nobody cares, because he's more fun at a gathering *not* playing bridge.

Sometimes he gets up when some music is being played and does an impromptu "aesthetic" or "interpretive" dance. It's as good as Chaplin.

He has no hobby, unless it's collecting suitcases and leather goods. It is all one can do to get him by a leather goods shop without his going in and buying things.

He has more suitcases than stuff to pack in them.

He clings to an old razor he's owned for fifteen years.

His secret ambition is to be a Shakespearean actor.

And that's a close-up of Larry Tibbett, who's never grown up! Thank God!

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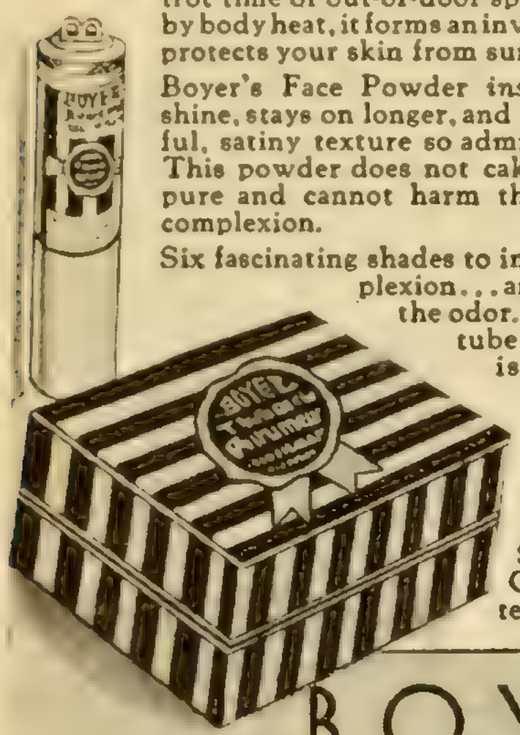

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May-Breath

Did Brown and Garbo Fight?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

enough. She refused to say many of the lines and instead of arguing about it she'd only sulk and murmur, "When does the next boat leave for Sweden?" a variation of the old "I tank I go home."

When asked why a line did not please her she would only say, "Oh, dot's silly. I never heard people talk like dot." "Inspiration," a sophisticated story has smart, Continental atmosphere.

The lines are those that might be used by smart people.

GETTING the most from a line is something that Garbo does not yet know how to do. She has mastered every trick of the silent screen, but the technique of the theater, which has now become the technique of the screen, is foreign to her.

Once she said to a member of the cast, "I should like to go on the stage."

"But what would you do about rehearsals? You don't like them."

"I wouldn't do them," she said. "You see, I'd have the whole cast rehearse and have another woman do my part. Then, when it was ready I'd come in and play the rôle."

And that!—a Scandinavian snap of the finger—for the traditions of the theater!

You see, Garbo believed that she knew more about dialogue and the reading of lines than the producers. At least, her actions betrayed this and because she would not learn at home the lines she did not like, the set was turned into a school room. While the other members of the cast—pretty good actors, too, Marjorie Rambeau, Lewis Stone, Beryl Mercer, Robert Montgomery—waited, Garbo was taught her speeches.

It is reported that Clarence Brown used to go behind a flat alone. Perhaps he was counting from one to ten!

The strange part is that this is all very different from the way things were six years ago, when Garbo first came over. The late Mauritz Stiller directed the first part of her second picture.

Stiller was the final word, Garbo not even the introductory sentence.

She moved before the camera at his command. And it was only when Stiller left the M-G-M lot that Garbo showed her first signs of temperament. But she showed her stubbornness so persistently that other directors wished Clarence Brown sardonic congratulations when he was assigned to guide her and Jack Gilbert through the amorous paths of "Flesh and the Devil."

That, as it later turned out, was the film that made of her the first siren of the cinema. And it also showed that something in Garbo's temperament acted as a complement to something in Brown's.

You realized that these two were the perfect star-director team.

Garbo was completely happy doing that part. Brown made her work as she had never done before.

He also introduced her to Jack Gilbert and never before was there such an idyllic glow of happiness upon any set.

IT is true, of course, that Brown directed her more in that first film than he has since. The years, of course, have taught her much. Brown knows her to be the outstanding woman personality of the screen, and he now lets her play her scenes about as she wants to do them. She has confidence in Brown. She knows his worth as a director.

Out of that confidence, and their long association, Garbo and Brown have developed friendship.

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Here's a little yarn that will illustrate it.

During the last football season Brown was told, on a fine Saturday morning, that he would have to work with Garbo and her company all day. Greta saw that her director looked sad.

"What is the matter, Clarence?" she asked.

"I wanted to go to the game," the director said.

"You have de tickets?" asked Garbo.

"Yes," answered Brown.

"O.K. You go. Now Garbo sick! She cannot work any more today."

SO the star put her hand to her head, and staggered across the set, saying "Garbo sick! Garbo sick! No more work!"

And Brown saw the football game.

Brown knows her worth as an actress and he has made part of his success with her by sitting by, calmly, and allowing the flame of her talent to burn itself before the camera. Whenever any difficulty arises Brown says, "Well, we'll shoot the scene two ways, your way and mine, and we'll see which is the better!"

It is the way to handle Garbo. Arguments won't do. She has fixed opinions, but she does not back these up with reasons. Just as in the old days she sent hairdressers away talking to themselves with her "Garbo does not like," so now she watches the action of a bit of the scene and says—in effect—"Garbo does not like." Therefore, Garbo must have her own way. She may be persuaded to do it another way as well. But she'll do it her way at least once.

So much for the trouble on "Inspiration." So much for the rumors of star-director battles.

There were none of the latter—only sulky moments that made everybody concerned unhappy.

Garbo can be most unpleasant.

But the only thing of importance to you and to me is that one rumor that Brown will not direct Garbo again. That would be tragic.

AND, here is what Brown, himself, says about that. "I would not direct Miss Garbo again under the same conditions that prevailed during the last picture. We would begin by having a completed script before we started. But for Miss Garbo, personally and as an artist, I have the greatest respect and admiration."

And, now, for you Garbo fans, here's the final tag to the story. Garbo did not like her rôle in "Inspiration." She did not like her lines.

She did not like the conception of the woman she played. She did not like working in the picture.

And, yet, as the modernized "Sappho," she gives one of the most beautiful characterizations of her exciting career.

And if you can beat that one you'll win the diamond-studded megaphone.

Here Are the Names of the "Best Known Unknowns"

These are the names of the best-known Hollywood unknowns described in Mr. Chrisman's story on pages 72-73.

How many did you know?

1. Tom Ricketts
2. Lon Poff
3. Daisy Belmore
4. Edgar Norton
5. DeWitt Jennings
6. Maude Turner Gordon
7. Paul McAllister
8. Maurice Black
9. Dale Fuller
10. Ed Brady

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CROSS SECTION VIEW SHOWS HOW CONCAVED BRISTLES FIT THE HEAD

THE WILCOX HAIR BRUSH

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FREE For free sample jar send this coupon to Dr. Charles Flesh Food Co., Dept. P. C. 220-36th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ina Claire Laughs Last—and Loudest!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]

that was Ina Claire's artistic kingdom? Alas, and I may say, alack, no. It popped faintly, for its first showing, at an out of the way neighborhood theater—for three days! This, for the first talking picture of a potent star!

And then it dropped from sight entirely.

To this day there is some doubt, probably, in the minds of thousands, as to whether there really WAS such a picture as "The Awful Truth." And as one of the few who saw it, I may say it was a pretty good picture, too!

But that didn't help Ina, her pride, or Pathe very much.

AND so Queen Ina Claire entered upon her Black Days. As far as Hollywood was concerned, she was already in the scullery, polishing pans from which her betters might feed.

But Hollywood didn't know the Claire girl. When Pathe bought off the rest of her contract for $75,000—when she squabbled with Gilbert and moved out of the hilltop castle into a house in the lowlands, still Hollywood didn't know her.

The picture public *never* had—save as "that blonde dame, you know, the one who married Jack Gilbert."

So here was Ina, palpably a slightly spotted deuce at the bottom of the deck. A lesser woman might have taken her licking and retired to a cave to moan and blubber. But not Ina. That wasn't the way she got to be a queen. Just when her bruises were biggest and sorest, she really began to fight.

And for magnificent ironic comedy—with a dash of white-hot drama—I offer you Ina Claire's irresistible, indomitable comeback!

Suddenly Hollywood, dreaming in its cardboard castles, learned that Miss Ina Claire was to star on the Los Angeles stage in "Rebound," a play by Mr. Donald Ogden Stewart. It lifted one eyebrow, and went back to its movie mumbling. Oh yes, that stage actress who married Gilbert. And what a first-rate flopperino SHE was!

But they still didn't know Ina Claire. She and Gilbert called out the troops. Jack commandeered a flock of seats and marched in the movie monarchs, all ermine and diamonds—all from Missouri, waiting sniffily to be shown.

Ina Claire, indeed! It was, by all accounts, the most brilliant opening in the history of the Los Angeles stage.

AND they were shown! In the leading rôle of "Rebound" one Ina Claire gave a performance that left the mummers gasping like so many moribund tadpoles. She let them have both barrels of her colossal glamour—she teased them, cajoled them, smote them, inflamed them, stirred them and left them goggling in their seats! Producers rushed into the lobby, talking to themselves and adding sums on their fingers.

Well, it was really too funny. Ina's triumph was complete. If there was any enemy yet alive, it was flying over the High Sierras, its coat tails lying flat on the breeze.

Before you could mutter "Gustav Von Seyffertitz," Ina Claire had been signed on the dotted line by Paramount, and Pathe had snapped up "Rebound" for Ann Harding. From that droll result, you can see that it was a scramble, and too bad for the hindmost!

Ina Claire? Oh, she just smiled a slow, cool smile and went into strict training. Ina, you see, was a queen again.

Gilbert had married a blonde actress, and caught a monarch!

VALUE

. . . plus that irresistible "it" which femininity adores. Gay, saucy little powder puffs; kind and soothing to the skin; sterilized for your safety . . . You could expect no more from a fifty cent puff.

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FLAT chested? Fashion demands the full, rounded shapeliness of the womanly form. The stars of Hollywood are developing their *feminine* charm. You, too, can quickly add extra fullness where needed. My new method plumps out the hollows and builds firm, youthful tissue. Just TRY my wonderful NANCY LEE MIRACLE CREAM and especial developing instructions!

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Ina Claire tossed off a few pounds, here and there.

She no longer had buck fever when a microphone snapped at her. She looked more ravishing than she had in years.

Like the great trouper she is, she went into the trenches at Paramount's Eastern studio—and the scenes flew.

She may be imperious, she may be a little hard to handle, but Claire is one of the finest troupers in America.

The tricks of her trade that she doesn't know have not yet been devised.

And she turned them all loose on "The Royal Family of Broadway."

Paramount did its part. It told off Fredric March and Henrietta Crosman and Mary Brian for the company.

It allowed George Cukor and Cyril Gardner to try their directorial metal on the excellent script.

AND what a picture they made—with Claire and March glittering in the van!

It had a silk-hat opening at the proud Rivoli Theater, right where Broadway's heart beats loudest.

The critics danced in the aisles when the première was over. For days on end the public jammed, packed and crammed the playhouse—to see what is certainly one of the best talking pictures yet manufactured by the arts and sciences in crafty hands.

And there you have it—and there you have Ina Claire, a queenlier queen than ever, and rightly so, by talent, training and beauty. I sometimes wonder what Hollywood makes of it, when it contemplates "that snooty blonde stage actress who came out here and married Jack Gilbert and then flopped over at Pathe."

Can you beat it for Horatio Alger drama—and for sardonic comedy?

Have your laugh, Ina—and make it loud, long and as triumphant as you please.

And wait—as one who has adored you (from theater balconies) for years, let me join in!

Har! Har! Har! and a Tiger!

A Real Sheik Sees Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]

and all the other make-up of the so-called "sheik."

"There's one of *our* sheiks," said the studio man.

"That?" screamed Ab'sl'm. Then he spat violently and in five languages, called upon Allah to witness that he had been grossly insulted.

It was many minutes before the studio man could explain that the term sheik originated here with the Valentino rage.

"Bah!" lamented Ab'sl'm at length. Then: "Now you know Meester Wolheim? Well, he would be a sheik in my countree."

IT was about his five wives that they kidded Ab'sl'm most. Ab'sl'm finally shut them up.

"W'at ees de deef'rence?" he asked. "Een my countree, I haf five wives. Eet seems from w'at I see and hear dat een Holleewood eet ees not onusual for one beeutiful woman to haf five 'osbands—som'time not all at once, maybe."

And American men—oh, they're all right as friends, but as lovemakers . . . !

"I theenk," said Ab'sl'm to a close friend on the day he left Hollywood, "dat sometime soon I shall come back.

"I shall estableesh a school for love-making. Eet ees badly needed here."

But then, this is a family magazine, after all.

The worst day in the month

WORK PILED HIGH, BUT SHE MUST GO HOME. A MONTHLY OCCURRENCE! HER EMPLOYER SAYS NOTHING *and yet*.....

CAPABLE—she understands her work and does it well. Efficient—to the very tips of her speeding fingers. Fully dependable—until a certain period every month.

Then—good only to make excuses! But the best excuses do not halt the pains. Midol *does*.

Women still submitting meekly to dreaded monthly martyrdom should investigate the merciful merits of these tiny tablets at once.

They are as harmless as they look. Take them when the time comes—and you don't suffer. Or if pains have started, they will subside in from five to seven minutes. No matter how much pain you have endured every month. Whether you are fourteen or forty. Midol never fails to bring the relief.

Specialists produced these tablets to perform one specific service—to end periodic suffering without harm. They bring prompt relief, without penalties of any kind. Midol isn't a narcotic; you may take it as often as there is need. Modern women — more than a million — depend on this comfort to spare them even a single moment of unnecessary pain.

Wherever you go, take with you the confidence that Midol affords. For the tiny trim case, in which these assuring little tablets come, will tuck away in any purse or pocket. Just say "Midol" to your druggist; we guarantee your satisfaction. Or try it free, see offer below—our proof that Midol will help you:

PERSONAL 7

The makers of Midol offer a *free trial case* (in a plain wrapper) to prove that all such pain is needless. Mail this coupon to MIDOL, 170 Varick St. N.Y.

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Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"ALMOST A HONEYMOON"—BRITISH INTERNATIONAL.—From the play by Walter Ellis. Adapted by Monty Banks and Walter Mycroft. Directed by Monty Banks. The cast: *Basil Dibley*, Clifford Mollison; *The Butler*, Donald Calthrop; *Rosalie Quilter*, Dorothy (Dodo) Watts; *Cuthbert de Grey*, Lamont Dickson; *Sir James Jephson*, C. M. Hallard.

"ALOHA" — ROGELL-TIFFANY PRODUCTION.—From the story by Thomas H. Ince and J. G. Hawks. Adapted by Adele Buffington. Directed by Albert Rogell. The cast: *Jimmy Bradford*, Ben Lyon; *Ilanu*, Raquel Torres; *James Bradford, Sr.*, Robert Edeson; *Stevens*, Alan Hale; *Winifred Marvin*, Thelma Todd; *Elaine Marvin*, Marion Douglas; *Old Ben*, Otis Harlan; *Johnny Marvin*, T. Roy Barnes; *Larry Leavitt*, Robert Ellis; *Kahea*, Donald Reed; *A Sailor*, Al St. John; *Junior Bradford*, Dickie Moore; *Governess*, Marcia Harris; *Rosalie*, Addie McPhail; *Dixie*, Phyllis Crane; *Native Girl*, Rita Rey.

"CAUGHT CHEATING" — TIFFANY PRODUCTIONS.—From the story by W. Scott Darling. Directed by Frank Strayer. The cast: *T. McGillicuddy Hungerford*, Charlie Murray; *Sam Harris*, George Sidney; *Madelynne Cabrone*, Nita Martan; *Joe Cabrone*, Robert Ellis; *Tessie*, Dorothy Christy; *Lena Harris*, Bertha Mann; *Tobey Moran*, Fred Malatesta; *Guiseppe*, George Regas.

"CITY LIGHTS"—CHAPLIN-UNITED ARTISTS. From the story by Charles Chaplin. Directed by Charles Chaplin. The cast: *A Blind Girl*, Virginia Cherrill; *Her Grandmother*, Florence Lee; *An Eccentric Millionaire*, Harry Myers; *His Butler*, Allan Garcia; *A Prizefighter*, Hank Mann; *A Tramp*, Charles Chaplin.

"DAMAGED LOVE"—SONO ART-WORLD WIDE.—From the play by Thomas W. Broadhurst. Adapted by Frederic and Fanny Hatton. Directed by Irvin Willat. The cast: *Nita Meredith*, June Collyer; *Jim Powell*, Charles Starrett; *Rose Powell*, Eloise Taylor; *Madge Sloan*, Betty Garde; *Ned Endicott*, Charles Trowbridge.

"DANCE FOOLS, DANCE"—M-G-M.—From the story by Aurania Rouverol. Continuity by Richard Schayer. Directed by Harry Beaumont. The cast: *Bonnie*, Joan Crawford; *Bob*, Lester Vail; *Bert Scranton*, Cliff Edwards; *Rodney*, William Bakewell; *Stanley Jordan*, William Holden; *Jake Luva*, Clark Gable; *Wally*, Earle Foxe; *Parker*, Purnell B. Pratt; *Selby*, Hale Hamilton; *Della*, Natalie Moorhead; *Sylvia*, Joan Marsh; *Whitey*, Russell Hopton.

"DRACULA"—UNIVERSAL.—From the novel by Bram Stoker and the play by Hamilton Deane and John Balderston. Directed by Tod Browning. The cast: *Count Dracula*, Bela Lugosi; *Mina Seward*, Helen Chandler; *John Harker*, David Manners; *Dr. Seward*, Herbert Bunston; *Dr. Van Helsing*, Edward Van Sloan, *Renfield*, Dwight Frye; *Lucy*, Frances Dade; *Martin*, Charles Gerrard; *Maid*, Joan Standing.

"EASIEST WAY, THE"—M-G-M.—From the play by Eugene Walter. Adapted by Edith Ellis. Directed by Jack Conway. The cast: *Laura Murdock*, Constance Bennett; *Willard Brockton*, Adolphe Menjou; *Jack Madison*, Robert Montgomery; *Peg*, Anita Page; *Elfie*, Marjorie Rambeau; *Ben*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Agnes*, Clara Blandick; *Nick*, Clark Gable.

"FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN"—WARNERS.—From the play by Herbert Fields. Adapted by Joseph Jackson, Al Boasberg and Eddie Welch. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The cast: *Jack*, William Gaxton; *Simon and Peter*, Olsen and Johnson; *Violet*, Helen Broderick; *Baxter*, Lester Crawford; *Michael*, John Halliday; *Pernasse*, Charles Judels; *Looloo*, Claudia Dell; *Joyce*, Evalyn Knapp; *Marcelle*, Carmelita Geraghty; *Mrs. Carroll*, Daisy Belmore; *Mrs. Rosen*, Vera Gordon; *Mr. Rosen*, Nat Carr; *Fakir*, Bela Lugosi.

"FIGHTING THRU"—TIFFANY PRODUCTIONS.—From the story by John Francis Natteford. Directed by William Nigh. The cast: *Dan Barton*, Ken Maynard; *Alice Malden*, Jeanette Loff; *Tennessee Malden*, Wallace MacDonald; *Queenie*, Carmelita Geraghty; *Ace*, William L. Thorne; *Fox Tyson*, Charles L. King; *Sheriff*, Fred Burns.

"GANG BUSTER, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Percy Heath. Screen play by Joseph L. Mankiewicz. Directed by Edward Sutherland. The cast: *Cyclone Charlie Case*, Jack Oakie; *Sylvia Martine*, Jean Arthur; *Sudden Slade*, William Boyd; *Andrew Martine*, William Morris; *Gopher Brant*, Tom Kennedy; *Zella*, Wynne Gibson; *Pete Caltek*, Francis MacDonald; *Carlo*, Albert Conti; *Falkner*, Harry Stubbs; *Sammy*, Ernie Adams.

"GENTLEMAN'S FATE"—M-G-M.—From the story by Ursula Parrott. Continuity by Leonard Praskins. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. The cast: *Giacomo*, John Gilbert; *Frank*, Louis Wolheim; *Marjorie*, Leila Hyams; *Ruth*, Anita Page; *Mabel*, Marie Prevost; *Florio*, John Miljan; *Mike*, George Cooper; *Angela*, Ferike Beros; *Dante*, Ralph Ince; *Francesco*, Frank Reicher; *Mario*, Paul Porcasi; *Tony*, Tenen Holtz.

"HOW HE LIED TO HER HUSBAND"—BRITISH INTERNATIONAL.—From the playlet by George Bernard Shaw. Directed by Cecil Lewis. The cast: *He*, Robert Harris; *She*, Vera Lennox; *Husband*, Edmund Gwenn.

"JAWS OF HELL"—SONO ART-WORLD WIDE.—From the story by Boyd Cable. Scenario by Robert Stevenson. Directed by Maurice Elvey and Milton Rosmer. The cast: *John Kennedy*, Cyril McLaglen; *Jean MacDonald*, Benita Hume; *Nobby*, Alf Goddard; *Capt. Gardner*, Miles Mander; *Father Nikolai*, Robert Holmes; *Natasha*, Betty Bolton; *Trooper Strang*, Wal Patch; *Capt. Nolan*, Harold Huth; *Lord Raglan*, J. Fisher White; *Prisoner's Friend*, Clifford Mollison; *Prosecutor*, H. St. Barbe West.

"LOVE KISS, THE"—CELEBRITY PRODUCTIONS.—From the story by Robert R. Snody. Directed by Robert R. Snody. The cast: *Annabelle Lee*, Olive

Ever know what happens to a miniature golf course when it dies? Sometimes it turns into a trout pool! When Ruth Roland's pee-wee course went bad, she flooded part of it, stocked it with trout, and here you see the young folks casting for speckled beauties in the heart of Hollywood!

Shea; *Roger Jackson*, Forrest Stanley; *Helen Foster*, Joan Bourdelle; *Miss Primm*, Alice Hegeman; *William*, Donald Meek; *Ruth*, Terry Carroll; *Joan*, Rita Crane; *Mary*, Berta Donn; *Sally*, Sally Mack.

"MAN FROM CHICAGO, THE"—ELSTREE PRODUCTION.—From the play by Reginald Simpson. Adapted by Walter Summers and Walter Mycroft. Directed by Walter Summers. The cast: *Nick Dugan*, Bernard Nedell; *Irma Russell*, Joyce Kennedy; *John Larwood*, O. B. Clarence; *Barry Larwood*, Billy Milton; *Cherry Henderson*, Dodo Watts; *Detective Inspector Drew*, Austin Trevor; *Detective Sergeant Mostyn*, Albert Whelan; *Jimmy Donovan*, Dennis Hoey; *Bill Stewart*, Leonard Dainton; *Sergeant Lane*, Matthew Boulton; *Rossi*, Morris Harvey; *Ted*, Ben Welden; *Charles*, Syd Crossley; *P. C. Harris*, Fred Lloyd.

"MAN WHO CAME BACK, THE"—Fox.—From the play and story by Jules Eckert Goodman and John Fleming Wilson. Screen play by Edwin J. Burke. Directed by Raoul Walsh. The cast: *Angie*, Janet Gaynor; *Stephen Randolph*, Charles Farrell; *Captain Trevelyan*, Kenneth MacKenna; *Mrs. Gaynes*, Mary Forbes; *Thomas Randolph*, William Holden; *Charles Reisling*, Ullrich Haupt; *Captain Gallon*, William J. Worthington; *Griggs*, Peter Gawthorne; *Bar-le-Duc*, Leslie Fenton.

"MANY A SLIP"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Edith Fitzgerald. Screen play by Gladys Lehman. Directed by Vin Moore. The cast: *Jerry*, Lew Ayres; *Pat Coster*, Joan Bennett; *Hopkins*, Slim Summerville; *Ted Coster*, Ben Alexander; *Smitty*, Virginia Sale; *Stan Price*, Roscoe Karns; *Mrs. Coster*, Vivian Oakland; *Mr. Coster*, J. C. Nugent.

"MEN ON CALL"—Fox.—From the story by James K. McGuinness. Directed by John Blystone. The cast: *Chuck Long*, Edmund Lowe; *Helen Gordon*, Mae Clarke; *Coast Guard Captain*, William Harrigan; *Joe Burke*, Warren Hymer; *Perkins*, Joe Brown; *Mrs. Joe Burke*, Ruth Warren; *Mary Burton*, Sharon Lynn; *Surfman*, George Corcoran.

"MILLIE"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the novel by Donald Henderson Clarke. Screen play by Charles Kenyon. Directed by John Francis Dillon. The cast: *Millie*, Helen Twelvetrees; *Helen*, Lilyan Tashman; *Tommy*, Robert Ames; *Angie*, Joan Blondell; *Jimmy Damier*, John Halliday; *Jack Maitland*, James Hall; *Connie*, Anita Louise; *Attorney*, Edmund Breese; *Holmes*, Frank McHugh; *Spring*, Franklin Parker; *Mrs. Maitland*, Charlotte Walker; *Mark*, Harry Stubbs; *Hawksworth*, Harvey Clark; *Mike*, Charles Delaney; *Miss Vail*, Carmelita Geraghty, *Clara Roscoe*, Geneva Mitchell; *Luke*, Otis Harlan; *Bobby*, Marie Astaire; *Landlady*, Aggie Herring.

"NIGHT BIRDS"—BRITISH INTERNATIONAL.—Scenario by Victor Kendall. Directed by Richard Eichberg. The cast: *Detective*, Jack Raine; *Deacon, Lake*, Jameson Thomas; *Dolly*, Muriel Angelus; *Mary*, Eve Gray; *Chief Inspector*, Frank Perfitt; *Archibald Bunny*, Garry Marsh; *"Scottie,"* D. Hay Petrie; *"Toothpick" Jeff*, Harry Terry; *"Dancer" Johnny*, Cyril Butcher.

"NO LIMIT"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by George Marion, Jr. Screen play by Viola Brothers Shore and Salisbury Field. Directed by Frank Tuttle. The cast: *Bunny O'Day*, Clara Bow; *Douglas Thayer*, Norman Foster; *Max Mindil*, Harry Green; *Ole Olson*, Stuart Erwin; *Dodo Potter*, Dixie Lee; *Joyce*, Thelma Todd; *Curly*, Kenneth Duncan; *Happy*, Mischa Auer; *Romeo*, Maurice Black; *Wilkie*, William Davidson; *Charlie*, G. Pat Collins; *Armstrong*, Paul Nicholson; *Hannon*, Frank Hagney.

"ONCE A SINNER"—Fox.—From the story by George Middleton. Directed by Guthrie McClintic. The cast: *Diana Barry*, Dorothy Mackaill; *Tommy Mason*, Joel McCrea; *Richard Kent*, John Halliday; *Serge Ratoff*, C. Henry Gordon; *Kitty King*, Ilka Chase; *Mrs. Mason*, Clara Blandick; *Mary Nolan*, Myra Hampton; *James Brent*, George Brent; *Hope Patterson*, Sally Blane; *Marie*, Ninette Fato; *Pierre*, Theodore Lodi.

"PAINTED DESERT, THE"—PATHE.—From the story by Howard Higgin and Tom Buckingham. Directed by Howard Higgin. The cast: *Bill Holbrook*, Bill Boyd; *Mary Ellen*, Helen Twelvetrees; *Cash*, William Farnum; *Jeff*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Brett*, Clark Gable; *Tonopah*, Charles Sellon; *Kirby*, Will Walling; *Tex*, Guy Edward Hearn; *Carson*, Wade Boteler; *Denver*, William LeMaire; *Charlie*, Cy Clegg; *Steve*, James Donlon; *Frosty*, Richard Cramer; *Sullivan*, George Burton; *Randall*, James Mason; *Doyle*, Brady Kline; *Dynamite*, Jerry Drew; *Bill Holbrook (as baby)*, Hugh Allen Adams.

"RESURRECTION" — UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Count Leo Tolstoy. Adapted by Finis Fox. Directed by Edwin Carewe. The cast: *Prince Dmitri Ivanovitch Nekhludof*, John Boles; *Katusha Maslova*, Lupe Velez; *Major Schoenbach*, William Keighley; *Aunt Marya*, Nance O'Neil; *Aunt Sophya*, Rose Tapley; *Simon Kartinkin, Inn-Keeper*, Michael Mark; *Simon's wife*, Sylva Nadina; *Smelkoff (The Merchant)*, Edward Cecil.

"SEAS BENEATH"—Fox.—From the story by James Parker, Jr. Screen play by Dudley Nichols. Directed by John Ford. The cast: *Commander Bob Kingsley, U. S. N.*, George O'Brien; *Anna-Maria Von Steuben*, Marion Lessing; *"Lug" Kaufman*, Warren Hymer; *"Mugs" O'Flaherty*, William Collier, Sr.; *Chief Mike Costello*, Walter C. Kelly; *Chief Joe Cobb*, Walter McGrail; *Lieutenant McGregor*, Larry Kent; *Ensign Dick Cabot*, Gaylord Pendleton; *"Butch" Wagner*, Nat Pendleton; *Ernst Von Steuben, commanding U-172*, Henry Victor; *Franz Schiller, 1st Officer U-172*, John Loder; *Adolph Brucker, Engineer U-172*, Ferdinand Schumann-Heink; *Fritz Kampf, 2nd Officer U-172*, Hans Furberg; *Hoffman*, Kurt Furberg; *Winkler*, Harry Tenbrook; *Lolita*, Mona Maris; *Reilly*, Terry Ray; *Harrigan*, Ben Hall; *Levinsky*, Harry Weil; *Merkel*, Maurice Murphy; *Trawler Captain*, Francis Ford.

"SECOND HONEYMOON, THE" — CONTINENTAL.—From the novel by Ruby M. Ayres. Adapted by Harry O. Hoyt. Directed by Phil Rosen. The cast: *Mary Huntley*, Josephine Dunn; *Jim Huntley*, Edward Earle; *Major Ashbrook*, Ernest Hilliard; *Edith*, Bernice Elliott; *Maid*, Fern Emmett; *Sheriff*, Harry Allen; *Deputy*, Henry Roquemore.

"SOUTHERNER, THE"—M-G-M.—From the story by Bess Meredyth and Wells Root. Directed by Harry Pollard. The cast: *Jeffry*, Lawrence Tibbett; *Antonia*, Esther Ralston; *Doc*, Roland Young; *Snipe*, Cliff Edwards; *Rodman*, Purnell B. Pratt; *Christine*, Hedda Hopper; *Mrs. Farraday*, Emma Dunn; *Hokey*, Stepin Fetchit; *George*, Louis John Bartels; *Carter Jerome*, Theodore Von Eltz; *Peter*, Wally Albright, Jr.; *Elsbeth*, Suzanne Ransome; *Naomi*, Gertrude Howard; *Jackson*, John Larkin.

"SUNRISE TRAIL, THE"—TIFFANY PRODUCTIONS.—From the story by Wellyn Totman. Directed by J. P. McCarthy. The cast: *Texas*, Bob Steele; *Goldie*, Blanche Mehaffey; *Kansas*, Jack Clifford; *French Sadie*, Germaine De Neel; *Rand*, Eddie Dunn; *Sheriff*, Fred Burns.

"TRADER HORN"—M-G-M.—From the novel by Ethelreda Lewis. Adapted by Dale Van Every and John Thomas Neville. Screen play by Richard Schayer. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. The cast: Harry Carey; Edwina Booth; Duncan Renaldo; Mutia Omoolu; and Olive Golden.

Westerville, Ohio

I want to tell you how the movies helped me to put one over on my children.

They are all prosperous city folks. I was to make a visit to see them. I knew I was terribly passé in clothes and manners and diction. I had neglected myself terribly on the farm making money to help the children to be "higher up." I went to the movies. I studied the stars and everyone else in the play. I studied the audience. I learned much about deportment, dress and manners in general. I studied diction. That is where I adore the talkies. Their pronunciation is always correct, their English faultless.

I spent long hours in practising their talk. I learned new words, and how and when to use them. Then after weeks of finishing I shopped.

When country Mother appeared, they were astonished. I kept my preparation a secret and just let them keep wondering.

Mrs. Wm. Frazier

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REFORM *of*

"Old Man Wheeler"

NEVER was a meaner feller than old man Wheeler. Sharpened the stumps so his hired hands couldn't sit down. Worked one wife to death an' married another. All the wimmin folks sez it wouldn't be two weeks till she dropped a powder in his coffee or torch murdered him. Sez if she did you couldn't git a jury in the county to convict her.

Well sir, two weeks went by an' he not only was alive but was seen to grin now an' then. Another week an' he was whistlin' at dogs an' smilin' at little children. Dug up the poison ivy he'd planted on his west forty acres an' constructed a free picnic grounds.

History sez every great feller was inspired by some woman, an' I figger it's true in old man Wheeler's case. Instead of poisonin' him his new wife gave him some little chocolate tablets.

"Chic" Sale

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DO YOU KNOW?

Which feminine stars have married millionaires—which ones foreign titles?

The color of Claudette Colbert's hair?

The name of the picture that made Clara Bow?

How much Loretta Young weighs?

Where Chevalier was during the World War?

That Raquel Torres' type is unique on the screen?

What occupation engages Robert Montgomery's leisure hours?

That Stan Laurel came to America as understudy to Charlie Chaplin in a stage skit?

Who was once engaged to the 'grandson' of the Kaiser?

The name of Irene Rich's husband?

Why Will Rogers became a screen actor?

Which dramatic school Buddy Rogers attended?

The real name of Lew Cody?

What star weighs exactly one hundred pounds?

How many times Alma Rubens has been married?

How the talkies gave John Boles his big chance?

Where Bebe Daniels was born?

How old is Marie Dressler?

Whether Jeanette MacDonald has ever married?

How Jack Oakie got his start?

Gilbert Roland's nationality?

Which fair-haired star was disowned by her father?

That Buster Keaton was born in a tent?

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

WAR NURSE—M-G-M.—A perfect movie story gone wrong. Gruesome and silly, by turns, this picture is a sad disappointment. June Walker, Anita Page, Robert Montgomery and Robert Ames have the leads, which makes it all doubly distressing. (*Jan.*)

★ **WAY FOR A SAILOR**—M-G-M.—John Gilbert as a he-man sailor, with rowdy humor and low-brow dialogue. Never a dull moment. (*Dec.*)

WAY OF ALL MEN, THE—First National.—This just misses being good. Not bad, however. Doug Fairbanks, Jr.'s in it. (*Sept.*)

WESTWARD BOUND—Syndicate.—Buffalo Bill, Jr., with his guns and horse in another Western. (*Feb.*)

WHAT A WIDOW!—United Artists.—Gloria Swanson goes slap-stick but manages to be entertaining in light farce. Anyhow, the clothes are swell, and Lew Cody deserves three cheers. (*Oct.*)

WHAT MEN WANT—Universal.—This doesn't prove anything, but Robert Ellis is good in it. (*Sept.*)

★ **WHOOPEE**—United Artists.—Don't say you're fed up on musical comedies. Go to see "Whoopee" instead. Eddie Cantor pulls a gag a minute. Lavish, all-Technicolor production. (*Oct.*)

WIDOW FROM CHICAGO, THE—First National.—Alice White is starred in this conventional gangster picture. (*Jan.*)

WILD MEN OF KALIHARI—Travel Film.—Mildly interesting African adventure—without much faking. (*Feb.*)

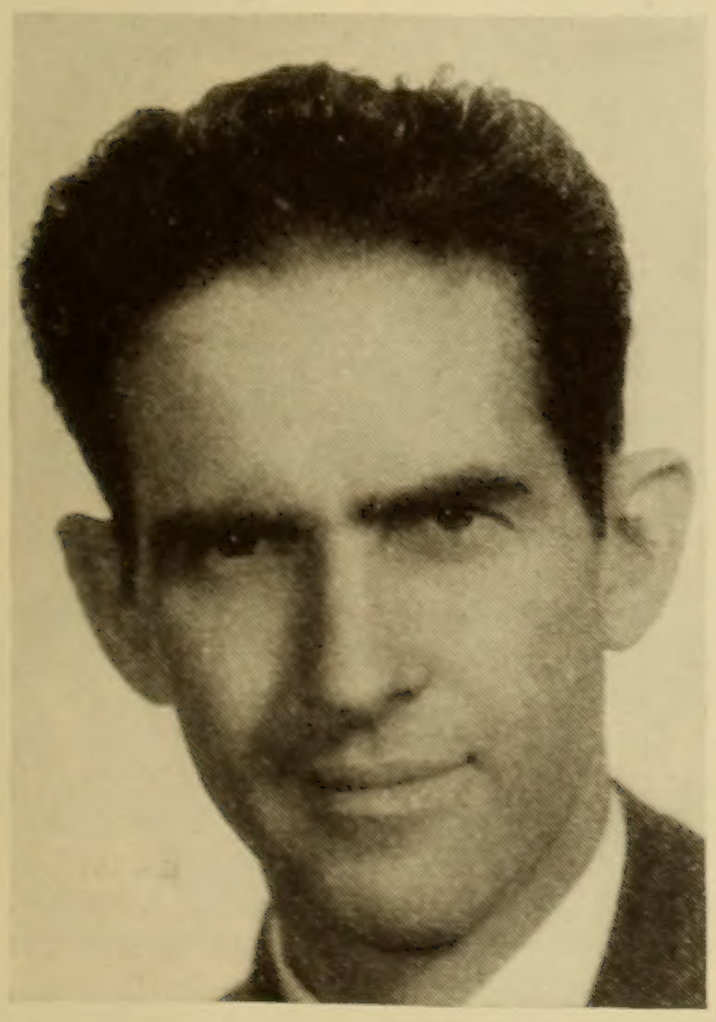
WINGS OF ADVENTURE—Tiffany Productions.—Armida saves this far-fetched adventure story of movie perils along the Mexican border. (*Oct.*)

YANKEE DON, THE—Richard Talmadge Productions.—Richard Talmadge made it himself and it stars his muscles. Western, very, very mello-drama. (*Dec.*)

YELLOW MASK, THE—British International.—An attempt to mix music, comedy and melodrama. But they don't mix. (*Feb.*)

YOUNG WOODLEY—British International.—A well-made transcription of the stage play about adolescent love. English cast. (*Dec.*)

ZWEI HERZEN IM ¾ TAKT (Two Hearts in Waltz Time)—Associated Cinemas.—The most charming sound picture yet sent from Germany. Gay and tuneful operetta in the Viennese manner. (*Jan.*)



Here's Ernest Schoedsack, the patient genius who spent nearly a year in the jungles of Sumatra and came out with the great film called "Rango," in which orang-outangs are the stars. Schoedsack also made "Grass" and "Chang"

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The *Million Dollar* Baby

All sparkle, dimples and bright-eyed smile—that's Dorothy Lee, who at nineteen has a talkie contract that will collect her three-quarters of a million before it wears out

One of the prettiest, brightest things that ever happened in Hollywood—little Dynamite Dorothy Lee!

By Katherine Albert

HERE'S one to try over on your Cinderella complex! A little girl, who had always wanted to get in pictures, had tried to crash every studio gate in Hollywood, gave it up as a bad job, joined the Fanchon and Marco dancers, went to New York to do musical comedy and was signed by Radio Pictures, is now—just a little more than a year afterwards—possessor of a contract which states that she will be paid three-quarters of a million dollars by the time it expires.

Things happen pretty quick in Hollywood. One of the prettiest and the quickest is Dorothy Lee.

Dorothy—otherwise known as Midge—is nineteen years old. She is four feet, eleven and a half inches tall and weighs ninety-five pounds. (I guess that's what you'd call being worth her weight in gold.)

On the screen she's always laughing. Away from the camera her little face is as serious as that of an executive about to merge a couple of studios.

She hates stockings and never wears 'em. She hates shoes, too.

She didn't wear stockings at her own wedding and immediately after the ceremony was over (the guests were still assembled) she took off her shoes.

You could put her in your hip pocket and still have room for a good-sized flask, but I defy you to keep up with her, athletically, for one whole day.

She's not the kind of actress who poses for publicity pictures—tennis racket in hand, golf club thrown over left shoulder, and that's all.

She actually does things—tennis, golf, riding, swimming. Well, wasn't she the star player on her lacrosse and hockey teams in high school? Couldn't she skin the cat better than any kid in the neighborhood? Your grandmother would have called her a tomboy.

WITH "sitting down" games she has no patience. Bridge makes her think—and she doesn't like that. For she's all energy, actual physical energy, and can honestly give any man a pretty good game of whatever she attempts.

Which is one of the things that makes her husband adore her. The husband is Jimmie Fidler, one of the best press agents in the business.

They live in a swell house at Toluca Lake—neighbors of Jobyna and Dick Arlen and Charlie Farrell.

There is, of course, a swimming pool and a tennis court at the side of the house and at the back is a big room devoted to nothing but games.

On the screen Midge is the baby-faced, blank-eyed cutie with whom Wheeler and Woolsey do a succession of gags. Wheeler and Woolsey started out as a comedy team but Dorothy makes it a trio. You remember "Half Shot at Sunrise," "Hook, Line and Sinker" and others.

Now she's to be a star in her own right. She will do a college story and that remains to be seen.

With Wheeler and Woolsey she is perfect. She gives an elfin, sprite-like quality to the screen. She is the exact foil for the funny men.

Now she has to stand on her own two tiny feet. (And she doesn't like to wear shoes.)

She does not like the average formal party. Too energetic, too strenuous to chat discreetly with the people you meet at parties, she prefers the lustier type of gathering in her own play room where nobody dresses up. There she will wear you out at ping pong.

She takes her success quite calmly. She thinks it strange that, a Los Angeles girl herself, she had to go to New York before any studio would consider her. Outside of this it's all perfectly natural.

And, what's more, a big hunk of that three-quarters of a million will be put away in a sturdy sock. She may be just nineteen. She may be the smallest thing in Radio Pictures. She still knows what to do with her money.

Show me the husband

who hasn't a weakness for smooth, pretty hands!

Husbands are funny. You know, I really think that they are more sentimental than we are. Deep down in their hearts, they wish that they could keep us as fresh and lovely as we were on our wedding day—right to our very finger-tips. I suppose many a fond husband blames himself. He says—"If I were making more money, we could afford a maid. Then she wouldn't have such hard-working hands."

He is likely to think that work is to blame. Perhaps you do, too. I know I did *once*—when I thought that washing and cleaning was such hard work that I needed the help of *strong* soap.

Yet strong "kitchen" soap is what makes our hands get red and puffy and dry. It splits the cuticle and makes the nails brittle. And in cold weather, our hands get chapped and sore so easily!

Now if you don't feel happy about your hands, I'd like to ask a favor of you. Test out my plan—do your usual hard work with a *mild*, *pure* soap. I hope that means that you'll do your washing and cleaning and dishwashing with gentle Ivory suds!

For Ivory will prove to you that a mild soap can do really hard work. And it will help you to be truly economical. It will keep your colored clothes fresh-tinted—it won't fade and age them, as strong soaps do. Ivory will preserve the gloss on your painted woodwork and the newness of your linoleum . . . for Ivory has none of the "eating" action of harsh "kitchen" soaps.

By the way, have you tried out the new Ivory Snow? You'll find it wonderful for baby woolens and nice silks; its fine little snowdrops dissolve instantly and completely in *lukewarm* water!

And during this trying weather, I always take care to make every Ivory task a beauty treatment for my hands. I always dry my hands carefully and gently push the cuticle down with my towel to keep it free. Then, even if I have to go outdoors right away, my hands keep soft and smooth.

Do try this plan, won't you? Then your husband will be prouder of you—and you'll be happier! Husbands *like* to be twisted around smooth, soft fingers—and it's part of our business to keep them satisfied!

CATHERINE CARR LEWIS

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